

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

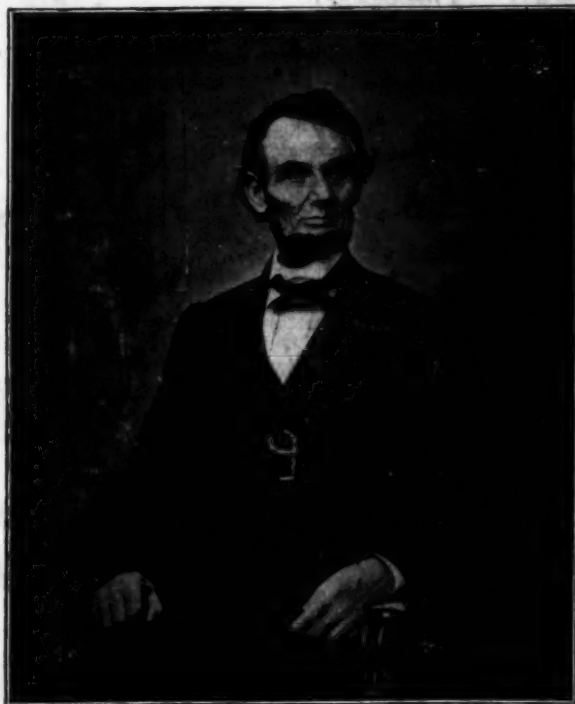
February 1909

General Charles King's

Complete
Novel

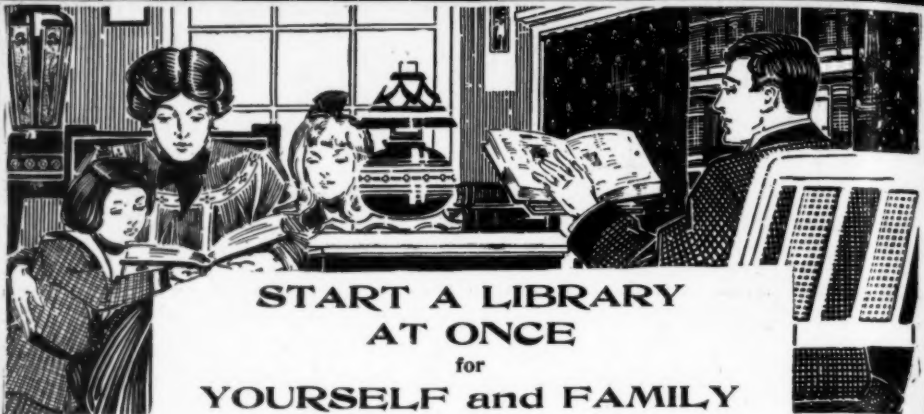
"Lanier of the Cavalry"

The Romance
of a Week's
Arrest



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Born February 12, 1809

The Short-stories, Articles, Humor,
and Verse this month are altogether
worth while



**START A LIBRARY
AT ONCE**
for
YOURSELF and FAMILY

The Nucleus Should Be
Lippincott's Standard Reference Works

Lippincott's New Gazetteer

Edited by ANGELO and LOUIS HEILPRIN

A geographical dictionary of the world, giving an accurate picture of every corner of the globe in its minutest details as it exists in the twentieth century.

"A work of such thorough execution and admirable plan as to leave no room for adverse criticism."—*The Dial*.

Over 2000 pages. Quarto. Sheep, \$10.00 net; half Russia, \$12.50 net; patent index, 50 cents extra.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia

New Edition Complete in Ten Volumes

A library of universal knowledge, containing a complete history of all races, nations, and times, of religions, politics, languages, arts, sciences, etc.

The most useful encyclopaedia in the language. Famed for its reliability, compactness, and completeness.

Sold by subscription only. Three dollars secures the use of the entire set at once, and the balance can be paid in little-at-a-time amounts.

**Chambers's Cyclopaedia of
English Literature**

A clear and comprehensive survey of English literature from its beginning to the twentieth century.

It contains an authentic biography of every American and English writer of note, an account of his work, many extracts, and 300 approved portraits and facsimiles. It is the cheapest authoritative reference work of similar scope now in print.

New edition. Three volumes. 2500 pages.

Imperial octavo. Cloth, \$12.00 net per set.

**Lippincott's Universal
Pronouncing Dictionary of
Biography and Mythology**

This magnificent work has lately undergone an extensive revision. It is now offered to the public in a greatly improved form, embracing, besides the revision of the articles included in previous issues, numerous new biographical sketches of persons who have lately become prominent.

One volume. Sheep, \$8.00; half morocco, \$10.00.

Also a subscription edition in two large octavo volumes. 2550 double-column pages.

The Reader's Reference Library

The most complete collection of useful literary handbooks in the English language.

14 volumes. Crown 8vo. Half morocco. For terms inquire of your bookseller or the publishers.

Benham's Book of Quotations

This is the latest, and by far the most complete, work of its kind. It contains over 32,000 references, selected from 1,300 authors, and full verbal index.

8vo. 1256 pages. Cloth, \$3.00; half calf, \$5.00; half morocco, \$5.50.

Allibone's Dictionary of Authors

With Supplement by JOHN FOSTER KIRK, LL.D.

A critical dictionary of English literature, containing records of the writings of over 83,000 British and American authors. It is the only work of its kind, and contains a perfect mine of information about books and their authors.

Five volumes. Imperial octavo. Per set, cloth, \$17.50; half morocco, \$37.50.

Sample pages and full particulars of these works sent on application.

Publishers

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Philadelphia

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1909

LANIER OF THE CAVALRY
OR
A WEEK'S ARREST

BY

GENERAL CHARLES KING

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Captain Blake," etc.

I.

THE sun was sinking low beyond the ford of the foaming Platte. The distant bluffs commanding the broad valley of the Sweet-water stood sharp and clear against the westward skies. The smoke from the camp-fires along the stream rose in misty columns straight aloft, for not so much as a breath of breeze had wafted down from the far snow fields of Cloud Peak, or the sun-sheltered rifts of the Big Horn. The flag at the old fort, on the neighboring height, clung to the staff with scarcely a flutter, awaiting the evening salute of the trumpets and the roar of the sunset gun.

The long June day had seemed unusually, unconscionably long to the young girl fitting restlessly about the vine-covered porch of the roadside cottage. She laid the big binocular aside, for perhaps the twentieth time within the hour, with a sigh of impatience, a piteous quiver about the pretty, rosebud mouth, a wistful, longing look in the dark and dreamy eyes. Ever since stable call, and her father's departure to his never-neglected duty, she had hovered about that shaded nook, again and again searching the northward slopes and ridges. The scouts had been in three hours ago, reporting the squadron only a mile or so behind. It should have dismounted, unsaddled, fed, watered, and groomed by this time, and Rawdon should have been here at her side—

Rawdon, whom she had not seen for three mortal days—Rawdon, whom, for three mortal weeks before the march, she had not missed seeing sometimes several times a day, even when he was on guard—Rawdon, whom she had never set eyes on before the first of April, and whom now she looked upon as the foremost soldier of the regiment, when in point of fact he was but a private trooper, serving the first part of his first enlistment, in the eyes of his elders a mere recruit, and in those of Sergeant Fitzroy an unspeakable thing.

Another long peep through the signal glasses, another sigh, and then she came, this girl of seventeen in her dainty white frock, and plumped herself dejectedly down on the top step, with two very shapely, slender, slippered feet displayed on the second below, two dimpled elbows planted on her knees, two flushed, soft, rounded cheeks buried in two long and slender hands. Away over at the stables she could hear the tap, tap, of curry-comb on brush-back, as the First Squadron groomed its fidgety mounts. Away up the valley the voices of the children in the Arapahoe village rose gleefully on the air. Away up among the barracks and quarters at the fort, the band of the Infantry was playing sweet melody. Peace, content, and harmony were round about her, but the dark eyes, welling with unshed tears, told of a troubled heart.

And then of a sudden the tears were dashed away and the girl sprang to her feet. A blithe voice hailed her from within.

"Dey 's comin', Miss Dora—two on 'em, at least—like enough to be twin brudders."

The girl ran to the northward corner again and gazed out across the rushing, swollen river. Not so much as a sign of a dust-cloud to tell of marching cavalry, and she turned again, with rebuke ready on her tongue, but again the voice from within:

"Comin' t'other way, chile. Must ha' took the lower fohd and rode roun' back o' de stables," and, with the words, a laughing "mammy" came bustling to the front door, a cool white pitcher in one hand, a tray with glasses in the other.

"Ah know well 'nuff what brings de lieutenant round dis way. As for dat—*trash*—wid him"—and here came a chuckle of delight at her own wit—"he just cain't help hisself." But Dora was not listening. Light as a bird she had flown to the other end of the porch and was gazing out through the honeysuckles with all her soul in her eyes.

Coming up the slope at easy canter rode a young officer, with broad-brimmed hat and dusty field dress, alert, slender, sinewy, of only medium height and not more than twenty-five years, with a handsome, sun-tanned, smiling face, a picture of healthful, wholesome young manhood, and behind him, at the regulation distance, came what Aunt Chloe, in her "darky" dialect, more than once had declared "the very

spit of him"—a young trooper in similar slouch hat and dusty field dress, younger, probably, by three or four years, but to the full as alert and active, as healthful and wholesome to look at, his face now all aglow with a light that was sweet for girlish eyes to see.

The leader swung his hat and blithely shouted as he curbed his eager horse. "Howdy, Miss Dora. Bless your heart, Aunt Chlo, I knew you'd have the buttermilk ready! No, Rawdon, I shan't dismount"—this to the young "orderly," who had sprung from saddle and, with his rein over his arm, stood ready to take that of his officer. "Merciful saints! but is n't that good after thirty miles of alkali!" He had swallowed a brimming goblet of the cool, refreshing drink, and Chloe was delightedly refilling. "Father home, Miss Dora?" he went on cheerily.

"Over at stables, Mr. Lanier," was the smiling answer. The face of the girl was sunshine and roses now, yet merely a glance or two had passed, for Trooper Rawdon had instantly swung once more into saddle and was reining back to his place.

"Stables going yet? Why, I thought it must be supper time. Colonel sent me ahead to find him. Three of 'E' Troop horses act like they'd been eating loco-weed. That's what kept us."

"Colonel Button's always findin' some way of sendin' you in ahaid, Marse Lanier," grinned Chloe. "Ah don't wonder dey says *you* can do anything you like an' never get hauled up for it."

"You're a gossip, Auntie," laughed Lanier. "The colonel would cinch me quick as the next man if I happened to rub his fur the wrong way. One more swig now and I'm off. Tastes almost like the South again, does n't it?"

"Lak de Souf!" Aunt Chloe bristled, indignant. "Sho! Dat's no more lak de buttermilk *we* makes dan dat ar' hawse is lak de racers at Belle Mead. Cows got to have white clover, Marse Lanier, an' white clover don't grow in dis Gawd fohsaken country."

"It's good all the same. Thank you heartily, Miss Dora. You, too, Auntie. Er—Rawdon, you dismount and wait for Doctor Mayhew in case I miss him. Give him the colonel's message and say the squadron should be in by 7.30." And with that and a wave of his hand and a smiling good-night, he took the rein of the troop horse and away they sped to the stables.

Then Chloe vanished opportunely. The young trooper stood one instant looking gratefully after his officer and those curvetting steeds, eager to reach their home and supper. Dora, with glistening eyes and glowing cheeks, retreated within the shelter of the bowered porch. Then, bounding up the steps and turning with outstretched arms, thither Rawdon followed.

Ten minutes later, at swift trot, came a third horse and rider,

the horse all that a cavalry horse should be in gait and build, the rider well nigh as marked in build and proportions. He, too, was well-made and muscular, though somewhat heavy and stocky; he was as soldierly, if not as young, as the two so recently there in saddle. It was the face that repelled, for it was black with wrath and suspicion. In front of the little cottage of the veterinary surgeon he hurriedly dismounted, threw the reins over the post at the horse-block, and strode, angering, through the gate. The murmur of blissful voices had ceased at first sight of him. Dora, her face paling, met him at the head of the steps.

Hardly noticing her by look or word, he brushed by, turned sharp to his left, and in an instant the two men were face to face.

"Rawdon," spoke the new-comer, his tone curt, domineering, insolent, "what do you mean by letting an officer lead your horse to stables? Go you to yours at once! Take my horse, too, and groom him."

Rawdon flushed to his forehead, said not a word, came forth into the light, and then turned squarely.

"My orders were from Lieutenant Lanier, sergeant, and they were distinctly to stop here."

"Go you at once and do as I say," was the instant rejoinder, and the veins in the sergeant's face were swelled almost to bursting. His eyes were fiery, his lips were quivering in his wrath.

"Indeed, Sergeant Fitzroy," began the girl rebukefully, "those were Lieutenant Lanier's orders."

"Hang Lieutenant Lanier's orders! No stripling sub can give such orders in this regiment. How dare you delay there? Go, you townskip, or I'll kick you through the——"

But now with blazing eyes Dora Mayhew threw herself in front of him. Tall, lithe, and slender herself, she seemed just the height of the young trooper she defended. "If you raise hand or foot against Rawdon, Sergeant Fitzroy, it's the last time you come inside our gate. No, I'll *not* stand aside! Before you strike him you'll have to strike me."

And then and there Sergeant Fitzroy realized that the fears and forebodings of the past month were more than grounded. If angered before, he was maddened now. Brushing her light form aside with one sweep of his powerful arm, he sprang forward at the young soldier's throat just as a tall, lean man, with grizzled beard but athletic build, bounded up the steps and caught his wrist.

"None of that in my house, Fitzroy!" came the order, stern and compelling. "In God's name, what does this mean?" And, still grasping the sergeant's arm, the speaker, with his face nearly as white as his stable frock, fairly backed the raging Englishman against the wooden pillar and held him there.

"Let go, Mayhew!" raved the sergeant. "I've ordered that young rip to stables, and he refuses to go."

"He was ordered to stay, papa, until you came," protested Dora, her eyes ablaze. "Lieutenant Lanier—that man's superior officer—gave him the colonel's message to you."

"He was ordered to go by Lieutenant Lanier's superior, the officer-of-the-day, whom I represent," was Fitzroy's answer; "and the longer he stays the worse 't will be for him."

"No officer ever authorized you to come to my quarters and lay violent hands on a man behaving like a gentleman, which *you* are not," was the cutting rejoinder of the older man, and it stung Fitzroy to fresh fury. Was he, the model rider of the regiment, to be braved like this, and in presence of the girl he loved?

"Let go! You *must*, Mayhew!" he hissed through clenched teeth. "You have no authority. You are only a civilian. You can be broke and fired if I report this—outrage—and what I know. Let go!" he shouted, freeing himself by furious effort. "Now, you, Rawdon, come with me. No. Stop! Corporal Watts!" he shouted, to a non-commissioned officer, swinging up the pathway toward the guard-house on the bluff, four men of the guard at his back. "Come this way," he continued, for at first no attention was paid to his hail. "Come here and take charge of this man. It's the order of the officer-of-the-day."

Doubtfully, reluctantly, leaving his patrol disgustedly waiting, Corporal Watts slowly descended the incline, crossed the broad, hard-beaten road, then, obviously embarrassed at the presence of Dora Mayhew, demanded further information before he obeyed.

By this time, Rawdon, pale and silent, was standing at the foot of the steps, indignation, resentment, and trouble all mingling in his face. Too well he and other young soldiers had learned to know the weight of Sergeant Fitzroy's spite. But the trouble in his eyes gave way to sudden relief. Two officers were coming swiftly round the corner of the corral, Lanier foremost.

"I say again, Corporal Watts, this man is to be taken in charge at once. It is Captain Curbit's order as officer-of-the-day. I came direct from him," was Fitzroy's final order. But it failed.

"Do nothing of the kind, Corporal Watts," said a quiet voice, at sound of which Sergeant Fitzroy whirled about and turned, if a possible thing, a full shade redder. There at the gate stood Lieutenant Lanier. There, a dozen yards away, but trudging fast as dignity would permit, came the officer-of-the-day.

A jerk of the head to the corporal, in response to his instant salute, and that young soldier, much relieved, strode away to join his men. Then Captain Curbit turned on Sergeant Fitzroy.

"You told me nothing of the facts in this case, sir. Lieutenant

Lanier says he *directed* this man to wait here, with the colonel's message, while he rode to stables. Pardon me, Miss Dora. Come this way, sergeant."

And there was nothing for it but to obey. Abashed, humiliated, rebuked and in *her* presence, where he had looked but a moment before to humble and humiliate his rival, Fitzroy could only lift his hand in salute, follow the captain out of earshot, and there make his plea as best he could, leaving Lanier and the silent young trooper, Dora and her grave-faced old father, in possession of the field.

For a moment they watched Fitzroy, eagerly gesticulating as he stood at attention before his superior.

"He'll give you no more trouble, I fancy," said Lanier, in low tone, to the veterinarian. "I'll say good-night again, Miss Dora;" and he walked cheerily away, but Mayhew looked after him long and anxiously, then upon the young people before him, then upon the still protesting sergeant across the way.

"Maybe not—maybe not," he muttered, with sorrowing shake of the head; "but few men can give more trouble than—him, when he's minded, and I reckon he's minded now."

II.

NEARLY six long months went the regiment afield on the hardest campaign of its history. Then at last by way of reward it had been ordered in to big Fort Cushing for the winter. It was close to town, close to the railway—things that in those days, thirty years ago, seemed almost heavenly. The new station was blithe and merry with Christmas preparations and pretty girls. All the married officers' families had rejoined. Half a dozen fair visitors had come from the distant East. The band was good; the dancing men were many; the dancing floor was fine, and the dance they were having on Friday night, December 16, was all that even an army dance could be until just after eleven o'clock. Then something happened to cast a spell over everybody.

Bob Lanier was officer-of-the-guard. Bob had asked the colonel to let him turn over his sword to a brother officer, who, being in mourning, could not dance, and the colonel had curtly said no. The colonel's wife was amazed; she did not dream he *could* do such a thing. Six girls were sorrowful, three were incensed, and one was cruelly hurt. She was under parental orders to start for home on the morrow. It was to be her last dance at the fort. She liked Bob Lanier infinitely more than she liked her father's dictum that she must like him not at all. As for Bob Lanier, the garrison knew he loved her devotedly even before she knew it herself.

Of course she came to the dance. As the guest of Captain and Mrs. Sumter she even had to go up and smile on the colonel and his

wife, who were receiving. She and Kate Sumter had been classmates—room-mates—at Vassar, and Kate, born and reared in the army, had never been quite content until her friend could come to visit the regiment—her father's home.

A winsome pair they were, these two "sweet girl graduates" of the June gone by, while the regiment was stirring up the Sioux on the way to the Big Horn and Yellowstone. Everybody had lavish welcome for them, and to Miriam Arnold the month at Fort Cushing had been quite a dream of delight, until there came a strange and sudden missive from her father, bidding her break off a visit that was to have lasted until February, and all relations with Lieutenant Robert Ray Lanier.

Up to this moment these relations had been delightful, yet indefinite. For reasons of his own Mr. Lanier had made no avowal of his love to her, even though he had disclosed it to every one else. He was a frank, fearless, out-and-out young soldier, a prime favorite with most of his fellows. Bob had his enemies—frank men generally have. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears when, just after sunset roll-call, he had confidently approached the colonel with his request and had received the colonel's curt reply. Time and again during the recent campaign the veteran soldier now in command had shown marked liking for this energetic young officer. Then came the march to the settlements, and sudden, unaccountable change. Twice or thrice within the past ten days he had shown singular coldness and disfavor; to-night strong and sudden dislike, and Lanier, amazed and stung, could only salute and turn away.

Everybody by half past ten had heard of it, and most men marvelled. Nobody at eleven o'clock was very much surprised when, in the midst of the lovely Lorelei waltz of Keler Bela, a group of young maids, matrons, and officers near the doorway opened out, as it were, and Bob Lanier, officer-of-the-guard, came gracefully gliding and circling down the room, Miriam Arnold's radiant, happy face looking up into his. It was a joy to watch them dance together, but not to watch the colonel's face when he caught sight of them. Except Lanier, every officer present was in full uniform, without his sabre. Lanier was in the undress uniform of the guard, but with the sabre—not the long, curved, clumsy, steel-scabbarded weapon then used by the cavalry, but a light, Prussian hussar sword that he had evidently borrowed for the occasion, for it belonged to Barker, the adjutant, as everybody knew—as Barker realized to his cost when in less than ten seconds the commander summoned him.

"Mr. Barker, you will at once place Mr. Lanier in arrest for quitting his guard and disobeying my orders."

"I shall have to—get my sabre, sir," stammered the adjutant, meaning the regulation item over at his quarters.

"There it is, sir, before your eyes. Mr. Lanier, at least, can have no further use for it until a court-martial acts on his case."

"Good Lord!" thought Barker, "how can I go up to Bob and tell him to turn over that sword so that I can properly place him in arrest—and here, too—and of all times——"

But the colonel would brook no delay. "Direct Mr. Lanier to report to me in the anteroom," said he, marching thither forthwith, and that message the luckless adjutant had to deliver at once.

Bob saw it coming in Barker's sombre visage. The girl on his arm understood nothing, but noted the hush that had fallen, even though the music went on; saw Barker coming, and something told her it meant trouble, and turned her sweet face white.

"Miss Arnold, may I offer myself as a substitute for the rest of this dance? Bob, the chief wants to see you a second," was the best that Barker could think of. They praised him later for his "mendacity," yet what he said was true to the letter. It took little more than a second for the colonel to say:

"Mr. Lanier, go to your room in arrest," and Bob saluted, turned, and went, unslinging the sword on the way.

Now, that was the first touch to spoil that memorable December night, but it was only a feather to what followed. The waltz soon ceased, but the colonel called for an extra, and led out a lady from town, the wife of a future senator. "Keep this thing going," he cautioned his adjutant and certain of his personal following, which was large, and loyally they tried, but the piteous face of the girl he had left at the door of the ladies' dressing-room and in the hands of Mrs. Sumter was too much for Barker. Moreover, he much liked Lanier and bemoaned his fate.

Colonel Button was "hopping mad," as the quartermaster put it, and as all men could see, yet at what? Lanier's offense, when fairly measured, had not been so grave. It had happened half a dozen times that the officer-of-the-guard, making his rounds and visiting sentries in the course of a dance evening, would casually drop in by one door and out by another, taking a turn or two on the floor, perhaps—"just waltzing in and waltzing out," as they said—and no one the worse for it, even when the colonel happened to be present. Nor could men now see what it was that so angered the commander against Lanier.

"Disobeyed his orders flatly," suggested Captain Snaffle, who stood by the colonel on every occasion when not himself the object of that officer's satire or censure.

"Disobeyed no order," said Sumter, as stoutly. "Simply did what many another has done, and nobody hurt. Nor would Lanier have been noted, perhaps, if he had not first asked to turn over his sword to Trotter."

But even that could not fully account for the colonel's rancor, and, though the music and dance went on, men and women both, with clouded faces, found themselves asking the question: "What could have angered him so at Lanier?" And in a corner of the ladies' dressing-room two pretty girls, with difficulty soothed by Mrs. Sumter, were vainly striving not to cry their eyes out—Kate Sumter dismayed at the almost uncontrollable grief of her friend, who, strange to military measures, imagined that Bob's arrest was but the prelude to his being shot at sunrise, or something well nigh as terrible.

Not ten minutes after Lanier went out, and went silent but in unspeakable wrath, Paymaster Scott came dawdling in; and though but a casual visitor at the post, just back that day from a tour of the northward camps and forts along the Indian border, he saw at a glance that something had gone amiss. The colonel was laboriously waltzing; three or four couples were mechanically following suit, but most of the men were gathered about the buffet, and most of the women huddled at the dressing-room door, and Scott, marching over to pay his respects to the colonel's wife and explain his coming at so late an hour, noted instantly the trouble in her serious face. He had known her long and liked her well, as, despite occasional differences at whist, he did her husband. Captain Snaffle was speaking with her at the moment. Mrs. Snaffle was at her side. "Why did they tell her at all?" Mrs. Snaffle was asking, with much spirit and obvious effort to control a racial tendency to double the final monosyllables. "Sure they might have known 't would sc—frighten the life out of her."

"Sc—frighten *who*?" asked Scott, who was friends with everybody and, for more reasons than his office, a welcome guest wherever he went. Snaffle shot a warning glance at his wife, which fell, as he said, "unaided."

"It's Bobby Lanier, meejor, only you must n't sp—refer—to it." Mrs. Snaffle, when self-controlled, discreetly shunned such vowels as betrayed her origin, a totally useless precaution, since all men knew it and liked her none the less.

"Lanier? Oh, yes, I thought it was Bob I saw a while ago streaking it across the parade. It's bright as day in the moonlight with the snow. What's Bob got to do with frightening folk?" And now he was shaking hands with all three.

"Something very unfortunate has happened, major," said Mrs. Button. "Mr. Lanier was officer-of-the-guard and asked to attend the dance, Mr. Trotter offering to take charge of the guard. Colonel Button felt compelled to decline, and—he came any way. You know, of course, *that* could n't be overlooked."

"H'm," said Scott gravely and reflectively. "And who is so frightened?"

"Miriam Arnold; a very charming girl who is visiting the Sumters. Indeed, it looks as though she cared for him. It's no secret that he's in love with her."

"Ah, yes. Well, then, it was she I saw getting into the Fosters' sleigh at the side door."

"Oh, I think not! I *hope* not!" cried Mrs. Button, a flush mounting to her face. "I wanted to say a reassuring word after a little——"

But at the moment Mrs. Sumter was seen coming forth from the dressing-room. Half a dozen women were upon her at once with sympathetic inquiries. To these she spoke briefly, yet courteously, and, escaping on the arm of the regimental quartermaster, came straightway to Mrs. Button.

"You will forgive my girls for not saying good-night," she cordially spoke. "Miriam has been quite upset by a letter from home; and this little—episode—this evening, which she cannot understand as we do, has so unstrung her that Mrs. Foster offered to send them over home in her sleigh. The side door had been barred, but Mr. Horton pried it open for them, so they had no need to come this way, and face everybody—and explain."

"You know how sorry I am," said Mrs. Button. "Of course they are excusable for leaving as they did. Why, where are the others going?"

The music had suddenly stopped. There was a scurry on part of the men at the anteroom. Several had run to the entrance. Others were following. Some one among the women, with startled eyes and paling face, sprang up saying, "It's fire"—always a dread at wind-swept Cushing. Almost at the same instant the colonel and Scott reached the veranda without. A dozen officers were there, intent and listening. "I tell you I heard it plainly," said one of their number, "and the Foster sleigh is n't back."

"Heard what, sir?" demanded the colonel. "What's the trouble?"

"A cry for help—or something, over yonder. Barker and Blake are gone. There was a stir at the guard-house, too."

And as though to confirm this much, at least, there presently appeared round the corner of the building the sergeant-of-the-guard, in his fur cap and overcoat, and with him a burly soldier, bleeding at the nose and bristling with wrath. One hand covered a damaged eye; with the other he saluted Captain Snaffle, who had edged to the front of the group.

"Sir, I have to report Trooper Rawdon assaulting a non-commissioned officer."

For an instant there was silence. Then Major Scott gave tongue.

"Trooper Rawdon!" cried he. "Why, he's been with me nearly a month, and now has a month's furlough from General Crook. He's the best man of the escort."

"Refused to obey my orders to go to his quarters, sir, and assaulted me when I tried to enforce 'em. Sergeant Blunt says he won't confine him unless Captain Snaffle orders it."

"One moment, sergeant," interposed Colonel Button. "Has any disturbance—any cry for help—been heard at the guard-house,—or was this the explanation?" And he looked with disfavor on the battered complainant.

"Number Five, sir, has n't called off half past 'leven. I've sent the corporal to see what's the matter."

"Number Five!" cried two or three men at the instant, and without a word Captain Sumter hurried away, on a bee line across the snow-covered parade, following the tracks of the adjutant.

"Number Five!" repeated the colonel. "That's just back of Sumter's quarters;" and he stepped out into the moonlight for clearer view.

Afar over across the glistening level a few lights glimmered faintly in the row of officers' quarters, bounding the northward side of the garrison, but neither along their front nor that of the westward row was there sign of moving humanity. The moon at its full, in that rare, clear atmosphere, illuminated the post, the frozen slopes beyond, and the dazzling range of the Rockies, with a radiance that rendered objects visible almost as at midday. Only the hurrying form of Captain Sumter could be seen half way across the parade. The Fosters' sleigh, that by this time should have been back at the assembly room, was nowhere in sight. Sumter's quarters were about the middle of the row. Lanier's were at the eastward end. For the moment the complaint of the aggrieved sergeant was ignored. All men stood waiting, watching. Then, on a sudden, two or three black forms darted from the shadow of the middle quarters. One came running out across the parade, hardly slackened speed at the hail of Captain Sumter, pointed back with one hand, shouted something that doubled Sumter's pace, but hurried onward toward the group.

It was Conroy, corporal-of-the-guard. "The adjutant orders me to report Number Five sick, sir," he panted to the colonel. "I found him all doubled up in the coal-shed back of the major's. 'T was n't him hollered. 'T was somebody at Captain Sumter's. They got the steward over from the hospital, but they want the sergeant and some of the guard to search the back buildings."

"Who wants them?" demanded the colonel.

"The adjutant, sir. Lieutenant Blake's with him. There has been some prowlers—and the young ladies were frightened."

"They are safely home?" asked the colonel. "Then where's the sleigh?"

"They're home all right, sir, and the sleigh went on out of the east gate—to the store, I suppose. Number Six did n't stop it——"

"One moment," interposed the colonel. "Sergeant-of-the-guard, take four of your men and report to Captain Sumter; or to the adjutant. Now, corporal, when was this cry heard?"

"Just after the young ladies got home, sir—leastwise that's what I was told. We did n't hear it at the guard-house."

"Was the officer-of-the-guard over there?"

"Not the—new one, sir, but——" And then the corporal suddenly stopped, contrite and troubled.

"But what?" demanded the colonel, instant suspicion in his eyes and tone. "Do you mean that Lieutenant Lanier was there—out of his quarters?"

"Out of his head, if he was," growled the paymaster, who loved him well and was deeply concerned over his trouble.

"I—I did n't see him, sir," answered the young soldier, but in manner so confused that it simply added to the commander's suspicion.

"Come with me, Horton," said the colonel to his quartermaster, and turning back for his cap and overcoat. Then once again the voice of the aggrieved and importunate sergeant was heard, this time with convincing appeal.

"I beg the colonel's pardon, but if he wants to get the truth as to this night's business, it would be well to arrest Trooper Rawdon, or he'll be off for good and all."

"Find him, then, sergeant-of-the-guard, and have it done," said Button. "Report it to the officer-of-the-day as my order."

III.

THAT ended the dance, but not the excitement. Women and girls were seeking their wraps even before the corporal came, and now went twittering homeward, each on the arm of her escort, except in the case of those allied forces, the wives of certain seniors, who long had lived, moved, and ruled in the regiment, and now in eager yet guarded tones were discussing the events of the hour gone by. With these went Mrs. Foster, her husband having joined the searching party, and her sleigh, instead of returning, being still missing and unaccounted for.

Not yet midnight, and in the space of less than one hour all Fort Cushing had been stirred by the news. A most popular and prominent young officer had been placed in close arrest. A prominent, if not most popular, sergeant, had been pummelled. An alarming scene of some kind had occurred at the quarters of Captain Sumter. No one outside of the immediate family knew just what had happened, and

those inside cared not to tell. Mrs. Sumter had hurried away the minute she learned that her husband had gone. The colonel, sternly silent, led his wife to their door, and there left her, saying he had summoned certain officers to join him at once, and she, who ruled him in all matters domestic almost as she managed the children, knew well that when roused he would brook no interference in matters professional, and Bob Lanier, a prime favorite of hers, had in some way managed to fall under the ban of his extreme displeasure.

At the office were presently assembled the colonel, the adjutant, the quartermaster, the post surgeon, and to them came Paymaster Scott. At the "store," the only club-room they had in those days, were gathered half the commissioned officers of the post. At Sumter's there kept coming and going by twos and threes, from all along the officers' line, a succession of sympathetic callers, who left even more mystified than when they arrived. Mrs. Sumter was aloft with Kate and their guest, and, as the captain civilly but positively told all visitors, "had to be excused." One of the girls was "somewhat hysterical." Miriam had had a fright in the dark on their return home and screamed. Something foolish, probably, but none the less effective. No! Sumter thought Mrs. Sumter would need no help, yet he was *so* much obliged to the several who suggested going up just to see if they could n't "do something." Captain Sumter was a devoted husband and father, a capital officer, and a gentleman to the core, but the captain could be just a trifle distant at times, and this was one of them.

Another house was virtually closed to question. To the disappointment of many and the disapprobation of a few, Bob Lanier had closeted himself with his classmate and most intimate friend, "Dad" Ennis; then, after a brief colloquy with Barker, the adjutant, had caused to be tacked a big card on his door whereon was crayoned in bold black letters "BUSY." But at quarter past twelve the assistant surgeon, Doctor Schuchardt, called, as was known, for the second time, and entered without ceremony. When the officer-of-the-day came tramping along the boardwalk at 12.30, and turned in at the gate, he struck the panel with the hilt of his sabre, by way of hint that his call was official and not to be denied. Ennis, therefore, came to the door, but came with gloomy brow.

"I am ordered by Colonel Button to ask certain questions of Lieutenant Lanier," said the official from the depths of his fur cap.

"How's that, Doc?" called Ennis, over his massive shoulder. "Can your patient see the officer-of-the-day?"

"Not yet, with my consent," came the stout answer.

"Shout your questions, captain," sang out the patient, with much too little humility of manner, yet Lanier knew Curbit well and knew his mission to be unwelcome.

Therefore, in Captain Curbit's most official tones, *ab imo pectore*, came question the first:

"Is Trooper Rawdon in hiding anywhere about your quarters?"

To which, truculently, came response in Lanier's unmistakable voice:

"He is not, if I know it."

"Do you know or suspect where he is?"

"Neither. And there is no reason why I should."

"Have you seen him—to-night?"

An instant's pause; then, "I don't know whether I have or not."

"You don't *know*?" exclaimed Curbit, puzzled and beginning to bristle.

"I don't *know*," repeated Lanier, positive and beginning to rejoice.

"Suppose the colonel tells me to explain that," began Curbit, but Doctor Schuchardt set his foot down summarily.

"Here," said he, "this thing's got to stop;" and he came to the door in his shirt sleeves, leaning half way out, with one hand behind him. "Lanier's in a highly nervous and excited state. He has had a fall—and I'm trying to get him to bed and asleep. He does n't know—whom—he has seen since he got home in arrest, and you can say so for me."

"All right, Shoe," was the philosophical answer. "It's none o' my funeral, and personally I don't give a cuss if they *never* find him, but there are just s'teen reasons why the Old Man wants to see that young man Rawdon forthwith, and as many for believing he's skipped."

"Then skip after him. You can track anything but a ghost in this new-fallen snow."

Curbit lowered his voice. "That's exactly the trouble, doctor. Go to the back of the quarters and see for yourself. His trail starts—and ends—*here*."

In all its history Fort Cushing had never known such a day of bewilderment as that which followed. Guard mounting was held as usual at eight A.M., and Colonel Button, awaiting in his office the coming of the old and the new officers-of-the-day, directed his adjutant to drop his own work at their entrance and give attention to what took place. Half a dozen other officers, with little or no business to transact at that hour, made it their business to be present, drawn thither from sheer sympathy, as some declared, and downright curiosity, as owned by others. The office building was large and roomy; the colonel's desk was close to the door; beyond it were tables spread with maps, magazines, and papers; a big stove stood in the middle, and a dozen chairs were scattered about, for it was here the officers met one evening each week in the one "book-schooling" to which they were then subjected—

a recitation in regulations or "Tactics." Across the hall was a smaller office—the adjutant's—and beyond that the room where sat the sergeant-major and his clerks. The windows, snow-battered and frost-bitten, gave abundant light from the skies, but none on the surroundings—the view being limited to scratch-hole surveys. There was nothing to distract attention from what might be going on within, and all eyes were on the two burly captains who entered at 8.30, fur-capped, furl-gloved, in huge overcoats and arctics. The wind had begun, even earlier than usual, to whine and stir as it swept down from the bleak northwest, and the mercury had dropped some ten degrees since the previous evening.

"Blizzard coming," said Scott, as he glanced at the sullen skies, and Scott knew the Rockies as he did the Paymaster's Manual.

"I report as old officer-of-the-day, sir," said Curbit, with brief salute, tendering the guard report book.

The colonel went straight to business, as he glanced over the list of prisoners.

"No sign of Trooper Rawdon?"

"No, sir. The patrol sent to search in town got back at reveille."

"His horse and kit all right?"

"All right, sir. Nothing missing that he was supposed to have."

"Police notified to watch all trains—and stages?"

"Yes, sir, and Sergeant Stowell, who commanded the paymaster's escort, remains in town with a couple of men to help."

There was impressive silence in the office. The colonel sat with troubled brow, looking grimly over the roster of the guard, the written "remarks" of the officer-of-the-day, and the hours of his inspections of sentries, etc. Barker, the adjutant, had dropped into a chair, a few feet back of the fur-capped officers, and, though listening as bidden, was gloomily contemplating the frost-covered panes of the nearest north window.

Eight men had gone with Sergeant Stowell as escort to the paymaster when, nearly four weeks earlier, he had set forth on his trip. Then the little iron safe was full of money. Seven men had come back with him, when, as the safe was well nigh empty, the paymaster said he hardly needed an escort. Of the eight who started, four were "casuals" who belonged to companies stationed at Fort Frayne, well up in the Indian country, and there they remained when the duty was over. Of the seven who came with Stowell, three belonged at Fort Frayne, a corporal and two men of Captain Raymond's troop, and they came fortified with the orders of their post commander, a copy of which was now in Barker's hands.

"What I don't understand," said the colonel, whirling his chair

to the right about and addressing the paymaster, "is how or why those men should be down here."

"It *seems* simple," answered Scott placidly, he being entirely independent of the post commander. "From Frayne I had to go to the cantonments up along the Big Horn, and we doubled the size of the escort accordingly. When we got back there these three were permitted to come all the way, whether to buy Christmas things for the Frayne folk, or for affairs of their own, I did n't inquire."

"To whom did you assign them for rations and quarters?" demanded the colonel, of Barker.

"Captain Snaffle, sir—'C' Troop."

"Are they there?—the others, at least?"

"Corporal Watts and Trooper Ames are there, sir. Trooper Rawdon, as you know, is not. He has not been seen about the quarters since some time last evening. Moreover, the few personal belongings he had are gone."

Again a pause. Then presently: "You arrested Kelly, I see, the man who was on Number Five."

"Yes, sir. Both Doctor Schuchardt and the steward said his sickness was due to drink. The sergeant and corporal-of-the-guard are willing to swear he was perfectly sober when they stationed him. The men say he had n't touched a drop of liquor for a month. He must have drunk after he was posted as sentry, for he vomited whiskey at hospital. I believe he was doped."

"That he could get whiskey anywhere along back of the officers' quarters," said the colonel, reflectively as well as reflecting, "is not improbable. That it should have been doped, judging from the way one or two have misbehaved, is not impossible. Captain Snaffle's cook, it seems, was indulging some of her friends with a surreptitious supper, at his expense. That, very possibly, is how Kelly came to grief. The others seem to have hidden their tracks thus far." Then, as though with sudden resolution, he turned abruptly again.

"The usual orders, for the present, captain," said he, to the new incumbent. "And you are relieved, Captain Curbit"—to the old. "But I shall need to see you later, so do not leave the post."

"The man that leaves the post this day," said Major Scott, with a squint through the upper and unincumbered panes of the nearest window, "may need a seven days' leave."

"And that, colonel," said a quiet voice at the commander's elbow, "is what I applied for earlier. Pardon me, sir, but I need to know your decision, for I should now be going to town."

It was Captain Sumter who spoke, and the colonel flushed promptly at sound of his voice.

"I had intended sending for you, Sumter," said he, "but these

rather engrossing matters had to be taken up first. I—have your application," he continued, fumbling among the papers on his desk. "It is an awkward time—and these are awkward circumstances. It will leave your troop without an officer."

"Mr. Lanier will be here, colonel."

"Here—but in close arrest," frowned the colonel, "and you have n't had a first lieutenant since I have been in command."

"My misfortune, sir, but hardly my fault," answered Captain Sumter tersely yet respectfully. "General Sheridan selects his aides-de-camp where he will, and last month you thought it a compliment to the regiment and to my troop."

"You feel that—you *ought* to go?" asked the colonel, dropping the subject like a hot brick, and resuming the previous question.

"Our guest, Miss Arnold, is in no condition to travel alone," said Captain Sumter gravely. "My wife decides to accompany her, at least to Chicago, and I desire to go with my wife."

The colonel bit his lip, and bowed. "I see," said he. "Miss Arnold was very much shaken by what happened—after she got home?"

"Rather by what happened *before* she got home," was the calm yet suggestive reply, and it stung the commander to the quick.

"Captain Sumter," said he, flushing angrily, for no one of his officers held he in higher esteem, "your attitude is that of opposition, if not of rebuke, to the official acts of the post commander."

"Then let me disclaim at once the faintest disrespect, Colonel Button, but—as Mr. Lanier's troop commander and personal friend, I beg leave to say that so far as I know, his offense is one which his comrades have committed time and again, without rebuke."

"Which simply goes to show, sir," responded the colonel, with glittering eyes, "that you do not know the twentieth part of his offense."

For a moment the silence in the office was painful. Men looked at each other without speaking. Sumter stood before his commander, turning paler with the flitting seconds. At last he spoke:

"If that be true, Colonel Button, of course I cannot think of going. I withdraw my application;" and, turning slowly, left the office.

Between him and the adjutant flashed one quick glance. There was something to come yet. The officers-of-the-day had gone—Curbit to shed furs and sabre at his quarters and say "Thank God!" Snaffle, his junior in rank but senior in years, a veteran of the old dragoons, to plod wearily back towards the guard-house for a conference with Lieutenant Crane, commander-of-the-guard.

In the office of the sergeant-major the clerks were busily at work consolidating the morning reports of the ten companies—six of cavalry, four of infantry—stationed at the post. A note on that of Captain

Snaffle had already caught the eye of the sergeant-major, who had bustled in to impart the tidings to his immediate superior, the adjutant, and was disappointed to find them known already.

Instead of carrying three enlisted men present as "casually at post," the "return" of Troop "C" had but two. Trooper Rawdon, whose horse, horse equipments, and field kit were safely stored in the troop-stables since noon the previous day, was himself accounted for nowhere. In view of the fact that he had not been seen, and could not be found, there was nothing remarkable about that. With the morning report book, however, there was handed in a copy of an order duly submitted by Corporal Watts to Snaffle's first sergeant, and by him to his captain, which read as follows:

FORT FRATNE, Wyoming,
December 11, 1876.

S. O. }
No. 81. }

(Extract)

3. On arriving with his detachment at Fort Cushing, and in compliance with telegraphic instructions from Department Headquarters, Trooper G. P. Rawdon, Troop "L," —th Cavalry, is granted thirty days' furlough, at the expiration of which he will report to the commanding officer of Fort Cushing for transportation to his proper station.

By order of Lieutenant-Colonel Kent,

DOUGLAS JERROLD,
Second Lieut. —th Inf.,
Post Adjutant.

IV.

JUST as the paymaster predicted, the wintry storm broke with the early afternoon. A genuine blizzard came shrieking down from the mountain pass to the northwest, charging madly through the post, blinding the eyes and snatching the breath of the few hardy men who had to venture out of doors, driving before it a dense white snow-cloud, sweeping clean the westward roofs and prairie wastes, and banking up to the very eaves on the lee side of every building. Even the sentries had to be severally taken off post and lodged within. (Number Five, so it was reported, had been blown bodily into the Snaffles' kitchen.) Even the commanding officer's "orderly," who had barely managed to make his way back after dinner, was now relieved. Only by hauling himself hand over hand along the picket fence, and turning his back to the gale every ten seconds to catch his breath, had he succeeded in returning to his post. Even stable duty was abandoned, so far as grooming was concerned, for though the men could readily be blown from barracks to their steeds, no power could fetch them back for supper. Veteran first sergeants told off a stout squad in each troop,

and sent them with a sack-load of rations to reinforce the stable sergeant and grooms, there to stay to feed, guard, and water the horses. Unless the roofs blew away, and all were buried in drifts, there was safety, if not comfort, in the sheltered flats below the bluffs.

But the telegraph wires went with the first hour. The stage, of course, could n't be hoped to return from town, and, so far as getting news from the surrounding universe was concerned, Fort Cushing might as well have been in Nova Zembla. And the Sumters, three, with Miriam Arnold, had set forth at noon, intending to intercept the east-bound express, and the colonel's spirit was raging in sympathy with the storm, and in spite of his wife, for some one had started a tale that Sumter and his household had ostentatiously called upon Robert Ray Lanier, in close arrest, in utter disfavor and inferential disgrace.

Now, while an officer in arrest may not quit his quarters under seven days, and may not even thereafter visit his commanding officer unless ordered, or his brother officers unless authorized by that magnate, there is no regulation prohibiting other officers or their households visiting him. Nevertheless, they who publicly do so lay themselves liable to the imputation of sympathizing with the accused at the expense of the accuser, and some commanding officers are so sensitive that they look upon such demonstrations as utterly subversive of discipline, and aimed directly at them.

And of such was Colonel Button, a brave soldier, a gentleman at heart, a kind, if crotchety, commander, and a lenient man rather than a disciplinarian. Much given, himself, to criticism of his own superiors or contemporaries, he could not abide it that he should lack the full and enthusiastic support, much less be made the object of the criticism, of his officers or men. A vain man, was Button, and dearly he loved the adulation of his comrades, high or low. Veteran Irish sergeants knew well how to reach the soft side of "The Old Man." Astute troop commanders, like Snaffle, saved themselves many a deserved wiggling by judicious use of blarney. Sterling, straightforward men like Major Stannard, like Sumter, Raymond, and Truscott, of his captains—men who could not fawn and would not flatter—were never Button's intimates. He admired them; he respected them; but down in his heart he did not like them, because they were, in a word, independent.

And during the long and trying campaign that began early in June and closed only late in November, Button had made more than one error that set men to saying things, and at least one blunder that had called for rebuke. It was supposed at the time that the rebuke would end it, but, to Button's wrath, and indeed that of most of his friends, the story appeared in exaggerated form in many an Eastern paper. What made it worse was that, as told in Boston, Philadelphia, and other far Eastern communities, where the Indian is little known and much

considered, Button's interests were bound to suffer, for he was declared to have butchered defenseless women and children in a surrendered village—a most unjust accusation in spite of the fact that certain squaws and boys had died fighting with their braves by night, when bullets could not well discriminate. Button had but just got his promotion to regimental command, and friends at court were working hard for his further advancement to the grade of brigadier-general—a fact that hurt him in an army so benighted as then was ours, in believing that generalships should be bestowed only upon the seniors and service-trying among the colonels. We have broadened much since then, and, as it was once said that every French soldier carried the baton of a marshal in his knapsack, so now may the silver star be hidden in the pocket of the lieutenants of every staff department as well as those of the Fighting Force. There are none who may not aspire.

So Button believed it of Sumter that he and his, on the way to the railway station, went in and consoled with Bob Lanier, and doubtless vituperated him, the commander, when in point of fact no one of their number had seen, or spoken with, Bob. Sumter merely left a big basket filled with fruit, and a little note with friendliness, from Mrs. Sumter, then sprang into the curtained escort wagon, and was whisked away.

Then came the storm, and then a Sunday and Monday in which no man went either way between the fort and town. And then a third, in which the gale went down, and the garrison first dug itself out, and then tunnelled in to the colonel's, the adjutant's office, and other submerged quarters, and on the morning of that third day Captain Sumter, in snow-covered furs, reported his return in person to his post commander, and explained that he had been storm-bound at the station in the meantime.

It was then barely nine o'clock. Guard mounting, the first held since Saturday, was just over. The morning reports, the first rendered since Saturday, were just in, and the staff and company officers for the first time since Saturday were beginning to gather at headquarters and compare notes. All had much to tell. Stannard's wood-pile, Snaffle's storm-shed, and Barker's cow had blown away. Somebody had just reported Sumter's north dormer window "torn out by the roots," which moved Button to say:

"I hope your quarters sustained no damage in your absence."

"I do not know, sir, I came direct to the office to report."

"Ah, true; your household started before the storm."

"Only started, sir. They went no farther than the surgeon's quarters, where we learned the train was six hours late. I had—business—in town, and went on. They remained."

"Then the ladies have not gone East?"

"Neither they nor any one else, since early Saturday morning. The road is blocked."

"The paymaster, too? He went in right after luncheon."

"I cannot say, sir. I neither saw nor heard of him about the station. It is crowded with people. Three trains are stalled there, unable to go either way, and now—with your permission, colonel——"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Sumter. I did n't wish to detain you. I hope you'll find the ladies well." Whereat the captain withdrew, giving place to the quartermaster who had hurried in, an anxious look in his eyes. That he should have numerous losses and damages to report was to be expected; that he should appear in the least concerned was not. A faithful and loyal staff officer was Horton, but one of the most philosophic, if not phlegmatic, souls in the service. It took nothing short of a national disaster seriously to disturb his equanimity; therefore at sight of his face the colonel was almost instantly on his feet.

"Can I have a sergeant and twenty men at once, sir, armed and mounted? The ambulance with the paymaster never reached town."

"Order them out at once, Mr. Barker," was Button's instant answer, turning to his adjutant, who went out like a shot. "What time did they start?"

"About two Saturday afternoon. It was blowing a gale then and the snow so thick we lost sight of them within a hundred yards. Major Scott declined an escort; said he and the clerk and the two men inside were more than enough. He had only three thousand dollars left and thought that too little to tempt anybody. Everybody knew he was just back from a long pay trip—not going—yet they have disappeared utterly. I had men ride the length of the creek valley 'twixt here and town, and there is n't a sign of them."

The silence in the office was oppressive. Men looked at each other in dumb consternation.

"How did you learn they had n't reached town?" demanded Button.

"Sergeant Fitzroy just came out. He'd been in there with Sergeant Stowell to help find Rawdon, he said. Major Scott had a section engaged in the Pullman for Omaha, and Fitzroy says he never claimed it—says he searched every stable for the ambulance, but there was no sign of it, and he says there was a gang of half a dozen toughs that had been hanging about town for a week, and they've cleared out. I'd like to go and get into riding rig, sir."

"Go, and I'll have a troop out after you if need be." Then turning to his adjutant: "Barker, have Sergeant Fitzroy sent for at once."

Another moment and a trig, well-groomed soldier, florid-faced, muscular, yet burly in build, stepped briskly in and "stood attention."

His right eye and cheek were still heavily bruised and discolored. His nose was somewhat swollen. The colonel had looked upon him with sombre eyes the night of the dance. It annoyed him that a non-commissioned officer should have taken such a time and place to offer a complaint. He still disapproved. Moreover, he had given Sergeant Fitzroy no authority to go as volunteer aid to Sergeant Stowell.

"How did you happen to be in town, sergeant?" was the abrupt demand.

Fitzroy colored to the brows, but the answer was prompt:

"I understood the colonel to say 'find him,' referring to Trooper Rawdon, Friday night, and I went in Saturday morning thinking to help. Then we could n't get back, sir."

"My order was to the sergeant-of-the-guard, not to you," interposed Button curtly. "Sergeant Stowell was sent and that was enough."

"Sergeant Stowell was looking for a man in uniform, sir, and had never seen Rawdon except in trooper dress, and would never perhaps have known him."

"Then how should you?" was the sharp query.

Fitzroy started. "I—had known him longer, sir, and much better. I—had occasion to reprimand him once or twice, and knew him and his—pals, if the colonel will pardon me—as none of the others knew him. There was that young civilian, Lowndes, that went along with us and got into trouble, and—there were others. In fact, if the colonel will pardon me again, sir, I do not hold a high opinion of Trooper Rawdon, and if the colonel were to investigate, it's my belief he could trace many a disloyal trick—and tale—to that man. What's more," and now the speaker's tone betrayed undue and most unprofessional excitement, and it seemed as though he had quite forgotten himself and his official surroundings, for he finished with voice querulous and upraised, "if Paymaster Scott came to grief he has nobody to blame but his pet and himself——"

"No more of that, sir," broke in the colonel angrily, "unless you are ready to prove your words."

"Give me two days and half a chance, Colonel Button," was the confident answer, "and I'll do it."

V.

As Captain Sumter said, the ladies had gone no further than the surgeon's quarters that memorable Saturday, and with Sumter's full consent they had not gone even that far. Friday afternoon he had wired his protest to the father of Miriam Arnold, and with startling emphasis the reply had come early Saturday morning: "I repeat that I desire my daughter to return at once." It angered this honest gentleman and soldier. The tone was abrupt, if telegrams can be said to

have either tone or manner, but that "wire" settled the matter. Miriam said she must obey, and nothing short of Doctor Larrabee, senior surgeon of the post, had prevailed against her decision. He himself had met the covered vehicle at his gate, and with calm but forceful courtesy had insisted on their alighting. "Your train is half a day late," said he. "You'll be wiser waiting here than at the frowsy station. Besides, I wish to see this young woman again." So saying, he fairly lifted Miss Arnold from the fur-robed depths of the dark interior, and deposited her on the wind-swept path. "Run in," said he, then similarly aided Mrs. and Miss Sumter. Their hand luggage and wraps came next, and Sumter drove away, saying he'd be back to them in abundant time for the train—which he was, though not until Tuesday morning. It was Thursday before the road was open or the telegraph again at work.

Less than half an hour the trio spent under the doctor's hospitable roof. Before two o'clock the wind had increased to a gale. The snow was driving swift and hard. "I checked you just in time," said he. "There'll be no train either way this night." And so by two o'clock, and just as the paymaster was driving away down the front of officers' row, Mrs. and Miss Sumter, with Miss Arnold, escorted by the two medical officers, were struggling across the open space between the surgeons' houses and the rear fence of the long line, and presently entering the back gate at Sumter's.

It was an odd arrangement, somewhat peculiar to frontier stations of the day. The enclosure of Fort Cushing was diamond-shaped. The entrance gate was at the eastern apex. The hospital and surgeons' quarters stood on a line with this gate, their front perpendicular to the long axis of the diamond. Their "rear elevations," therefore, were not far from officers' row. From the front of Sumter's house, around by way of the main gate to the doctor's door—the first to the left (north) of the post trader's—was quite a walk. From back door to back door, however, it was less than two hundred paces. "We are near neighbors," Doctor Larrabee had been saying, "though my wife thinks it a long walk on a windy day. I could reach you day or night, almost in a minute. As for Schuchardt and Bob Lanier, they could talk to each other out of their back windows this morning, but you could n't hear a bugle across there now."

"Is he sitting up?" Mrs. Sumter inquired. "I thought, from what we heard, Doctor Schuchardt was trying to keep him in bed."

"He won't stay," was the brief answer. "I doubt if he slept a wink last night."

But Schuchardt was even less communicative. In answer to Mrs. Sumter's appeal, that young but gifted physician had looked

perturbed, and finally answered: "Mr. Lanier's hurt is more mental than physical, therefore the more difficult for me to reach."

"You've seen him this morning?"

"Twice, Mrs. Sumter, and I'm going again as soon as we've seen you home."

And the moment they reached the rear storm-door, and their furhooded, fur-mantled charges were safely within, Schuchardt excused himself, Miriam Arnold's eyes following with a mute message that he felt, if he did not hear.

But Larrabee lingered. Stamping and shaking off the snow, he followed into the warm and cozy army quarters. Cook and housemaid both looked astonished at the unexpected procession through the kitchen. Mrs. Captain Snaffle's "chef"—like her mistress, of Hibernian extraction—sprang up in some confusion from her chair and the cup of "tay" over which the three had been chatting, as is the way of our domestics at such times and places,—she had reason to know the mistress of the house did not too well approve of her, or of these frequent visitations. "We shall probably dine at home," said Mrs. Sumter, somewhat coldly, to her own retainers, and bestowing no notice upon their visitor. "There may be no train till to-morrow;" and with that led the way to the parlor.

Almost immediately, without waiting for the coming of the attendants with their hand-bags, Miss Arnold fled up-stairs, followed, at a glance from her mother, by Kate.

"You see how wretchedly nervous she continues," said Mrs. Sumter. "How could we have let her go alone?"

"How should we let her go at all?" said Larrabee. "Indeed"—with a glance from the clouding window over the storm-swept parade—"I repeat, there will be no going anywhere for anybody just now. Has—has she—told you anything, as yet?"

Mrs. Sumter was gradually emerging from her winter coat of furs. For a moment she hesitated, then closed the door leading back to the dining-room and returned to him as he stood there, warming his hands at the great parlor stove then indispensable in our frontier homes. His fine, intellectual face, in its silver-gray fringe of crisp curling hair, was full of sympathy and interest. It was a face to confide in, and all Fort Cushing swore by its senior surgeon. "Doctor," said she, calling him by the title he best loved, "Miriam says she believes it was all a mere delusion—a dream. She blames herself bitterly and—begs us to think no more of it—to forgive her, but—"

"But?" and the kind dark eyes studied the gentle, matronly face.

"But—oh, why should I attempt to conceal it? You know, and we have reason to know, she *did* see some one—some one right there in her room. Some one who went out like a thief, through the window,

and down the roof to the shed, and away in spite of sentries or—or anybody—some one who was in there when they so unexpectedly got home. *You saw——*”

“Yes, I saw the tracks in the fresh snow on the roof. I could see them when I came hurrying over,” murmured the doctor.

“Captain Sumter had the snow swept off before reveille. What was the use of advertising it further? Mr. Barker and Mr. Blake saw it, too. They hold it was some garrison sneak-thief, looking for jewelry. Yet not so much as a ring, or a pin, was touched—only her desk.”

“Did *she* tell of that?”

“No, Kate was the first to see it. She flew up-stairs when she heard the scream; found Miriam a senseless heap on the floor, the desk open on the little table by the window, the contents scattered, the window up, and somebody bounding and slipping away in the moonlight. Then she heard the challenge and scuffle outside and thought the guard had him, and gave her whole attention to Miriam, until Mr. Barker shouted from the lower hall. Oh, yes, cook and Maggie both declare they were in their room, but—I believe they were next door at the Snaffles’. I believe the back door was left open for—whoever it was.”

“And nothing is missing?”

“Nothing. He was frightened off evidently. But Captain Sumter wished to have it all kept quiet until he could confer with the detectives in town. He has a theory of his own.”

She had lowered her voice, and now walked to the hall door, as though listening for sounds from aloft, whither Kate and Miriam had vanished.

“Miss Kate has a level head,” presently spoke Larrabee. “What does *she* say?” ✓

“Doctor, that is what troubles me! Kate won’t say—anything. It’s the first time she ever kept a secret from me.” And now tears of genuine distress were welling in Mrs. Sumter’s eyes.

It was half after two, and the wind was shrieking through the open space back of the line, when Doctor Larrabee, bending almost double, managed to fight his way homeward. Schuchardt, occupant of the adjoining set to his own, had not yet returned. At Sumter’s gate the senior surgeon encountered the corporal-of-the-guard, nearly blind and well nigh exhausted. He had been sent round to relieve the men on post and bid them make the best of their way to the guard-room. He was even then searching for Number Five, who had most justifiably, in fact, involuntarily, taken refuge as previously explained. Had he not been blown into the Snaffles’ kitchen, he might, like Barker’s cow, have been blown away.

"You will probably find Doctor Schuchardt at Lieutenant Lanier's quarters," shouted Larrabee at the corporal, with kindly intent. "Take Number Five in there and get thawed out. Tell him I think a nip of whiskey advisable under the circumstances."

And thus it happened that two storm-beaten soldiers presently shoved their way through Lanier's back gate and banged at the kitchen door. Nobody answering, they presently entered, passed through that deserted apartment, and, hearing voices further on, the corporal ventured into the dark hallway leading through the little frame house, now fairly quivering in the blast. Here he caught sight of two officers—big, powerful men, in fur caps and canvas overcoats, just pushing forth through the front door into the fierce blast without. One was Doctor Schuchardt, the other Lieutenant Ennis, joint occupant with Lanier of the tiny premises. As Corporal Cassidy later expressed it, he felt "like I'd lost a bulging pot on an ace full." He could n't run after and beg them to come back, yet he and his comrade were stiff from cold and almost breathless from exhaustion. Suddenly Number Five's carbine slipped from his frozen glove and fell with a crash on the kitchen floor. The next instant the voice of Lieutenant Lanier was heard.

"Who the devil's that?"

"Corporal Cassidy, sir. The post surgeon told me to bring Number Five in here and thaw him out. We'd find Doctor Schuchardt. But the doctor's just gone, sir, and——"

But by this time Mr. Lanier himself appeared in the hall, his feet in warm woollen slippers, his hands in bandages. "Well, I should say! Come right in here, you two. Pull off your gloves and get out of those caps and things. Man alive"—this to Number Five—"why did n't you come in before? This is no time to stand on ceremony—or stay on post, either. My striker's stormbound somewhere. I'd help you if I could, but I can't. Help yourselves now, best way you can; rub and kick all you want to; *dance* if it'll warm you." And all the time he was crowding them up about a roaring stove, where presently he made them sit while he bustled about at a buffet in the adjoining room. "You'll have to help me, corporal," presently he cried. "One hand can't mix and pour and lift. There's sugar; there's hot water on the stove; there's glasses and here's whiskey. Mix it hot, and down with it!"

And so hospitably and heartily, after the manner of old frontier days and men, the young officer administered to his humbler comrades; cheered, and warmed, and insisted on their eating with their second tumbler, and when in course of half an hour the two stood before him, glowing, grateful, and resuming their buffalo coats and fur caps and gloves, honest Cassidy tried to say his say:

"'D' Troop's fellers never can brag enough about their lieutenant,

sir, and though we don't belong to 'D' Troop, it has n't taken this to tell us why. If ever the time comes when me or Quinlan here can do the lieutenant a good turn he'll—he'll know it."

After which they were gone, rejoicing in their new-found strength, yet reaching the nearest barracks only after severe struggle, and, later still, the crowded, suffocating guard-room,—where now some thirty men were huddled in a space intended for twenty at most—where Cassidy and Number Five were speedily telling to eager, appreciative ears their unusual and rejoiceful experience.

"Well, ain't he the dandy lieutenant, though?" queried Casey, of "F" Troop. "An' did he give you yer new cap, too, Quinlan? Sure the wan you marched on wid had the mangle!"

Cassidy snatched it from his comrade's head. "Mother av Moses! If he has n't lifted the lieutenant's——" But he broke off short. One glance he had given the band within. A sudden cloud swept over his face. There was an instant of indecision, then he whipped his own cap from his head and thrust it on Quinlan.

"I'm a liar," said he; "it's me own he's had."

"Then you wear two sizes, Jim Cassidy, an' both different." Quinlan had pulled the headpiece down, and was staring in at the soft lining. "What's this?" he began, when the corporal's fingers closed like a vise on his arm.

"Shut up, Quinlan. The whiskey's gone to yer noddle. Come here!" And Cassidy led him, wondering, to the barred corridor without and slammed the door behind them. "Not a word do you whisper of this to any man, Pat Quinlan," said he, never relaxing his grasp. "You heard what that Cockney Fitzroy was swearin' to this morning? Sure—you'd never say the word to back that whelp—an' harm the lieutenant!"

VI.

"God helps those who help themselves," quoth Lieutenant Blake, on hearing of the incident at Lanier's quarters, "but God help those who help other fellows, unless 'the Old Man' likes it." Blake was but a "casual" at Fort Cushing at the moment, summoned thither as a witness before a general court-martial then in session, but there was nothing casual in his friendship for Bob Lanier. Two years' campaigning in Arizona and one in Wyoming had made these subalterns fast friends, despite the difference of ten years in their ages and nearly twenty "files" in rank, Blake being one of the senior and Lanier one of the junior lieutenants of the regiment. Blake was no pet of the post commander. Blake had a way of saying satirical things of seniors whom he did not fancy, and Button was one of these. Blake should have returned to his proper station the day after the dance, but, like everybody else, so far as heard from, he had been held by the storm,

and therefore happened to be in the club-room at the store along toward eleven o'clock on Tuesday, watching the distant deployment over the southeastward slopes of the barren upland. Fully half the mounted force of the garrison was on search for the paymaster's "outfit," and with Blake stood half a dozen infantry officers and two or three of the —th. To them, on his way to rejoin his searching troop, had entered big Jim Ennis, Lanier's chum and classmate, and Ennis looked the picture of smothered wrath. Half an hour previous he had been seen trotting up from stables to the adjutant's office, summoned thither by the orderly of the commanding officer. A few moments later that same hard-worked orderly had been seen sprinting to the surgeon's quarters, and Doctor Larrabee, wrapped in furs and meditation, obeyed the summons, stood in the presence of an irate commander not more than fifty seconds, came forth wrapped in gloom, and took the short cut back of the major's house to his own bailiwick at the hospital.

About the only officer not to put in an appearance that morning out of doors, afoot, in saddle, or adrift in snow, was Lieutenant Lanier. About the first officer Button wished to see was Bob, and about the last was Blake. Yet such was the freakishness of Fate that the first man to hail him, with ill-timed jocularly, was Blake, and the last of his officers whom he was destined that day to set eyes on was Bob Lanier, whom Schuchardt, in answer to the commander's summons, had earlier declared unfit to leave his quarters.

If it had not been for the startling announcement about the paymaster, Colonel Button would have fought that matter out with the doctor then and there. First, however, he had to send forth his mounted men by scores in search of the missing officer and party. This done, he had once more summoned Schuchardt. Then he sent for Ennis, and had what they termed a "red hot row."

In his exasperated frame of mind, Button had been ready to believe almost any story at the expense of Lanier, and, such is the perversity of human nature, it added to rather than diminished his wrath that his revered senior surgeon should promptly corroborate the statements of both Schuchardt and Ennis, and further assume personal and entire responsibility for the episode of Saturday afternoon in Lanier's quarters. That episode had started many a tongue, and one of Button's henchmen, thinking to win favor at the fountain-head by mention of new iniquity on part of the culprit, had deftly enlarged upon it. Snaffle, of course, was the fellow at fault, and he justified it on the plea that Lanier was demoralizing two men of his troop. The story he told was that Lanier had been carousing at his quarters with certain enlisted members of the guard. When told of it Button was furious, so much so that for the time he forgot about Sumter and the ladies of the Sumter household,

and the north dormer window of Sumter's quarters, reported "stove in by the storm."

Nor had Sumter himself much time for domestic duties before the order came for him and his troop to turn out to aid in the search. He found the family fairly tranquil under the circumstances. He had sent a messenger galloping out from town, to assure his wife of his safety, when Tuesday's dawn showed the storm sufficiently abated. A devious course the rider took, for the road was blocked in a dozen places, and every ravine and hollow was packed to the brim with snow. But he bore glad tidings and banished all anxiety on account of the husband and father. Their anxieties now were mainly for Miriam, their guest.

Mrs. Sumter had not half finished what she had to say concerning Miriam when the summons came that called the captain forth to join the searching squadron, but he had heard enough to increase the anxiety in his fine, soldierly face. He went up with Mrs. Sumter and looked critically over the damage to the window, in what had been Miriam's room. She had moved, perforce, to the front—to Katherine's—room Saturday night, for toward sunset the storm sash was torn out of the north dormer, and the window blew in with a crash. By dark the room was bank full of snow that Sergeant Kennedy and a brace of loyal troopers had been shovelling out since seven that Tuesday morning, without making any great addition to the huge drifts at the back. Front, flank, and rear, most of the houses along the line were packed solidly to the attic windows. On several the boys and girls were already coasting from the peak of the roof down over the back yards, sheds, and fences and out toward Larrabee's half-submerged hospital.

It was easy to see how and why the storm-sash had failed to withstand the buffeting. In his frantic haste and panicky flight the intruder of Friday night had wrenched a hinge from its fastening. The sash had sagged at the windward end, and the rest was easy for rude Boreas.

"That sash is probably somewhere down in the back yard, sergeant," Sumter quietly remarked to faithful Kennedy. "It's under fifteen feet of snow, but when it comes to tunnelling, look after it, see that it is n't injured, and call me as soon as you find it."

Mrs. Sumter looked quickly at her lord. She well knew the reason of his instructions.

"Did you show that scrap of lining?" she asked, a moment later, as they stood alone before the parlor fire.

"They have it," was the answer. "I expect two of them out any moment."

And then had come the sudden summons to turn out, and with only

brief greeting to his daughter, and a hurried kiss and caress, Captain Sumter had mounted and spurred away.

It must have been after twelve, for orderly call and mess had sounded in front of the adjutant's office, when one of the hospital attendants came floundering up the row from Lanier's, and made his way to Sumter's door, a little note in his hand. He would wait, he said, for an answer, and the maid bade him step inside while she ran up-stairs. Mrs. Sumter answered her knock at the door of Miss Kate's room, into which the damsels were now doubled. To the disappointment of that somewhat volatile domestic, Mrs. Sumter closed the portal before proceeding to open the missive, but her announcement, "From Mr. Lanier," caused Miriam Arnold to sit bolt upright.

DEAR MRS. SUMTER [it read]:

I've been living since Saturday mainly on your kindness and that delicious fruit. It was more than good of you to take such care of your incarcerated sub, and I'm ashamed to have sent no earlier thanks, but we've been banked in until this morning, and that rascal striker of ours is missing. He has n't been about the house since Friday night. Like Barker's cow, he may have blown away. I reckon they'll find him, her, and the paymaster's outfit snowed under somewhere down toward Nebraska, safe, but possibly starving. Schuchardt has gone with the command, so has Ennis, and I'm all alone with nothing to read. If you have anything moral, instructive, and guaranteed to soften the unrepentant sinner's heart—something I could read with profit as well as pleasure—*don't* send it, but tell me how you all stood the storm and how you are. It is so hard to get anything but admonition out of "Shoe," and "Dad" is now more unreliable than ever.

I hope Miss Arnold is entirely recovered.

Yours most sincerely,

R. R. LANIER.

"The last thing a man mentions in a note is the first thing he wants answered," said Mrs. Sumter sagely. "What shall I tell him for you, Miriam?"

"Tell *me* what is to be done to *him*," was the sole reply, as the girl settled back dejectedly upon the pillows.

"I've tried to, child," answered her hostess kindly, patiently. "There is n't a court in the army that would sentence him to more than a brief confinement to limits, and a reprimand." Yet Mrs. Sumter spoke with much less confidence than on Saturday. Had not her husband *had* to tell her his application for leave was withdrawn, and why? Had not Doctor Larrabee admitted to her that the colonel spoke of misdeeds far more serious for which Lanier must suffer? Was there not, indeed, a story in circulation, mainly in the Snaffle set, of a two-days escapade when the regiment camped near Frayne, and then a

financial transaction in which Lanier had been involved—something growing out of an affair up on the Yellowstone—something including that young civilian friend of his, the collegian turned cowboy—Mr. Watson Lowndes?

Even as she strove to assure Miss Arnold, for the twentieth time, that a military arrest was far more portentous in sound than in effect, something in Kate's determined silence and Miriam's insistence added to the effect of these rumors. Could it be that the boy had confided to the daughter, hitherto his stanch friend and ally, that which he dare not confide to her, his captain's wife? Could this account for the fact that, though it was impossible to conceal his love for Miriam, he never yet had owned it to her—to her to whom it was now obvious that the avowal would mean so much—so very much?

Then another thing weighed heavily upon the brave heart of this loving friend and mother. Never had she known her child to be so silent, so strange, as now. Ever since Friday night she seemed to avoid all mention of the affair, to shrink from the subject—she who had ever been frankness itself—she who had never had a thought the mother did not share. She had become fitful and nervous. She seemed oppressed with some secret. In the long hours of their enforced confinement, with the lamps burning on the ground-floor by day as well as by night, Mrs. Sumter had pondered much over the result of her husband's investigations. Although Miriam's desk was open and its contents lay scattered on the table, nothing was missing, even to the packet of ten- and twenty-dollar "greenbacks" in its secret drawer. If robbery had been the object of the intruder, he had neglected his opportunity, or else been frightened off in time. If robbery was not his object, then what could it have been? The house was deserted at the moment of his entrance, that was now settled, for first the cook and then "Maggie" had owned to having run over to Mrs. Snaffle's kitchen for a moment, and the probability was, they stayed the best part of the evening. The lights had been left turned low in the upper and lower halls, in the kitchen and the captain's den. Army doors were seldom locked or bolted. Any one could enter, front or rear. A marauder, if such he was in this instance, might have been there from tattoo at 9.30 until discovered some two hours later, and been there undisturbed.

But why should the situation so strangely affect her daughter? Could it be that she, too, cared for Bob Lanier? The thought for the moment made the mother's heart stand still.

She was writing her reply to his note, when Maggie again appeared. "Two gentlemen to see the captain, mum," and Mrs. Sumter hurriedly closed the note and went below-stairs to meet them. She knew well who they were and why they had come. A branch office of the Rocky

Mountain Detective Agency had been maintained long months at the great and growing railway station. They had been summoned by her husband, and that was enough.

Yet she shrank from meeting them, shrank from the thought of the questioning that must ensue. They might ask to speak with Kate, even with Miriam, but they did not. They asked to be shown the room, with the storm-battered dormer, by this time emptied of its load of snow. They asked to see Miriam's desk. Yes, the lock had been forced and by a big knife. They begged that Mrs. Sumter would not mention that to any one but the captain yet awhile. They were confident he would soon return. They smiled at the idea of the paymaster being held up and robbed in broad daylight by any gang in their neighborhood. They admitted that many questionable characters were in town—there always *were* toward the holidays, and just now, of course, the town was overcrowded—three big trains still stranded there.

While they were yet at their work, there came sounds of stamping feet at the front door, and in came Sumter, stiff from cold, but brimful of energy.

"Found Scott and his clerk, at least," he cried. "'Most dead and half frozen! The driver's gone, I fear. He was blown or pitched off. The mules ran away before the gale. Those inside the ambulance were helpless. Two dropped off behind and are lost. The thing finally capsized and went to pieces, and they managed to reach a little cattle shack, two miles south of town. They've found Lanier's striker, too—what's left of him."

By this time Kate had come stealing down-stairs, and with pallid face was listening dumbly to her father's words. She seemed hardly to heed the presence of the strangers. Not until the captain had emerged from his furs and stood robust and ruddy, yet a little short of breath, did she lay her hand upon his arm and ask her question.

"Have they found Rawdon?"

"Rawdon? No, not a sign of him anywhere!"

"Is that the young fellow that those sergeants have been hunting for?" asked one of the detectives. "We managed to find out about him. He was in town early as three o'clock Friday, and he left on Number Six that night."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Sumter, gazing blankly at the speaker, "that he was n't out here when—this—happened?"

"Not unless he had wings! That train leaves at 11.40." Whereupon Kate Sumter slowly withdrew her hand, then turned away.

VII.

ANOTHER day went by. Major Scott and his clerk, under Larra-
bee's skilful touch, were gradually regaining strength and beginning

to answer questions. At first their senses seemed dulled, as though they could not shake off the frost that benumbed them. At first they could tell little of the cause of the mishap. The ambulance was curtained in, even at the rear, through which the two scared troopers had managed to slip to their doom. Not until the snows melted in the spring, and the contents of the ravines should be revealed, was it likely they would be heard of again. The railway was still blocked. The wires were still down. Fort Cushing stood isolated from the outer world, and no less than five of its garrison were absent and unaccounted for: the two men detailed to drive in with the paymaster, two bacchanalians who, being in town when the storm broke, had dared each other to face the gale and tramp out, and finally a young trooper named Cary, who had arrived with the same recruit squad that brought them Rawdon, and had been on terms of friendship, if not indeed of intimacy, with him. They had been together that very Friday afternoon. In addition, whereabouts unknown, was Sergeant Fitzroy, of Snaffle's Troop. "Absent with leave," said the morning report. "Acting under the verbal instructions of the commanding officer," said his captain.

Along toward dusk on Tuesday, others of the searching squadron, sent afar down the valley, had come back, reporting that the ambulance mules were found, huddled together, half starved and still half harnessed, in a log shack or shelter to which their instinct had guided them after their heels had made chopsticks of the running gear. The ambulance body was snowed under somewhere and nowhere in sight. The driver, a civilian employed in the Quartermaster's Department, had totally disappeared. Scott, the paymaster; Thomas, his clerk; and Rafferty, Lanier's soldier servant, or "striker," as then called, were still half dazed—Rafferty, indeed, so much dazed that no coherent words had yet escaped him.

One more unfortunate, the driver of Foster's sleigh, was in trouble. Not until two hours after the dance had he turned up with the missing equipage, a cock-and-bull story, and a case of what the corporal called "jag." He swore that, having got chilled through, waiting, he just thought to get one hot whiskey at the store. Sentry Number Six said he'd mind the team while the driver went in, and the next thing he knew "they'd run'd away, hell for leather," and he, their driver, had to follow two miles to Flint's Ranch, close to town, where he "might have taken a nip or two more." It was his first offense and Foster forgave. It should be remarked, however, that Number Six declared that it was not he with whom the driver left the sleigh, but two "fellers," i.e., troopers, who happened to be near the store. However, that did not seem much to matter at the time.

And Fort Cushing was in unhappy frame of mind. Colonel Button was in most inhospitable mood, and chafing because he could not com-

municate with the general commanding the department. Mrs. Button was confined to the house and denied to all but one or two intimates. Bob Lanier was still in close arrest. No man could say what might be the result, for Barker, the adjutant, declared he knew no more than they. "The Old Man had something up his sleeve"—several somethings—against him, but was confiding in no one, for he and Stannard were at odds over the matter; he and Sumter were practically estranged because of it, and for the first time in regimental history Button seemed to be giving all his attention to Snaffle and men of his stamp and set. They were not more than three or four in number. They had been rather tolerated than sought in the past, but now the colonel seemed to have use for them alone.

And there was sorrow and estrangement at Sumter's. Never before, as Mrs. Sumter declared, had Katherine ever had a secret from her mother. Now there was a matter upon which it seemed she could not talk. Moreover, Miriam Arnold was affected in precisely the same way. She shrank from all mention of that mysterious affair of Friday night. Not only were they unable to speak of it to Mrs. Sumter; they avoided it among themselves.

It was now Wednesday, and there had been a procession of callers to inquire for Miss Arnold. The girls felt that they *must* dress and come down and face them. "Are you sure you feel equal to it, Miriam?" was Mrs. Sumter's anxious question.

"I am sure I do *not*," was the weary answer, "but all the same I must."

And, being a girl of pluck, and much ashamed of the breakdown of Friday and Saturday, Miss Arnold made her effort, and did remarkably well so long as people refrained from prodding her about her "strange adventure," the alleged details of which, in exaggerated form, were garrison property by this time. There could be no doubt, said nine out of ten of the soldiery, it was the work of some sneak-thief in uniform, in all probability that young swell Rawdon, who was gone. But among a certain select few still another theory obtained, and Wednesday night when Sergeant Fitzroy returned to the post and asked to see the colonel, that officer, who was at dinner, sent answer that he would be at the office at eight o'clock, and further sent word to Captain Snaffle to be there at the same hour.

A spell of sharp cold had followed the blizzard. The skies were dazzling at night with the radiance and sparkle of the stars. The young people of the garrison were out in force, rejoicing in the snow sports, the moonlight, the exhilarating air. The men had made some famous slides over at the bluffs, and the children along the officers' lines were playing hide and seek about the drifts and tunnels at the northward end of the parade. They gathered in force about the office to cheer

the colonel as he came forth from a long conference, which left him so absorbed he hardly noticed their gleeful salute. They pelted two prime favorites who followed, with drooping head and woebegone visage, and never once responded to the fun, and the youngsters asked one another what on earth could have happened to Cassidy and Quinlan, who were always so ready to frolic with them.

Then Captain Sumter had been sent for, and was admitted to a five-minute talk with the colonel at his quarters, and came away with grave and troubled face, to a ten-minute conference with his gentle wife, that left her sorely worried and distressed.

"Ask Kate," he said, as once more he set forth into the night. "I've got to tramp and think this over before I do anything further." And at that moment Kate and Miriam had gone in to talk awhile with Mrs. Stannard. It was best they should not stay home, subject to incessant interview.

It was just about quarter of nine. The lights at the office were still burning, for the colonel had intimated that he might be back. Barker was bending over some of the post papers and reports at his desk, and wondering why on earth the colonel should be colloquing with Snaffle, Crane, Sergeant Fitzroy, and sending for Cassidy and Quinlan. That was a queer "outfit" of Snaffle's at best. It seemed odd that the most pronounced "Britisher" in barracks, outside of the band, should be a sergeant in the troop commanded by the nearest thing to an Irishman among the captains. True, Fitzroy as stable sergeant was quite independent, and, being very ambitious and zealous, had attracted the attention of other captains, to wit, Canker and Curbit, rival troop leaders, who each, at one time or other, had offered to make Fitzroy first sergeant if he would transfer; but Fitzroy preferred to stay where he was in "C," and it was easier to suggest than it was to assert the real reason.

Barker was busy with these reflections when the colonel once more entered and began pacing moodily up and down the room. The adjutant rose, but at a signal resumed his seat and waited. He was, as he whimsically described himself, "a relic of the previous administration." In those days officers might serve long years on the staff and never know an hour of company duty. Barker had been in the adjutant's office under three different regimental commanders, and, as etiquette required, had tendered his resignation to Button on that officer's promotion to the colonelcy. Button as promptly and courteously replied that he hoped Lieutenant Barker would consent to serve as right-hand man until he reached his captaincy, which could not be very far off. But already Button was repenting. "Barker is too much wedded to the old order of things," said he. "Barker has his likes and dislikes" (a weakness the colonel denied to himself), "and Barker's a little

inclined to imagine that nobody can run a regiment as Atherton did"—for which, at least, there was this much foundation, that Barker thought, if he did not say, that Atherton ran it much better than Button ever could hope to, and Button instinctively knew and infinitely resented it. It must be owned of Button that he hated the mere mention of his predecessor's name, methods, and opinions. It was unlucky indeed, perhaps, that the views of one of the former colonels had been recorded in black and white as follows:

"In my opinion Lieutenant Lanier is one of the finest young officers in the Cavalry."

Full fifteen minutes the colonel went striding up and down the long apartment used for office, assembly, and school-room. Once in a while he would turn across the hall and into Barker's smaller room, pause as though half minded to speak, then turn out again. Twice he went to the door, looking over across the glistening heaps and drifts, and letting in a lot of cold air. Twice he muttered something about its taking Snaffle and his sergeant an usually long time to do a simple thing, and at last, as the trumpeters were heard, with much stamping of feet and blowing of hands, gathering for the old-time nightly "walk around" that preceded tattoo roll-call, Button abruptly turned on his adjutant and said:

"Barker, how long have you known Mr. Lanier?"

"Ever since he joined, sir."

"And you knew him in his cadet days?"

"As an instructor knows a cadet, yes, sir."

"And you told me you never heard of his writing to newspapers?"

"Never, sir," answered Barker, rising from his chair and facing his commander. "And I repeat that I believe it impossible for him to have had anything to do with those—inflammatory articles about the campaign."

"You consider him absolutely square—above a lie—or a trick of any kind?"

Barker faltered just one minute. What did the colonel mean by a trick? Mischief there had been, once or twice. Tricks had been played, and one only this last summer during the campaign—a trick, too, that if truth were told, Lanier should have known about. At least, it had been played for his benefit, and had "pulled the wool" over the colonel's eyes.

"I consider him as square a man as I know, and utterly above a lie—of any kind," was the final answer.

"And yet you hesitate. You know, or have heard—rumors," said Button suspiciously.

"I have heard rumors and slanders, Colonel Button," was Barker's

probably injudicious reply, for he closed with, "and so many of them that I disbelieve nine out of ten."

"Well, here!" said Button impulsively, "here are you and Stannard and Sumter—three of the 'old liners,' as you are called in your respective grades—and I see plainly enough you three, and God knows how many more, are tacitly condemning my attitude toward Lanier. You think, if you don't say, that I have treated him with harshness and injustice—have listened solely to his accusers and enemies. Now, I've had enough of this! There is nothing that *requires* a commander to show his hand to his subordinates, but as matters stand in this regiment—Oh come in, Major Stannard. I sent for you purposely, and Sumter as well, to meet me here at tattoo." (And at the moment, as the united force of field musicians began the stirring strains of the old cavalry "curfew call," "The March of the Bear," the two seniors solemnly entered the presence, removing their fur caps as they bowed to the commander.) "As I was saying to Barker, as matters stand in this regiment, some half a dozen at least of the men referred to as its 'representative officers' are apparently resentful of my arrest of Lieutenant Lanier, and attribute my course to pique, because he saw fit to show himself at the hop I declined to permit him as officer-of-the-guard to attend. You think, possibly, that because men like Captain Snaffle, Lieutenant Crane, and one or two of that set have been in consultation with me, the matters at issue are beneath your notice." (Here the three assailed officers exchanged glances, but said not a word in protest, for the colonel went impulsively on.) "They at least are loyal to their commander, and to the best interests of the regiment. Now I mean to show you. Mr. Barker," said he impressively, "go to Lieutenant Lanier and say that I desire his presence here at once."

And Barker took his cap and cape and departure without a word.

Down the line in the moonlight the snow heaps were sparkling as though crusted with brilliants. The black square of the field music was trudging out across an acre of the parade swept clean by the recent gale. The children, in laughing little groups, were returning from their hour at the slide, and here and there from the deep cut or tunnel in front of each officer's doorway dark muffled figures were emerging, and striding away toward the barracks—subalterns en route to the companies to supervise roll-call.

Just as Barker neared Stannard's, at the head of the row, two cloaked and hooded forms hurried forth, and Barker almost collided with them.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Kate! Good evening, Miss Arnold!" was his embarrassed greeting. Then, with attempt at jocularitv for which he later could have kicked himself: "I'm just in time to see

you home, and head off hobgoblins and hoboos." No wonder the two walked the faster and gave but perfunctory replies.

"Indeed, I beg pardon," he blundered on. "I'm just bound for Lanier's. Any message?"

"You might say we wish him speedy deliverance," answered Kate Sumter, with unlooked-for spirit and effect, for the adjutant, in dismay at his own awkwardness, darted swiftly ahead, shouting, "Hold on, Steve!" to an officer with whom he would rather not have wasted a moment's time.

Indeed, poor Barker was sore distressed. He could not help hearing scraps of the talk that had passed at the office between the colonel, Snaffle, Crane, and certain summoned enlisted men, Fitzroy, Cassidy, and Quinlan among them. Even that poor devil who had been on duty Friday night as sentry on Number Five had been marched into the awful presence of the commanding officer, and ordered to tell who gave him the whiskey that had been his undoing—even promising immunity from punishment; but he was Irish and true to his faith and his friends, even they who had betrayed him, and he'd die first, he said. Never would he "shplit on the best feller in the foort."

And Barker had heard many things that pointed to Lanier—so many that his heart seemed to stop as he entered the door, and sank at sight of the trouble in the face of the young soldier sitting there in conference with Ennis and Doctor Schuchardt.

Silently Lanier heard the summons. There was no reason why he should not go, said the doctor. "The air will do you good," he added, "and we'll be here when you come back."

Five minutes sufficed to reset the bandages and get him into his furs. Ten minutes more and, for the first time since Friday evening, the accused officer stood in the presence of his colonel, with three tried and trusted comrades near to see him through.

"Mr. Lanier," said Button presently, "I have sent for you in deference to the sentiment in your behalf, entertained by officers of such standing in the army as these gentlemen who are here present. I am free to say that I have had grave reasons for forming a most unfavorable opinion of your conduct, even of your character. It has been my intention to forward charges of a serious nature against you, and to urge your trial by general court-martial. But such is my regard for these gentlemen, and the element they represent, that I stand ready to abandon my views and adopt theirs on your simple word. Can I say more?"

There was a moment of silence. Then Lanier spoke: "It depends, sir, I think, upon what you wish me to answer."

Button colored. Turning to his desk, he took from an envelope several newspaper clippings. "You know what these are, doubtless,

Mr. Lanier. Do you care to say what part you took in their preparation?"

"I am glad to say I took no part," was the answer.

"No part at all? And you do not even know the author?"

Lanier's dark eyes never swerved from their gaze. "I took no part, sir. I did not say—I do not wish to say—that I do not know the author," was the calm reply.

"Then you admit, or permit me to infer, that you know him—a member of this command, for no one else knew the facts—and, moreover, that you shield him?"

"I am shielding no man, Colonel Button. I would not shield a member of this command who wrote such wrong of it."

"Yet you know the author and you will not tell?"

"What little I know came in such a way that I *cannot* tell," was the resolute answer. Button's forehead furrowed deep and his voice trembled with anger.

"Enough said—or refused to be said—on that head. We will go to the next. Who personated you the night you left your troop at Laramie and went, contrary to orders, to that frolic at the post?"

A look of amaze came into the young officer's face. The answer came slowly, painfully:

"I took part in no frolic, sir. I went contrary to an order that had held good while we were out on the campaign, but that we did not suppose was binding there. I went to the post that night to help a fr—a man who—who needed money for an immediate journey. No one personated me to my knowledge."

"I have the written report of the officer-of-the-day, whom I ordered to inspect your tent, that you were there asleep at eleven P.M. Subsequently I learned that you were away from taps until nearly reveille."

"You could have heard that from me, sir, and *why* I was gone, if need be." And now it was plain that Mr. Lanier was growing angry. This was a point gained by the colonel. He tried for another.

"Officers who make comrades and intimates of enlisted men take chances that——"

"Colonel Button!" interposed Lanier, hotly, "I protest——"

"Protest you may, but listen you shall," was the instant rejoinder.

"It is well known you interfered with a non-commissioned officer in the proper discharge of his duty. That was last June, and it was in behalf of that young man Rawdon. It is well known that you were hobnobbing with other enlisted men here, and gave them drink and food in your quarters on more than one occasion. It is well known you lent civilian clothing to your protégé for his latest escapade——"

"Colonel Button—gentlemen!" cried Lanier, "this is beyond all right!" Indeed, Stannard and Sumter were on their feet, in exposit-

ulation, but the colonel's blood was up. Bang went his bell, and the orderly fairly jumped into the room.

"Call Sergeant Fitzroy," said he, and in another moment Fitzroy stood before them, a civilian coat and waistcoat hanging on his arm.

"Briefly now, sergeant, where did you get those?" demanded Button.

"From the room that Trooper Rawdon occupied in town, sir. It's the suit he wore about town last Friday;" and so saying, he held them forth. Lanier slowly took the coat, astonishment in his eyes; glanced at the tag inside the collar, bearing the name of his own New York tailor; for a moment he searched it within and without, then handed it quietly back.

"It is enough like mine to deceive anybody but—the owner," said he.

"Do you mean to tell me——" began Button indignantly.

"That this is not mine?" interposed Lanier. "Yes, sir, and that one very like it will be found in my closet at home."

"Mr. Barker will go with you, and you will resume your confinement—in arrest;" and Button, in his anger, was lashing himself to language his hearers never forgot, and that some could hardly, even long months after, forgive. "In *my* time, as a young officer, nothing tempted one of our members to violate an arrest, but you——"

Pale as death Lanier faced him.

"Surely, sir, a cry for help—that I thought might mean fire——"

"There was *no* cry for help," interrupted the colonel. "There was no sign of fire. Even if there had been, it should mean nothing to a man of honor when ordered in arrest. That is the only creed of a gentleman."

And then, with the lone trumpet of the musician of the guard wailing its good-night to the garrison—the sweet, solemn strain of "Taps"—the adjutant led his stunned and silent comrade home.

VIII.

ENNIS and Schuchardt were still there, and started at sight of Lanier's white face. Without a word he led on to an inner room, where Ennis sprang to his side. "Help me off with these," he said, "and bring a lamp. Come up-stairs, Barker;" and, wondering, both the others followed. There were but two sleeping rooms aloft in the little bachelor set. Ennis had the one facing the parade. Lanier's looked out upon the hospital and surgeon's quarters at the back. Into this room marched Bob Lanier and threw open the door of the single closet wherein was hanging uniform and civilian garb in some profusion. Ennis held the lamp on high, and with his free hand Lanier began throwing out the contents—a new uniform dress coat, an older

one that had done duty for the three previous years, two sack coats or "blouses," the police officers' overcoat of the day, several pairs of blue trousers, with the broad stripe of the cavalry, and these as they came were flung on the bed by Barker and "Shoe." Then appeared a suit of evening clothes, carefully handled. Then a brown business suit of tweeds, then a light drab overcoat, and then the closet was well nigh empty, and Lanier faced them with the simple words: "It's gone!"

"What's gone?" demanded Ennis.

"Why, that dark gray mixture sack suit I brought from leave last year. It always hung 'way back in here."

"Who wants it now, I'd like to know?" demanded Ennis.

"Our colonel, who accuses me of costuming Rawdon for his get-away." And the three friends looked at each in something like consternation.

Then Barker spoke: "It's only fair to the colonel to tell the rest, Bob. Rawdon's box, that he left for safe keeping with a friend in town, had not only the suit you saw at the office, but a new fur cap with your name in it. There were other things that looked queer. The day of the storm Quinlan came over to the guard-house after his visit here, wearing a new cap instead of his old one, and Cassidy swooped on it, thinking it yours, for it was here he got it, and the name in that cap was Rawdon. It leaked out somehow. Fitzroy hunted the story down."

"The name was burnt out when Cassidy brought it back to me," said Lanier slowly. "He claimed that in lighting his pipe——"

"Poor Cassidy lied every way he could think of to save you," said Barker ruefully. "It's the young cad you befriended and helped along that's tricked you in the end, and you're not the only man, I'm afraid."

"Roped Rafferty in, I suppose," said Schuchardt, while a light of superior wisdom stole slowly over the face of Lieutenant Ennis.

"Rafferty, doubtless, to the extent of bribing or wheedling him out of Bob's new cits——"

"But those were *not* mine that Fitzroy had!" burst in Lanier.

"Of course not. He's left you a worn suit in place of the new. Where'd he steal that one, I wonder? There is n't another officer of your size and build at the post. But, here, I've got to go back and report, and my report will be in these words: 'Mr. Lanier has been robbed, too,' and Barker made for the stairs.

"One moment," called Ennis. "You said Bob was n't the only man this fellow had tricked. Do you mean——" he paused suggestively.

"I mean, yes—that there's more than one man, and there's at least

one poor girl in the garrison to mourn that fellow's loss, and be d—— to him!" and with that Barker was gone.

Button listened to his adjutant's report with something almost like a sneer. Stannard and Sumter heard it with grave faces, but without a word. Snaffle, who had drifted in, sniggered with obvious triumph.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "you have not heard the half of what I know, and every day brings something new. This comes in from Laramie to-day, brought with the mail that lay over at the Chugwater during the storm. Read that, Stannard." And Stannard took the paper and glanced it over, blinked his eyes, sniffed, and said: "I've heard about that case, and I'll take Lanier's story any day against—that fellow's affidavit."

"Major Stannard," said Button severely, "you are speaking contemptuously of your superior officer."

"Colonel Button," answered Stannard, with high held head, but with firm hand on his temper, "I am speaking contemptuously of my superior officer's *informant*, not of the commanding officer of Fort Laramie. If you care to look you will see that he quotes, not asserts, that 'this money was advanced to Mr. Lowndes on Mr. Lanier's statement that the young man was summoned home by the serious illness of his mother, and that he, Mr. Lanier, would be responsible for the transaction. Mr. Lowndes has never repaid it, and Mr. Lanier when appealed to four weeks since not only refused to make it good, but abused and cursed me for simply asking for what was my own.' Now, sir," concluded Stannard, "I have n't sought to learn the facts in the case, but I'll bet ten dollars to ten cents you have yet to hear them."

"Very good, gentlemen," answered Button, rising in obvious chagrin. "It is quite evident in your opinion Mr. Lanier is a persecuted saint and I am an abandoned sinner, but just as soon as I can reach Omaha this case shall be laid before a general court-martial, and meanwhile I waste no more words defending my actions."

Whereupon, with formal "Good-night, sir," from Stannard and Sumter, and a grumpy dismissal from the indignant commander, the ill-starred conference broke up. Snaffle, pouring balm into Button's ready ear, as he saw him home, went in and drank his health at the well-stocked sideboard, and then started straightway across the parade to his troop quarters, and, late as it was, called for his first sergeant.

The men were mostly in bed, as they should be at such an hour, but there had been an informal dance, and many of the sergeants were still at the hop room. Beyond this brightly lighted building, and about in the rear of the infantry barracks at the westward end, was the slide into the creek valley, whereat so many of the officers' children had been coasting early in the evening, and where now—nearly eleven o'clock—half a hundred young people of both sexes, wives and daughters of

quartermaster's employees and of the elder sergeants, attended by their gallants from the garrison, were having a merry time of it. The moon shone in brilliance. The night air, frosty and still, was full of exhilaration. The officer-of-the-guard, merely cautioning the revellers to control their impulse to shout, had gone on his way with implied permission to keep up the fun, and presently other officers appeared upon the brow of the bluff, interested observers. One of them, the junior medical officer of the post, was known to all, for his duty it was to attend the families of the soldiery resident in the little village of their own, just west of the quartermaster's corral, and sheltered by the long line of bluffs from the northerly gale. Deep in snowdrifts lay the snug little cabins, cottages and shacks, wherein dwelt these blithe-hearted folk—many of the girls as pretty, and to the full as coquettish, as their sisters of the official circle in the big "fort" enclosure above. Still farther to the west lay three little houses on the level "bench," by the swift-running stream—the homes of the corral-master, the wagon-master and the veterinarian—civilians all, as then ordained, yet men who had lived their lives with the army on the frontier.

And it was one of these, the veterinary surgeon, a gray-haired man of nearly sixty, who presently came toiling up the hillside, touched his fur cap front in salutation to tall Lieutenant Ennis, and begged leave to speak a moment with Doctor Schuchardt, whom he led slowly away.

Looking gravely after them and pondering many things in mind, Ennis, none the less, had attentive ear for the chatter and gossip of a neighboring group that had suspended their sledding for the moment and were curiously watching the pair.

"There's no more the matter wid Dora Mayhew than there is wid me, 'cept one," said a red-cheeked maid of "laundresses' row," to the eager group about her. "She's been daft about that young dude Rawdon ever since he came last spring to Frayne."

"Yes, an' deaf to Cockney Fitz," laughed another.

And Ennis, turning quickly, noted the group, four young non-commissioned officers and three of the garrison girls, all of them toying with the name of good old Mayhew's bonny daughter, she whom that veteran English horseman had taught and guarded with such jealous care, to the end that jealousy burned in the hearts of a dozen other girls less favored in face or fortune. Well had Ennis known of Sergeant Fitzroy's aspirations. Few in the regiment had not, and few there were who did not know that, in spite of Mayhew's avowed dislike for him, the girl had for a time encouraged. It may have been only to pique the others, for Fitzroy was clever, well-to-do, a rising man in the service; indeed, one who had "money in the bank and men in his toils," said elder women in the quarters.

Then in April, to Fort Frayne, had come this handsome young fellow Rawdon, with better looks, better manners, and even, as it seemed, better money, for Rawdon was lavish where Fitzroy was "near," and the favor of the young girl, who had toyed with the Englishman, turned from him to this unknown. Then the whole command went forth to war and to a summer of sharp work. Then with the late October, headquarters, band, and six troops had been transferred from Frayne to Cushing, close in to civilization. Then had come Fitzroy's new opportunity, with Rawdon left at Frayne. Then had come Rawdon himself; then the night of mystery; then the day of the storm, and when the skies above were clear again Rawdon was gone, no man knew whither, leaving a trail of suspicion, accusation, and a weeping, well-nigh desperate girl behind.

And in this web of intrigue and mystery Bob Lanier had become deeply, even dangerously, involved. Ennis was sorely worried. It was to see Mayhew the two friends had come, and, lo, Mayhew had met them on the way, himself in trouble and perplexity.

"Where did you say she was now?" Ennis heard the doctor ask, as they rejoined him.

"She went to speak with Mrs. Stannard, but said ladies were there, so she came back a while ago. I could hear her crying in her room before she went the second time;" and poor Mayhew's head was drooping.

"And you wish me to see her to-night?"

"If you'd be so good, doctor. She'll soon be home. I was going over in search of her now."

"Wait," said Ennis. "Listen!"

There was a flurry among the revellers a few rods away. Two men had run toward the corner of the nearest barrack, looming black against the northward sky. Others could be seen hurrying after them. Then, *could* it be? Yes, sharp and clear came the sound of a shot from away over toward the hospital. Another nearer; another still nearer, and distant shouts, and then the blare of the trumpet.

"Come on! It's fire!" said Ennis, and sprang in pursuit of the leaders, "Shoe" and Mayhew following. "It's fire!" went up the cry along the hillside. "Fire!" echoed the nearest sentry, letting fly the load in his rifle. "Fire!" shouted the few wakeful fellows in barracks, tumbling instantly every man from his bunk to his boots and into his ready clothes. "Fire!" yelled the sergeant-of-the-guard, as he tore in among his sleeping comrades. "Fire!" echoed the cry from barrack to barrack, as the men poured forth into the night, and then, as Ennis rounded the corner and came in full view of the wide open parade with the long line of quarters beyond, his heart leaped for his throat in wild dismay. "My God, lieutenant, it's *your* house!"

panted a racing trooper. "My God, and Bob's all alone!" sobbed Ennis, as he sped through the snow, for already from the front dormer and from the lower windows the flames were mounting high in the trail of a black volume of smoke, and over the crackle and roar of the fire, the rush and clamor of men, the thrilling alarum of echoing bugle and trumpet, there rose on the night air the scream of a girl, imploring instant aid, and this time at least there could be no doubt, for the cry was, "Save him! Save him!"

Of the minutes that followed no man could give collected account. All Ennis saw as he came staggering round to the rear of the flaming furnace that once was a house, was a wild-eyed girl being led away by a group of sympathetic women, and a little group of men bundling a slender yet vigorously protesting form in a snow drift, where one or two others were being rolled and buffeted; while others still, with a keening Irishman in their grasp, were lugging him back to hospital; while Corporal Cassidy, with his hair singed close to his head, his face and hands seared and his clothing soaked, smoking, and a general wreck, was striving to evade his handlers and stand attention to the colonel, who for his part was bending over Bob Lanier just emerging from his third involuntary plunge in the drifts, and sputtering objurgations on his would-be benefactors.

"In God's name, Lanier," almost wailed the colonel, as at last that young gentleman, likewise singed and scorched and soaked and dripping, yet preternaturally cool for one just out of a blazing hell, found his feet and faced his commander—"in God's name, why did n't you jump when they told you? There was nothing but snowdrifts below——"

"There was a colonel coming," said Bob, with a grin of mingled anguish and satisfaction, "who held *that* sort of thing to be breach of arrest."

IX.

Few men slept the rest of the night for talking over the stirring scenes of that spectacular fire. Indeed, there had been a strenuous fight to keep it from spreading, and the Graysons' quarters next door were badly scorched, and the Graysons woefully scared, before the little bachelor hall had burned itself out. Big Jim Ennis had lost pretty much everything he owned except what he had on. Lanier was not much better off. As to the origin of the fire, Bob merely said that he had turned the lights low in the sitting-room, and, obedient to "Shoe's" orders, had gone up to his roost, too wrathful and amazed over what had occurred even to think of sleep—to think, in fact, of anything but the colonel's words. So absorbed was he, as he slowly undressed, he never noted the sounds from below until his room of a sudden seemed filled with smoke, and, throwing open the door, he

was amazed to find the hallway ablaze, the stairs impassable. Running to his dormer window, he yelled fire at the top of his voice. Sentry No. 5 heard and came running down along the back fence; saw the peril, let drive a shot and gave the yell that roused every one at the hospital—poor Rafferty, half crazed, half dazed, and by no means half dressed, coming leaping along among the first.

And there at his back window, choking with smoke and tossing out clothing and other belongings, stood Mr. Lanier. Some men went searching for ladders up the line of back yards, the post hook and ladder truck being, of course, on the far side of the garrison. There being no extension and sheds to this little box, as to the larger quarters up the line, other men began shouting, and Lieutenant Grayson imploring, Mr. Lanier to jump, for already the flames had burst through the windows below. Then came the episode the regiment laughed over, swore over, talked over, many a long year thereafter. To Grayson's appeal Bob's only answer was a calm and deliberate:

"Give my compliments to the colonel, will you, and tell him that, my quarters being all ablaze, I'd like an extension of arrest?"

Then Sumter and Stannard came in, tumultuous, and *ordered* him down, and Blake and Curbit, and the rest of the card party, came tearing after them, and berated him for an absurdity, and implored him not to be an ass. And then a bright tongue of flame licked in through the transom behind him, and the door panels burst from the heat, and all the room at his back suddenly blazed with fire, and then went up the cry from that agonized girl, at sound of which Lanier started and strove to climb to the little window-sill, with a lurid sheet lapping down about his head, and then a brace of young Irishmen, Cassidy foremost, came scrambling up a human pyramid, smoking and singeing below them. They reached the blazing eaves and burst through the fringe of flame, dragging Bob forth and on to the edge, and then tottered all together into that blessed mound of snow beneath, fast melting in the glare of that fiery furnace.

Then came the commander, and the swift running soldiers, and all the antiquated fire apparatus, and most of the families. Soon the hooks were locked in the blazing framework, and speedily the little bachelor den was torn into hissing and smoking fragments. Meantime Lanier and Cassidy, Blake, Horton, and nearly a dozen daring fellows who had risked their skins to save their lieutenant, had been led over to hospital to be cooled off and lotioned and bandaged and variously put to bed, and when at last not a spark could be found in the black, unsightly ruins, and even they had been buried under bushels of snow, the colonel and his men-at-arms went back to quarters, and many of the officers to the store, to talk it all over, especially what Bobby had said to Button.

And thus were we brought to the morning of Thursday, the sixth since the eventful night when Miriam Arnold's shriek had alarmed the garrison—Miriam, whose voice had now been heard a second time, upraised in frantic dread and appeal, but this time for the young soldier who, on the previous Friday night, forgetful of his arrest, had rushed forth at her cry, but this night had to be dragged—Miriam who now lay sick from maidenly shame that in one wild appeal to save her lover she had so betrayed herself.

With Thursday noon came resumption of telegraphic communication, and the long-stalled railway trains from east and west. With Thursday afternoon came "wires" from Arnold, the father, begging to know had his daughter started, and back went the electric message that she neither had nor could, nor would for a week—"full details by post." With Thursday evening came stacks of belated letters, "with whole bales of newspapers," said the stage driver, to follow, and with Thursday midnight, long after every one had gone to bed, there came a tapping at Major Stannard's storm door, and presently a fumbling at the bell knob, a clanging of the bell.

"What now?" thought the sleepy major, as he scuttled down-stairs in slippers and dressing-gown. "Who's there?" he growled, as he unbolted the door. That fire down the line had made people nervous. There was no saying how it started.

"It is Mayhew, sir," said a solemn voice. "I've come not hoping, only praying, I may find my daughter here."

"Good God!" said Stannard. "Come in," and led forthwith his aged and trembling comrade within doors, seated him by the still glowing stove in the front room, and struck a light. In less than a minute Mrs. Stannard, too, had joined them, her kind blue eyes filled with tender pity and sorrow. She, at least, was not entirely unprepared. Poor motherless Dora had no lack of friendly counsel and fond, womanly sympathy when once she could be brought to lay her burden there. If only she had earlier sought that wise and winsome monitor! But Mrs. Stannard had not been at Frayne in the early summer, not until the major was assigned to station at Cushing had the good wife joined him, and meanwhile there had been no hand to guide, only a fond and passionate young heart. And now, with his gray hairs bowed in sorrow to the dust, poor Mayhew had come to tell his piteous tale. Ever since young Rawdon had gone with the paymaster she had been fitful and nervous. Ever since their coming to Cushing, four weeks ago, she had been watching, waiting, listening, often weeping, and when letters came for her, with the postmark of Fetterman or Laramie, Red Cloud or the cantonment in the Hills, he could not but note her feverish eagerness and her instant escape to her own room to read her treasure alone. Oh, yes, he knew they must be from Rawdon.

He had liked the lad, knew there was good stuff in him, and he could not bear that fellow Fitzroy, who was a military loan shark, a man who fattened on the needs or weaknesses of his comrades. He hated to think of his bonny girl's losing her heart to Fitzroy. He owned he rather welcomed Rawdon's advances and rejoiced that she, too, seemed to prefer him.

But—God! He had never looked for—this! Oh, where had she gone?—and why? He had found her at home and in tears after the fire. All morning long she had been in an agony of nervousness. Then that afternoon, some time, somehow, she got a message or letter, and then, kissing him and saying she would be better in bed, had gone to her room, but not to sleep. At eleven o'clock old Chloe's sobbing aroused him. He found it all deserted. Dora had disappeared, leaving not one word to comfort him.

They lost no time, those men of the field and the frontier. Stannard was dressed and out in twenty minutes; had summoned Ennis, Field, and others among the young officers; had routed out half a troop and could have had the entire garrison, for few were the soldiers who would not search all night or work all day for good old Mayhew and his pretty daughter. Perhaps that was one reason why, until this night, so many maids and mothers among the sergeants' families envied and slandered her. Mayhew had been far from wise, and Dora, indeed, had none to guide. Kindly and cordially treated as he and she had been by the officers and their wives—being, in fact, superior socially to the Snaffle household, if not to certain others—there was yet this bar to hold them back: they dined and danced not with the "commissioned" element of the post whereat Mayhew was stationed. They were of finer clay than the people of the rank and file, and so, with the families of the forage and wagonmaster, the chief packer and old Ordnance Sergeant Shell, they made up a little middle class of their own, when Dora's heart had gone out, ungrudgingly, to handsome, clever, educated George Rawdon, whom all men could see had been reared among gentlefolk, and who, as further fascination, was supplied from some unknown source with money which he spent with lavish hand.

The moon was in the fourth quarter now, yet still bright enough to aid them, and up and down the creek bank went the searchers, probing every pool, searching every shallow. It was odd—or was it odd?—that for half an hour no man, no matter what he thought, went down and banged at the door of "C" Troop's stable—where in cozy quarters and solemn state, guarded by the sentries on either flank, slept that surly magnate among the non-commissioned officers—Fitzroy, the stable sergeant of Snaffle's troop. Whatever had befallen poor Dora Mayhew, it was not to join Cockney Fitzroy she had fled.

Had she fled to join anybody? was the question that racked so many

a heart, for, with the possible exception of gentle Mrs. Stannard, the girl had made no confidant. It was stanch old Chloe who would have it that her pet and pride from childhood, her solemn charge since the poor mother's death eight years before, had never left her father's roof to do harm to herself and break their hearts. If morning came without her, she surely had been lured away, and, if "Marss Rawdon" had really gone, who was there who, through love or fear or threat or artifice of any kind, *could* lure her?

It was this, full fifteen minutes after Lieutenant Field and two of his men had trotted off to town, that started old Stannard and big Jim Ennis down the valley from the veterinarian's, through "Sudstown," where girls and women were huddling and whispering at the news; through the hay and wood-yards, where the sentry challenged sharply, so often had he halted searching parties in the last ten minutes; past the little shack where dwelt the farriers and blacksmiths, many of them alight, for the story had gone sweeping; and so at last they came to the long cavalry stables, standing gable ends to the north, like so many companies in close column, and at the sixth of these, farthest from the bluff whereon stood the barracks and quarters, they stopped and banged at the door. No answer—even when the sentry came to their aid and hammered with the butt of his carbine. They went round and rattled at the window of the sergeant's room. Still no response, and at their beck the sentry yelled for the corporal-of-the-guard, who had followed down, expectant.

"I'll have him out," said he, and ran round to the south end, and presently came back, panting but triumphant. He had roused the two stable orderlies. They would open up in a minute. They did, with much blinking of eyes and some demur, but stood abashed when the burly major strode in, big Jim Ennis at his heels. The latter hesitated not one second. His weight went in with the battering ram of that muscular leg and massive foot, and the sergeant's door flew open before them. The room was empty. Fitzroy and Fitzroy's furs were gone. Nor was that all. Snatching a stable lantern from the hand of one of the shaking grooms, Ennis swung it high aloft. Two empty stalls stood close at hand.

"I thought so," said he, then grabbed the nearest orderly by the coat collar. "Who took Lieutenant Foster's sleigh and team," demanded he, "and how long ago?"

"Sergeant Fitzroy, sir," came the answer, with a doleful whine, "just before the third relief, at half-past eleven."

"No time to see the colonel now!" said Ennis. "Major Stannard, I've got to gallop into town, but a dozen men, if need be, should trail that sleigh."

"Go it, boy," was the instant answer, "and I'm behind you."

X.

ON the principle that disaster ever demands its victim, the sentry of the second relief—the immediate predecessor of the soldier now on post at the north line of the stables—was stirred up at once and ordered to explain. Even as Stannard was hastening the movements of the men detailed to mount and trail the Foster team, even as Ennis was galloping townward on a mission of his own, Captain Langley, of the Infantry, officer-of-the-day, began his stern examination of the luckless guardian.

Orders are orders. Even a stable sergeant could not take or send an animal out at night (except the building stood in danger of destruction by flood, fire, or tornado,) save on written order of a commissioned officer and in presence of the corporal-of-the-guard, and Stoner, the sentry of the second relief, admitted he knew these were the orders, but "the fellers" had never supposed they applied to Sergeant Fitzroy, who did pretty much as he pleased. In fact, Fitzroy hitched up and drove away without so much as a word to him. He, the sentry, was too little surprised to think of ordering "Halt." Even as Langley drew from him the admission, the word came up that the squad had started hot foot on the trail. It led straight away to town.

And the stable orderlies had sworn that Fitzroy started alone. Therefore, unless Dora Mayhew had circled the fort and joined him on the bleak eastward prairie, it was most unlikely she had gone with him, and, up to one o'clock, there was none to hint with whom, or how, except afoot, she could have gone. Then, however, came revelation. The sentry stationed at the northwest face of the post admitted having seen "a rig from town" making wide circuit clear around behind the fort on the westward "bench," which was swept almost clean of snow. It had kept well out beyond hailing distance, stood a moment or two up at the edge of the bluff, then whirled about and went the way it came. What hour was this? Just before they called off eleven o'clock. Why had he not mentioned or reported it? Well, he thought it might have been some of the officers. "They sometimes came out late and went in home the back way," whereat, in some confusion, Captain Langley dropped that phase of the investigation.

By two o'clock that rig also had been trailed back to town, where it was lost in the tangle of wheel tracks. There Ennis and Field and several troopers, with one or two interested citizens, were in quest of tidings. There they were joined by Mayhew himself, who had one more hope. Dora had a friend, a few years older than herself, with whom she had been intimate at Fort Riley. They went daily to school together when children, and wept when parted. Now her friend was married to a conductor of the Union Pacific Railway, and living in town. It might be that Dora had gone to her.

They found the house, and hammered at the door and lower windows, and succeeded only in waking a Chinese servant who said, "All gone; b'long Omaha," and refused further information. They went to the three stables in town, and all had "rigs" out, some of them two or three. None, to the proprietor's knowledge, had been to the fort. Most of them had gone to a dance at Arena, a cattle town six miles east, and it was high time they were returning, for now it was after three. "What's all the row about anyhow?" demanded the night watchman of one of these establishments. "There was that cockney sergeant fellow here along about midnight, asking questions and raising hell. The town marshal had a rumpus with him and went to bed mad." The half-dozen hangers-on about the railway station, and the roisterers at the one, open-all-night saloon were growing inquisitive, if not impudent. The station-master had gone home, but the lone operator to whom, one after another, Field, Ennis, and Mayhew had appealed, declared that no young lady had gone on Number 6, for the reason that Number 6 had n't gone and would n't go till 'long toward daylight. She broke down somewhere about seven o'clock at Medicine Bow.

But Ennis and Mayhew came at him a second time, with a second question: Could he tell them anything of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, Osborn being a conductor and Mrs. Osborn Dora's friend of whom previous mention is made? Had they gone to Omaha? No, for Mr. Osborn was round here early in the evening, and had to be here at six o'clock A.M. to meet and take Number 5 over the Mountain Division. Then John Chinaman had lied, said poor Mayhew, grieving sore and quite ready to break down, but Ennis was spurred to new energy.

"Keep up your heart, old man," said he. "The more I think of this, the more I'm sure there's light ahead, and I'm going after it. Go to the hotel, lie down, and leave the rest to me."

And still Jim Ennis felt by no means confident he could be in time. He knew the Mayhews only slightly. He had never before been stationed at regimental headquarters, had seen and known Dora only since their coming to Fort Cushing, and therefore had not learned to share Bob's honest admiration for her. She might be all Bob thought her, a loving child and a true-hearted girl in spite of her infatuation for this presentable young trooper whose antecedents nobody knew. Ennis had often marked him during the campaign and noted his regard for Bob, and felt kindly disposed toward him until mid September, when two troops were sent in to Frayne, with the pack train and orders to load up with rations and escort it back. Rawdon was missing from the column when it camped the first night out, on the return, and only caught them by a daring night ride through the Sioux country when they were two days' march beyond. His captain, Raymond, had sternly

rebuked him and promised him further punishment when they reached the regiment, but Lanier had heard of it and interceded, thereby making Rawdon still more his friend. But now the heart of "Dad" Ennis was hot against him, for fear that what Barker said might all be true: that Rawdon had wrecked an old man's heart and home, and ruined an old man's beloved daughter.

With just two troopers at his back, toward four in the morning, big Jim went spurring on through the dim moonlight, town and station far behind, following a meandering sleigh and wagon track across the wide, dreary upland, riding, as a rule, parallel with the railway, while such sleighs as tried the journey had evidently been making many a detour. Snow there was in abundance in the coulees and ravines, snow in sheets in the lee of every little ridge or hummock, but elsewhere the icy sod was swept hard and clean, and the sharp hoofs rang as though they struck macadam. Three miles out two "rigs" were passed, westward bound, filled with town folk who had been to Arena for the dance. Had they seen or heard aught of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn? he asked. No, they knew them well by sight, and would be sure to note them had they come to the dance. Five miles out a stage was encountered, loaded with exuberant revellers who had remained after the dance for a spree, and were now consumed with wrath because certain officers of the law from their own town, too, had hustled them out.

"A hull sleighful of 'em—three or four anyhow—came over there with that cockney sergeant you fellers keep at the fort, lookin' for deserters. You after deserters? Well, here's—hic—hopin' you don't get 'em."

It was all Jim Ennis wanted to know. "Come on, men," he cried, and spurred ahead, his wondering troopers following.

"Now, what the mischief is that man Fitzroy's game?" thought Ennis, as he pushed on through the bitter cold of the December morning. It had not been difficult to learn that the sergeant, after much search and inquiry in town, had started for Arena, taking with him, as it happened, two of the Rocky Mountain police, who had business there and were tired of waiting for the train. Ennis reasoned it was after Dora that Fitzroy had gone; that in his jealous misery he had kept watch upon her, had followed to town on hearing of her flight, had followed further, and this it was that gave Ennis the hope that she was accompanied by such worthy people as the Osborns. If that were so, it could mean but one thing. It was to join Rawdon, perhaps to be joined to Rawdon. Osborn had sent two messages by wire and received two early in the evening; Ennis had learned this through the operator, though the contents were withheld. Rawdon, probably, dared not come to Cushing City. There he might still be arrested on sight. Yes.

Ennis had it now. Dora Mayhew had fled to Arena to meet and marry George Rawdon; Fitzroy had followed fast in hopes of blocking it.

And just as the twinkling switch-lights of the little prairie station hove in sight ahead, there came a sound that startled him—the whistle of a railway engine not a mile behind—Number 6 at last, and coming full tilt—the very train, perhaps, that they, the young couple, hoped and meant to take, and might have taken on their eastward way had not Fitzroy, keen-eyed, quick-witted, and vengeful, been there in time to bar the move.

And then in the soldier soul of big Jim Ennis was born a strange, sudden, and somewhat unprofessional spirit of opposition. Starting out in the hope of finding and restoring to her father's roof the sorrowing fugitive, Jim Ennis veered right round to the purpose of succoring a maiden in distress. If marriage was Rawdon's motive in bidding her join him, then Rawdon was honest after all, and who was he or who was Fitzroy to stand in the way and stop it? No, by all the Arts of Peace and the Articles of War, Rawdon was right and d—— be the man that sought to check him.

Five minutes later, with the big engine and train coming hissing and grinding to a stop at the platform, Ennis sprang from his panting horse, tossed the reins to one trooper, and, followed by the other, shouldered his way through a little knot of staring townsfolk and up to a group at the edge of the platform. A trim-built young fellow in civilian dress was struggling in the grasp of two detectives; a terrified girl was clinging to his arm, tears streaming down her face; a clerical-looking, elderly stranger was expostulating; a man in the cap and dress of a railway conductor was vehemently arguing with a stocky sergeant of cavalry, who seemed master of the situation, and greatly enjoying his own importance. A pale-faced young woman, whom the conductor of Number 6 addressed as Mrs. Osborn, was imploring his aid, when, to the amaze of the sergeant, this big subaltern in boots and spurs bulged in between him and Conductor Osborn and demanded to know the nature of the trouble.

"I've run down this man, at last, sir," gulped Fitzroy, flustered, but making valiant effort at control, "as you see, sir, only in the nick of time."

"Oh, Mr. Ennis," cried Dora, throwing herself upon him and claspng his arm. "Rawdon has done no wrong. We are married. Here are our friends to prove it. *Why* should they arrest him?"

"Colonel's orders, lieutenant. Arrest him wherever found," said Fitz stoutly, "and I've a sl—stage here to take him back."

"On charges of your own invention, Sergeant Fitzroy," said Ennis icily, "no one of which you'll ever prove. Have you any warrant for this man?"—this to the detectives.

"None, sir. The sergeant said he was a deserter, running off with the doctor's daughter."

"He's no deserter. He's on furlough by order of General Crook, travelling, I take it, with his own wife, and unless you want to burn your fingers to the bone, let go."

"Then, lieutenant," burst in Fitzroy, "he's a prisoner by order of Colonel Button——"

"Then as senior officer on the spot I'll take charge of him; also, Sergeant Fitzroy, of you, and the sleigh you feloniously made way with. Stand aside, sir. Now, gentlemen, how about this train?"

"Ordered right on, lieutenant, to meet Number 5 at Beaver Switch."

"Then it's a case of all aboard for those bound eastward. We'll hear the rest when you return from furlough, Rawdon"—for now the young man was trying to speak instead of seeking to speed away. "I did my best to be in time for the ceremony, Mrs. Rawdon," continued Ennis, gallant and impressive, as he swung her suddenly aboard, "but with my usual luck I lost the chance to kiss the bride."

For answer she quickly turned, flung her arms about his neck, and her warm lips swept his cheek. "One for you, Mr. Ennis," she cried, and then again, "and this—for Mr. Lanier!"

XI.

FRIDAY again, and late in the day, and Bob Lanier's arrest lacked but a few hours of its first full week, and Bob was in bandages and bed in a sunny room of the hospital. Ennis, after a long night in saddle and a short "spat" with the colonel, was taking a much needed nap. Stannard and his wife had gone down to Doctor Mayhew's to meet Mrs. Osborn, who had come to spend the afternoon. Paymaster Scott was up and about, and, in his independent way, had been saying unrelishable things to Button, who was in most peppery frame of mind. A wire had come from department headquarters to say an inspector would follow. "Instead of ordering a general court to try Lieutenant Lanier, they have ordered a colonel out to try me, by gad!" said Button. "For that's just what it all amounts to."

And of all colonels to investigate matters at Cushing, there was n't one in the army Button would not rather have had than the very one who was coming—bluff, blunt, rasping old Riggs, best known to fame and Fort Cushing as "Black Bill."

"Why," said Button, to Scott, "this sending one field officer of cavalry to sit in judgment on the official deeds of another is nothing short of—of infamous, and I'm amazed at Crook's doing it."

"It ain't Crook," said Scott, not without a little malicious delight in Button's disgust. "He's away up at Washakie, and of course his

adjutant general don't want to act or even advise until he knows all about it. You've seen fit to charge Lanier with all manner of things, and I don't wonder headquarters are staggered."

"But—*Bill Riggs*—to come and overhaul *my* regiment, when it's notorious he never could command even a two-company camp without having everybody by the ears! Such men are n't fit to be inspectors!"

Indeed, there was much to warrant poor Button's disgust. He had preferred most serious charges against Lanier. He had accused him of quitting camp on campaign, quitting his guard in garrison, quitting his quarters when in arrest, failing to quit himself of a money obligation, drinking and consorting with enlisted men, and in his letter of transmittal he had intimated that there were other misdeeds he might yet have to uncover. All, said Button, on the information of veteran officers and sergeants of the regiment—notably Captains Curbit and Snaffle, Lieutenants Crane and Trotter, Sergeants Whaling and Fitzroy—and now here were both medical officers, both of his majors, two of his best captains, seven of his subalterns, and nine-tenths of the women folk at Fort Cushing taking sides with Lanier and issue with him—their colonel and commander. And here, too, were Lieutenant and Mrs. Foster, highly connected, influential, wealthy, insisting that his most active and important witness, the unimpeachable Sergeant Fitzroy, had corrupted their coachman, run off with their sleigh, and ruined (this was Mrs. Foster) their horses.

Foster, first lieutenant of Snaffle's troop, seldom on speaking terms with his captain, had discovered the deed at morning stables just five minutes before the aggrieved sergeant drove in with the missing property and Lieutenant Ennis as escort. Foster was in a fury over it, the more so because Fitzroy had maintained, respectfully enough but most stubbornly, that the circumstances were such that he felt justified in making immediate use of any property under his care or charge, that he would explain everything to his captain and the colonel, but begged to be excused in the lieutenant's present frame of mind from arguing the matter with him.

And the story Snaffle told Button before Foster could reach him went far to strengthen Fitzroy's position. Snaffle said that so far from Fitzroy's corrupting the coachman, the boot should be on the other foot, were Fitzroy corruptible—that Foster would find his coachman a double-dyed liar when he came to the truth of that runaway the night of the dance—that Foster's sleigh and carriage and driving horses had no right in a Government stable anyhow—were only there on sufferance (which was true, for Foster kept saddlers besides—all the law allowed him)—and that under the circumstances, when, as was well known, at least twenty officers and troopers on Government mounts had gone forth at night in violation of standing orders, without the commanding

officer's knowledge or consent—all on the plea of rescuing Mayhew's daughter, Lieutenant Foster ought to be ashamed of himself for abusing Fitzroy for taking the sleigh in hopes of having a warm nest to fetch the poor girl home in as soon as he'd found her. "Sure, did Mr. Ennis expect her to ride back on his cantele on so bitter a night? Faith, Fitzroy was worth the whole pack of 'em put together, if they'd only let him alone."

And that, at nine o'clock, when Ennis was sent for, was the colonel's way of looking at it. Moreover, he had a rasp up his sleeve for our massive young friend on half a dozen other counts.

"In point of fact, Mr. Ennis, that girl has simply fooled the whole party and is probably laughing at all of you. A girl that will run away without a word or line to her father, and marry an out-and-out adventurer—a mere nobody—has neither heart nor head anyhow. And now you've interfered in a matter of discipline just as Mr. Lanier did, and I gave you credit for better sense. You know I had ordered that fellow's arrest."

Ennis took it all, all this and more, in grave silence and subordination. He would have gone without a word, but Button would not so have it. Button demanded his reasons, and began hitting back before Ennis had named even two. This brought on the "spat," as Barker irreverently described it, and left the colonel in no judicial mood in which to see Stannard, Sumter, and others, as see them he had to in course of the day.

But flatly he swore that Sergeant Fitzroy should not go in arrest. It was only too clear they sought to make a victim of him.

And so all Fort Cushing seemed in turmoil and trouble as the sun of the 23d went out and "Black Bill" came in, yet that sun must have been potent, for Mrs. Stannard's face, as homeward she sped, after a long talk with Mrs. Osborn, was radiant with sunshiny smiles. "You're not to know anything yet, Luce, at least until you get it from Doctor Mayhew, for you never could keep it, and for a week at least it's got to be kept."

"Well, one thing you *can* tell," said the major, "that is, if you know, and put a stop to an awful amount of censure that poor girl's getting. Why did she leave no word for her father?"

"Because she expected to be home in two hours;" and the reader can judge just how full and satisfactory must that answer have been.

But were matters mending for Mr. Lanier? was the question still troubling Mrs. Stannard. Neither Kate nor Miriam had she seen since the night of the fire. Miriam Arnold was confined to her room. Kate Sumter would not leave her, and yet over these two devoted friends there still hovered a spell. The mutual trust and faith seemed shaken. The old confidence or intimacy was gone.

Now, whatever Mrs. Osborn had told that so cheered Mrs. Stannard, it is certain the latter could not contain herself long, and that, even as the major was summoned, toward nine of the evening, to join the solemn conclave at the colonel's (where by this time Button had opened proceedings by giving "Black Bill" the best dinner a frontier larder and cellar afforded), she bustled over to the Sumters', was delightedly welcomed by her friend and neighbor, whose husband, too, had been called to council, and presently these two sages were in confidential chat.

To them presently entered the captain, electric, bristling. He wanted the bundle of latest newspapers. They had not half read them, and Colonel Button was all eagerness to see some articles concerning the campaign about which Riggs had been twitting him—asking him whom he had subsidized at this late hour to rescue his reputation, etc. Riggs had seen three long, well-written letters in the great New York *Morning Mail*, obviously the work of a correspondent on the spot, an eye-witness to the scenes he had described, and these letters refuted the calumnies recently heaped on Button and his comrades—gave him, in fact, high praise for soldiership, bravery, energy, even though the writer owned himself by no means one of the colonel's circle, if, indeed, one of his personal friends and admirers. Only the Sumters, at Cushing, subscribed for the *Morning Mail*. Riggs had seen the paper at Omaha. It took a search of some minutes before even the first was found. Then Sumter's eyes danced as he read, and Mrs. Sumter exclaimed over another, and for the first time in a week sounds of cheer arose in that little home. Presently Mrs. Stannard read aloud a spirited, stirring paragraph, describing a dash led by Lieutenant Lanier, and then Sumter made a swoop for all three pages and said, "The quicker Button can see these the sooner he'll come to his senses," and, begging pardon for the rudeness, took the papers and his leave and almost collided with Kate, who at sound of the name and the glad ring of the voices had crept down-stairs for the news.

And so she had to come in and see Mrs. Stannard, and hear some few at least of the details of Dora Mayhew's romantic, runaway marriage, and while they were being told tattoo was sounded, and then Mrs. Stannard asked if she might not creep up-stairs and see Miriam; she thought she might cheer her a bit. This left mother and daughter alone together, and again, and even more painfully, Mrs. Sumter noted how sad and unresponsive was Kate at mention of Lanier.

It must have been nearly an hour later when Sumter came hurriedly in, threw his furs off in the hall, and with troubled face re-entered the parlor. His wife rose instantly, laid her hand upon his arm, and asked, "What has happened?"

"A scene the like of which I never thought to hear of in this regi-

ment. We had adjourned to the office. Snaffle had been drinking a bit and got angered and flustered when Riggs cross-questioned him. One thing led to another, and finally in exasperation he blurted out, 'I'm sick of being called the accuser of Mr. Lanier. By God, I've defended him! I've hidden worse things than ever I told you yet, and now I'll stand it no longer! You twit me with spying and slandering. Then by all that's holy, you shall say here and now who's the better man. 'T was Lieutenant Lanier himself that leapt from the window this night a week ago—the back upper window of Sumter's quarters. That's how his hand was cut and torn, and I've got three men that'll swear to it!'"

He broke off suddenly, for Kate had turned, flung herself from the room and into the arms of Mrs. Stannard. One long look into the sorrowful eyes of his wife, and Sumter quickly followed, and drew the sobbing girl from those kind arms into his own.

"My child, my child," he said, "surely you did not *see* him?"

"No! No! No!" was the instant answer. "No!" again she sobbed.

"Then tell me what it means, Kate, daughter. It is—I demand it!"

"Oh, father, father—it was—it was what I *heard*—when she screamed—and fell!"

"What did you hear?"

"The other voice—*his* voice. It said plainly, 'Miriam, hush! Don't you know me?'"

XII.

"Bob," said Mr. Ennis, sauntering in to his comrade's bedside the following morning, "I'm instructed to pay you a kiss."

Lanier's bandaged head spun on the pillow. He had but one girl in his mind.

"Wh—who?" he demanded.

Ennis threw his head back and laughed. "Nine times out of ten when a fellow is asked, 'will you take it now or wait till you get it?' he's wise to take it now. If I'm any judge, I should say you'd better wait till you can get it, which may be in less than a week."

"Ennis, if you can quit being an ass long enough to tell me what you mean, and where you've been, I'll thank you. If you can't, I wish you'd get out. *Ugashe!*" concluded Bob, with a lapse into Apache and the pillow.

"Well, it probably is n't just the kiss you were thinking of—no more was I when I got it—but, Robert, my son and fellow soldier, it's my recorded conviction that the most enviable member of the regiment this day of our Lord is your twin trooper friend Rawdon. I saw him off on his wedding tour, and he *did n't* have on your clothes."

Lanier's head popped up in an instant—the one visible eye all eager interest. "Where were they married? When did they get off? Was Lowndes there?" were the questions that flew from his lips.

"Arena. On Number 6. Don't know," was the categorical answer. "Rawdon brought the parson out from Omaha, and the Osborns gave her away. Of Lowndes I've seen nothing since the night you staked him at Laramie, and what I've heard of him you refused to listen to. Of that callow specimen of the effete and ultra-refined Back Bay District you've long since had my opinion. He's too good and gentle for this Western world of ours, Bob, and he and his shuddering kinsfolk suffer too much by contamination——"

"Oh, shut up, Dad! His people *did* wire him that his mother was desperately ill. They merely wanted to get him away from the campaign. He'd been gambling, the pesky little fool, with some of the Rawhide crowd, was all out of cash and dared not tell his guardian. That's all there was to it. Soon's he gets his money he'll square up—thought perhaps he *had*, since Rawdon had enough to marry on. Lowndes owed *him* ten times what he owed me, I reckon."

To them, thus engrossed in confidential chat, there suddenly entered the two doctors. "Black Bill," the inspector, it seems, had given notice that he must needs have speech with the culprit, if that bandaged, blistered, and unprincipled young man were in condition to see him. "Black Bill" and his host had been having a night of it. Button was in high fettle over the amazingly truthful and unlooked-for articles in the *Mail*, and as eager to know and reward their author as he had been to apprehend and punish the earlier detractor. Button had begun to "wobble," as Bill expressed it, in his spleen against Lanier until so suddenly "braced" by the truculent stand of Captain Snaffle, whose half-drunken words the previous night were by this time known all over the post.

The matter was now in the hands of Colonel Riggs, however, and it was his to determine what further action to take. Snaffle had named as his witnesses Sergeant Fitzroy, Private Kelly (who, though drunk on duty, had not been so drunk, said Snaffle and Fitzroy, that he could not recognize an officer when he saw him), and the third witness, to the amaze of Barker and the derision of Ennis, when told of it, was no less a person than poor Tom Rafferty, Lanier's own "striker" and hitherto devoted henchman. And to the consternation of Stannard, Sumter, and others, Captain Snaffle had been able to back his words. Riggs sent for the two availables, Fitzroy and Kelly, and the two had declared they could not be mistaken; that they had heard Miss Arnold's scream, followed instantly by the crash of glass. Fitzroy admitted that he was at the moment at Captain Snaffle's back door; said he ran round to the Sumters' gate; that he distinctly saw the figure of a man

in a soldier's overcoat and fur cap leaping and sliding down the roof, and that a moment later he grappled with it in the dark woodshed, dropping his hold only when angrily ordered to do so, the voice adding instantly, "I'm Lieutenant Lanier." Kelly was ready to swear to practically the same facts, though he "thought there was two of them," which, under the circumstances, was not to be wondered at. Fitzroy declared that a moment later Rafferty rushed to the spot, recognized the lieutenant, and by him was sternly ordered to leave. As yet Rafferty was in no condition to affirm or deny. The excitement of the fire had brought on a relapse, and the wild Irishman was wilder than ever, "raving-like," as the steward said, in the big post hospital.

And these statements, presently, did Colonel Riggs lay before Lieutenant Lanier, in presence of Doctors Larrabee and Schuchardt, as well as Lieutenant Ennis. "I've known you three years, young sir," said he, "and I've believed in you from the first. I have reminded Sergeant Fitzroy of his previous allegations against Trooper Rawdon, as to the scuffle and assault, and, so far from showing confusion, Fitzroy promptly said, 'Certainly, that took place barely half a minute later and within ten yards of the spot.' He says his whole idea first was to drive Rawdon from the scene, and prevent his finding his officer in so humiliating a plight. He says he sought in every way at first to shield the lieutenant, but when all these other facts came out about the cap, the clothing, the lieutenant's absence from his quarters, his lacerated hand, etc., there was no help for it. He finally yielded to the pressure of Captain Snaffle's questions and told the truth. Kelly miserably admitted his knowledge of it, and when Rafferty came to his senses, he, too, was to be catechised.

"Now, Mr. Lanier, there's the situation. Do you care to say anything to me, or would you prefer to take counsel?"

And Bob Lanier, leaning on his elbow, looked quietly up in the colonel's bearded face and answered:

"Colonel Riggs, I reckon both those men think they're telling the truth, and I may have to prove they're not."

"Do you mean—you *were* there?" queried old Riggs, in genuine concern.

"There, sir? Of *course* I was there—quick as I could get there, but not quick enough by any manner of means."

Riggs looked grave indeed.

"You say you may have to prove it was not you. Don't you *know* you'll have to—if these witnesses are further sustained?"

"Fully, sir, and when my need is known there will be witnesses for the defense. The doctors tell me Rafferty may not come round in less than a week. When the time arrives I'll be ready."

And that was the way it had to be left. That was the condition of

affairs when the eighth, and final, day of Lanier's close arrest arrived. Longer than eight, according to law, the colonel could not keep him in. Sooner than eight more, according to Larrabee, the doctors could not let him out. Yet there came a compromise and a change. "The idea of Bob Lanier spending Christmas in hospital!" said Mrs. Stannard. It was not to be thought of. A sunshiny room on the ground floor of the major's big house was duly prepared, and thither just before sunset on Christmas eve our young soldier was piloted by Schuchardt and Ennis, making the trip afoot across the rearward space, yet being remanded to a huge easy chair and partial bandages immediately on his arrival.

"Black Bill," with his incomplete report, had gone back to Omaha to further mystify the adjutant-general and to eat his Christmas dinner. The order for the court-martial hung fire until the preliminary investigation could be concluded. Fort Cushing set itself to enjoy the sweet festival as best it might, while such a problem remained unsolved. Veterinary Surgeon Mayhew had taken seven days' leave, an eastbound train, and at three p.m. the day before Christmas came a telegram from — Arnold, Esq., of Standish Bay, Massachusetts, announcing that he would leave forthwith for the West, bringing his sister with him. The Sumters told Mrs. Stannard, and she told Bob Lanier.

It has been said that this young gentleman was an outspoken fellow, with a hit-or-miss way of saying things when once his mind was made up, and by this time it would seem he had made up his mind.

"Mrs. Stannard, if you think a girl could stand the sight of such a Guy Fawkes as this, I would give much to speak ten minutes to Miss Miriam Arnold."

"You're *not* a Guy Fawkes," said Mrs. Stannard, with fluttering heart. "You've lost something of your mustache and eyebrows, but very little of your good looks. Only——"

"Only what?"

"Why, it's going to be so much harder to see her *now* than it was before—before she——" and Mrs. Stannard faltered.

"Before she saw me playing Saint Somebody or other at the back window, and screamed? Nobody knows *I* heard it except you, and you won't tell. Moreover, it is n't about *that* that I have to speak."

Mrs. Stannard's bonny face showed instant disappointment.

"There's—there's another matter," said Bob, with trouble in his tones.

"I so hoped——" faltered that arch match-maker.

"So did I, Mrs. Stannard," said downright Bob, "but not with charges hanging over my head. First I've got to meet the enemy."

And yet he wished to see and speak with Miriam, who not once had set foot out of doors since the night of the fire, whose sweet face

flamed at every recurring thought of that incident, whose self-betrayal covered her with shame and confusion indescribable, who would give years of her young life if she could only escape from Fort Cushing and hide herself a thousand miles away. But not until that stern puritanical father should arrive was leaving to be thought of. A week ago and the tidings of his coming would have filled her with dread; now she heard them with relief. Father coming—and Aunt Agnes! Aunt Agnes, who never before had been west of the Hudson. Aunt Agnes, whose forebears had warred against witchcraft and woodcraft, against village crones and forest children, against helpless old women and stealthy young savages—all without mercy when delivered into their hands! Was it in partial reparation for the rapine, the swindling, and stealing dealt out by her Pilgrim forefathers to the Indian of the East that Aunt Agnes had become the vehement champion of the Indian of the West? President of a famous Peace Society was she, and secretary of the Standish Branch of the Friends of the Red Man, a race whom the original and redoubtable Miles had spitted and skewered and shot without stint or discrimination. And now was Aunt Agnes hastening westward with her brother, to reclaim their one ewe lamb from the wolf pack of the wilds, and incidentally to see for herself something of the haunts and habits of the red brother in whose behalf, these last six months, her voice had been uplifted time and again. It was the year of a great Indian war. The blood of hundreds of our soldiery had been shed, without protest from these of Puritan stock, but they shuddered at thought of reprisals. Aunt Agnes coming to Cushing! Aunt Agnes to meet the colonel and his "red-handed horde of ruthless slayers!"

No wonder the Christmas day that dawned for Miriam Arnold in that stirring Centennial year bade fair to be the gloomiest of her life. Yet who can tell what a day may bring forth?

Sumter came in, cheery and laughing, for the late family breakfast. Guard-mounting was long over, but he had been detained by the colonel.

"It is almost comical," said he, "to see Button's delight in those letters in the New York papers. He's as curious now to know the author of those as he was furious at the supposed author of the others."

"What others?" faltered Miriam Arnold, her eyes filling with strange apprehension, her face visibly paling.

"Some bitter attacks on him that appeared in the Boston and Philadelphia papers about that night surprise of Lone Wolf's village—the one he accused Mr. Lanier of having started."

"Accused—Mr. Lanier!" And Miriam Arnold, with consternation in her voice, was half rising from the table.

"I had thought it best to say nothing to you about it, Miriam dear," said Mrs. Sumter gently. "You had so many worries."

"But, Mrs. Sumter! Captain!" interrupted Miriam, wild-eyed. "Do you mean Colonel Button accused Mr. *Lanier* of those letters?"

"That was the backbone of his grievance against Lanier," said Sumter gravely, and intently studying her face. "Why?"

"And he did n't—deny it? Did n't—tell what he knew?"

"Denied it, yes, but refused to tell what he knew—said it came in such a way he could not tell. Why, Miriam, what do *you* know?"

For a moment it looked as though she were on the verge of hysterical break-down. Kate sprang to her side and threw an arm around her, but with gallant effort she regained self-control.

"I know *just* who wrote those wicked stories, and I told Mr. Lanier; and I know—and I'm ashamed I ever *had* to know—who first told them."

XIII.

STANNARD had been summoned to Omaha, much to Button's curiosity and disquiet. Mrs. Stannard, left temporarily widowed, was none the less radiant. A romance was unfolding right under her roof, and the heart of the woman was glad. Her patient was sitting up in spick and span uniform and a sunshiny parlor. Plainly furnished as were the frontier quarters of that day and generation, the room looked very bright and cosey this crisp December evening. Christmas had come and gone with but faint celebration, as compared with former years. There had been several callers, masculine and regimental, during the earlier afternoon, but now they were off for stables. There had been an influx of army wives and daughters, to wish Bob Lanier many happy returns, for this was his birthday. Shrewd woman, with all her gentle kindness and tact, was Mrs. Stannard. She had sent word to all her cronies of the interesting event and suggested a call. More significance, therefore, would be attached to a neglect than to an acceptance of the hint. Perhaps this is how it happened that just about four P.M., when most people were gone, Mrs. Sumter came quietly, cheerily, conveying her two girls, and presently Bob Lanier was smiling into the eyes of Miriam Arnold, whose hand he took last and clung to longest of the three.

Not since the night of the fire had he set eyes on her. Not since the night of the dance had he spoken with her, and he was startled to see the change. Bravely though she bore herself, the flush that mantled her cheek was but momentary, and left her pallid and wan. Miriam looked as though she had been seriously ill. Kate Sumter had given him only hurried and almost embarrassed words of greeting. Mrs. Sumter, however, had extended both her hands in an impulse of loyal liking and friendship, and it is doubtful if Bob even saw the daughter's face. Certainly he never noted the lack of heart in her manner. His eyes had flitted almost instantly to Miriam Arnold's, and there they hung. A few minutes of swift, purposeless chat ensued, Mrs. Stannard and

Mrs. Sumter doing most of it. Then, somehow, three women seemed to drift away and become engrossed in matters of their own over by the Navajo-covered lounge, and then Miriam lifted up her eyes and looked one moment into the young soldier's face.

The bandages had been removed, though his left hand was still encased in a huge white kid glove, a discard from the hand of Ennis. Eyebrows and mustache had suffered much, and a red streak ran from the left temple down toward the neck, yet Bob looked fit and debonair and happy in spite of his weight of martial woes.

"It's the first chance I've had to thank you for the dance we—did n't finish," said he, noting with a thrill the tremor of the little hand that fluttered for that moment in his grasp.

"Do you think it a thing to be thankful for? I don't."

"I would n't have lost it for a month's pay, to put it mildly, and it will take more than a month's pay to repair later damages," said he, trying to smile and be unsentimental.

"How very much more than that you *may* lose!" said she. "Do you think I could have danced with you if I had dreamed what—what you were doing?"

"You were dancing like a dream," said he. "Do you mean I was dancing like a nightmare?"

"You were doing what was sure to involve you in grave trouble, and—it was n't kind to me, Mr. Lanier."

"I'm all contrition for the anxiety it caused you, Miss Miriam, and for absolutely nothing else. I wish you to know that I did nothing unusual. Colonel Button was angry with me for a very different matter."

One moment she was silent; then, with lips that quivered in spite of her effort—a quiver that he saw and that set his heart to bounding madly—with lowered voice she hurried on: "And that, too, involves me, or mine. And you"—then uplifting her swimming eyes—"you *would* not tell."

And then the barrier of his pride was swept away.

"Miriam!" he cried, his hands eagerly seeking and seizing hers, only faintly resisting. "There was no *need* to tell." He was standing facing her now, close to the curtained window, his back toward the twittering trio near the dining-room door and imperceptibly edging thither at Mrs. Stannard's suggestion of coffee. Was this prearranged? Bob never saw nor heeded. *She* did, however, and well knew its meaning, and the woman in her, that thrilled and throbbed at sight of the passion in his eyes, the worship in his face, coquetting with her own delight would have torn herself away to follow them, but her little hands were held in a grasp against which she might struggle in vain. He was lifting them to his heart, and as he drew them he was drawing her.

She had to come, her long curling lashes sweeping the soft cheeks, now once more blushing like the dawn. "Oh, Mr. Lanier," he heard her murmur, as though pleading and warning. One swift glance he tossed over his shoulder at the last form vanishing through the doorway, then his dark eyes, glowing and rejoicing, fastened on hers, and quick and fervent came the next words: "There is only one thing that need be told—that *must* be told, because I've just been brimming over with it all these weeks" (ah, how the bonny head was drooping now, but drooping toward him), "and now I can keep it back no longer. Miriam, Miriam, I love you—I love you! Have you nothing to tell me?"

One instant of thrilling suspense, then with a sob welling up from her burdened heart, the barrier of her pride and reserve went as his had gone a moment ago. "Oh, you know—you *know* it! Who *has n't* known it since that awful night?" she cried, and then found herself folded, weeping uncontrollably, almost deliriously, in his arms, his lips raining kisses on the warm, wet cheek. A moment he held her close-wrapped to his heart, then gradually, yet with irresistible power, turned upward the tear-stained, blushing, exquisite face, so that he could feast his eyes upon her beauty, then with joy unutterable his lips sank upon the soft, quivering mouth in the first love kiss she had ever known, and their troubles vanished into heaven at the touch.

Mrs. Stannard, you were a jewel and a general. Now, how about the major?

"For conference with the Judge-Advocate of the Department," read the order that summoned him, and from that conference forth went our doughty dragoon in search of conquest. "It is understood," said the officials, "that you know the circumstances under which Lieutenant Lanier became responsible for the money borrowed at Laramie by or for that young Mr. Lowndes, also that you know him." There were other matters, but that came up first. Stannard knew and was quite willing to set forth with a plain-clothes member of the Omaha force on a mission for and from headquarters.

In a derby hat and civilian suit of the fashion of '72, the latter much too snug for him, our squadron leader of the Sioux campaign looked little like a trooper as he sauntered with his detective companion into the lobby of the Paxton a few minutes later, and listened to his modernized tale of the prodigal son. It was all known to the police. Lowndes had run through the purse and patience of his Eastern kindred some two years before. Lowndes had been transported to a cattle ranch near Fort Cushing in hopes of permanent benefit, but speedily neglected the range for the more congenial society of the fort. He was well born and bred. He was made free at first at the mess, but wore

out his welcome. He went on the campaign for excitement and got much more than he wanted. He took to gambling among the scouts and packers and sergeants, for the officers had soon cold-shouldered him. But he was a college man, a secret society man, as had been Lieutenant Lanier before entering the Point. Since the campaign Lowndes had been going from bad to worse; had gambled away the money sent him by his relatives, and they were now sorely anxious about him. Moreover, he was needed as a material witness for the defense in the case of Lieutenant Lanier, and would answer no letters to his post-office address. He had n't been near the ranch in nearly a month, had n't been seen about Cushing City since the blizzard; was believed to be somewhere in this neighborhood in disguise.

And even as the story was being told, there came bounding down the broad stairway from above, a slender, well-built youth, in whom the civilization of the East was stamped in the stylish, trim-fitting travelling suit with cap to match, in the further items of natty silken scarf and the daintiest of hand and foot covering. It was the erect, jaunty carriage that caught the major's eye. In build, bearing, and gait the approaching stranger was Bob Lanier all over. He came straight toward them, and was tripping lightly, swiftly by when Stannard sprang to his feet.

"Rawdon!" he cried, voice and manner at once betraying the soldier and the habit of authority and command. It was as imperative as the crisp, curt "Halt" of veteran sentry, and effective as though backed by levelled bayonet.

But if Stannard for an instant looked for demur, resistance, attempt to avoid, or even a trace of confusion on part of this transmogrified trooper, the idea as quickly vanished. A wave of color, it is true, swept instantly to the young fellow's temples, but the sudden light of recognition in his handsome eyes was frank and fearless. Quickly he whirled about, courteously he raised his cap, instinctively his heels clicked together as he stood attention to his squadron leader of the summer ago.

"I beg the major's pardon," said he. "I did not expect him here, and had never seen him in civilian dress."

And now the detective, too, was on his feet, and curiously noting the pair.

"You're on furlough, I understand, but I heard—my wife said—you were in Chicago."

"Mrs. Stannard was right, sir. My wife and her father are there now, visiting my sister. Doctor Mayhew told me of the charges against Lieutenant Lanier, and that is what brings me back at once."

"Going back at once?" began the major, mollified, yet mystified. "I presume you know more of these matters than any one else."

"With possibly two exceptions, sir. I hope to nab one of them here."

"Lowndes?" queried Stannard.

"Lowndes," answered Rawdon.

"Then you're just the man we want."

That afternoon as the Union Pacific express stood ready at the Union station for the start, there boarded one of the sleepers a burly, thick-set, bluff-mannered man in huge fur overcoat, close followed by two younger companions. One of these latter, erect and graceful in bearing, alert and quick in every movement, with clear-cut and handsome features, was dressed with care and taste, evidently a man accustomed to metropolitan scenes and society; the other, a youth of probably his own age, though looking older, was sallow, shabby, with a dejected, down-at-the-heel expression to his entire personality that told infallibly of failure and humiliation. At a sign from their leader he dropped dumbly into a section, settled himself next the frosty window, with his head shrunk down in his worn coat-collar, and his slouch hat pulled over his eyes.

"Better pull off that overcoat and make yourself comfortable, Lowndes," said the younger man. "You've a long journey ahead."

Whereat a tall, spare, elderly gentleman in the adjoining section slowly lowered his newspaper and turned half round, while a tall, spare, elderly, sharp-featured woman beside him, in prim travelling garb, sprang from her seat and brushing the burly man aside, precipitated herself upon the shrinking object in the corner.

"Mortimer Watson Lowndes!" cried she. "Where on earth have you been?"

For answer Mortimer Watson bowed his flabby face in his hands and wept dismally.

Two days later the colonel's office at Fort Cushing was the scene of a somewhat remarkable trial. It had no force in law, yet was held to be conclusive. There was no array of uniformed judges sitting, by order, as a general court-martial. The tribunal consisted, in point of fact, of a single man, acting as judge, jury, and attorney, to wit, "Black Bill" Riggs, Inspector-General of the Department of the Platte. To the unspeakable disgust of most of the officers, and the outspoken disapprobation of many of their wives, only those closely concerned in or connected with the case were invited to be present. Certain others who had just happened in, thinking to hear the proceedings, were, indeed, invited to leave.

Colonel Button, as post commander and principal accuser, was, of course, at his usual desk. Colonel Riggs, his jealously regarded rival, was seated at a little table, whereon was much stationery and a stack

of memoranda. Lieutenant Lanier, somewhat pale but entirely placid, occupied a chair to the left of that table, with Captain Sumter, as his troop commander and counsel, by his side. Captain Snaffle was in support of the post commander, to cross-question if he saw fit. Barker, the adjutant, was present, as a matter of course. A headquarters clerk sat facing Riggs, prepared to take notes, and the trim orderly stood outside the closed door. Three or four people in civilian garb sat awaiting summons in the adjutant's office across the hall, and Sergeant Fitzroy, with trouble in his eyes and wrath in his heart, was flitting uneasily about in the domain of the sergeant-major.

"If you are ready, Colonel Button," began Riggs, with elaborate courtesy, "I am, and let me briefly say that I have seen Trooper Rafferty at the hospital, also certain other men named by Captain Snaffle; but in order that all parties may be given opportunity to hear and to examine, and at the request of Lieutenant Lanier, who desires the fullest investigation and publicity, I have invited you and the captain to hear what I consider the really valuable evidence. Will you call in Trooper Rawdon?"

Snaffle's face was a sight when the door opened and there entered a very self-possessed young man, in stylish and becoming civilian dress, who nevertheless stood bolt upright, with his hand raised in salute.

"Hwat's he mean by coming here in 'cits'?" said Snaffle, in hoarse whisper, to his commander.

"Yes, Colonel Riggs; if this man's a soldier, why isn't he in uniform?"

With perfect respect, at a nod from Riggs, the newcomer replied: "My uniforms, and other belongings of mine, were taken from my trunk in town during my absence."

"You could have borrowed one," said Snaffle truculently.

"I told him he need not," retorted Riggs. "And now, gentlemen, we'll waste no time trying to worry the witness. Mr. Rawdon, you were a duly enlisted trooper, I believe. Take that chair."

"And am still, sir, as far as I know."

"But your discharge is ordered, as I understand it."

"It was applied for and recommended, and General Whipple told me in Chicago a few days ago it was settled; but that would have made no difference, sir. I should have been proud to wear the uniform until officially discharged."

Riggs wheeled in his chair. "Colonel Button, it has been fully explained to this—man, and to the next, that what they tell us here is to be just what they would swear to before a court. You can decide for yourself on hearing it whether you wish them to swear to it or not. Now, Rawdon, tell us how you came to enlist."

"As the representative of three newspapers, in Chicago and the

East. They were anxious to have an Indian campaign, and the life of an enlisted man, described as it really was. I joined a squad of recruits for this regiment right after the news of the Crazy Horse Battle on Powder River."

"Do you still hold that job?"

"No, sir;" and there was a twitch of the muscles about the corners of the mouth suggestive of amusement.

"Why?"

"I failed to—give satisfaction. Only scraps of my letters were published."

"What did they want?"

"Criticism principally, and confirmation of the stories of abuse and ill treatment of soldiers by their officers."

"Were your letters never published?"

"Three of them, eventually, after the campaign—in the New York *Morning Mail*."

Whereupon Riggs spun in his chair and rejoicedly surveyed Button, who sat like a man in a daze, staring, open-eyed, at the witness. For the life of him Sumter could not suppress a chuckle.

"Then, as I understand it, you were favorably impressed with the life—and conditions?"

"In spite of hardship and privation, yes, sir; and because I found complete refutation of the stories about the officers, both as regarded their dealing with the Indians and with their own men."

"Were there any persons with the command who knew you and your mission?"

"Two, sir, as it turned out. Trooper Cary, who enlisted at the same time I did, and a civilian, Mr. Lowndes, who recognized us at Fort Frayne. We were at college together. He and Cary became very intimate toward the last, and yet I think they kept my secret in spite of our falling out."

"Do you care to tell us why you fell out?"

"I prefer that Mr. Lowndes should do that. He and Cary had been chums in college days, and though we were in the same society I did not know them then as I do now."

"You had trouble with Sergeant Fitzroy at first, did you not?"

"Almost from the start, sir."

"We have heard his version. What is yours?"

Rawdon's frank face clouded and colored one moment, but the eyes never flinched.

"It was partly on account of the lady who is now my wife, and partly on account of—money. Fitzroy is an out-and-out usurer, and has a dozen sergeants in the regiment in his debt and under his thumb, Captain Snaffle's first sergeant among them."

"It's a lie!" said Snaffle.

"It's the truth," said Riggs, "and I have other proofs. You will curb your tongue and your temper, Captain Snaffle, if you please. Go on, Rawdon."

"I had reason to believe he was squeezing Doctor Mayhew. I had learned to love Mayhew's daughter. I had a little money laid by, and was getting a good salary. I made Doctor Mayhew take enough to free himself, and won Fitzroy's hate on both accounts."

"You are accused of assaulting him the night of the 16th. What of that?"

"I did not even see him or speak to him that night. I had been in town in the afternoon, arranging for our marriage. Doctor Mayhew would not hear of it until I had got my discharge, but we had decided to be married Saturday morning, and to go East that afternoon, as important business called me. Mr. Lowndes will tell you that he owed me much money. I had lost my position as correspondent, needed the cash, and pressed him for it. He had promised faithfully to have it ready, but ready it was not. I knew of his relatives in Massachusetts and urged him to telegraph, but he said he could get some of it, at least, at the fort. So I drove him and Cary out in a sleigh, left them at the store, and, circling the fort, spent two hours with Miss Mayhew. Then getting uneasy, as they did not come, drove round back to the store just in time to see Lieutenant Foster's sleigh going like the wind to town, and found Rafferty in frantic excitement. He said there was hell to pay. The lieutenant was in arrest. Lowndes and Cary had run away with some of his clothes. There'd been a shindy up the row, and just then a soldier friend came running. 'Skip for your life, Rawdon,' said he. 'There's been robbery at Captain Sumter's, and Sergeant Fitzroy swears it was you, and that you've struck him and assaulted him. The colonel orders you arrested wherever found. The patrols are out now!' There was no time to explain. I lashed my team to town, caught Lowndes in cavalry overcoat and cap, the fool, and with not a cent to his name. I gave Cary a note to Miss Mayhew, which he never delivered, and took Lowndes with me on Number 6 at 11.40."

"Then you were not at Captain Sumter's that night?"

"Nowhere near it, sir."

Snaffle's eyes were fairly popping from their sockets. Had n't he said all along it was Lanier?

"Now, another matter," continued Riggs. "That night at Laramie of which you told me. These gentlemen will be interested."

"There was nothing remarkable in that. I had heard of the same thing being done at West Point. I heard in the nick of time of the order to the officer-of-the-day to inspect for Lieutenant Lanier. I

imagined that something very serious would happen to him. I knew he'd gone to the post with Lowndes, and why. So, with my apologies now to the lieutenant, I slipped round to his tent and into his blankets."

"Did the lieutenant know of it—or of the reason?"

"Never, so far as I know. I doubt if he knows it now. Lowndes told me the lieutenant—before he entered West Point—was a member of our fraternity. That was enough."

"And so far as I am concerned," said Riggs, "that is enough. Have you gentlemen any questions to ask?"

"Not—now," answered Button slowly. "But I desire personally to see—the witness—later."

XIV.

ONE more witness appeared before this informal court that memorable day, and with him, as prearranged, the tall, elderly civilian who had arrived with Stannard and his party from the East. Mr. Arnold came in, hat in hand, bowing gravely and profusely, with a very puzzled look in his face.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Arnold," said Riggs, with bluff civility. "You have met these gentlemen—Colonel Button, Mr. Barker, Mr. Lanier, Captain Sumter." He pointedly omitted Snaffle, to whom, none the less, Mr. Arnold bowed as ceremoniously as to each of the others who had risen at his entrance. "Pray take this chair, sir. As I have explained to you, Mr. Lowndes, your nephew, could not be compelled to testify before a military court, and need not make public admission here of what he told us at Rawdon's demand during our journey hither. I hope this is fully understood."

Mr. Arnold cleared his throat and beamed benevolently about him. The occasion seemed propitious, and a moral lesson appropriate, and he began:

"My unhappy nephew realizes, with, I trust, genuine contrition, that he has been the cause of grave trouble, not only to us, his kindred in the East, but—er—to you military gentlemen in the West. He has, prompted, as we must admit, by Mr.—Mr. Rawdon, made a clean breast of his lamentable conduct, and has promised Mr. Rawdon to repeat every word of it—er—to Colonel Button, but, as his——"

"Then we'll waste no time," said Riggs impatiently. "We'll have him in, and I can catch the afternoon train. Orderly, call Mr. Lowndes."

"Er—I was about to remark," proceeded Mr. Arnold, "that if any—er—suit for damages, or—er—recovery of money should be in contemplation, we desire——"

"Don't fear, sir. Nobody's going to sue for damages. What we want is the quashing of all charges against this young gentleman, who

has been made to suffer abominably. Ah, come in, Mr. Lowndes. Sit down, sir. You have met everybody here. Now, as speedily as possible, we'll finish this matter, and in four hours we'll be off for home."

It was but a dejected specimen of a college-bred man that sank into the chair in front of Riggs and faced him with pallid cheek and somber eyes. One look he gave at Bob Lanier, a furtive, forlorn glance, which met no recognition whatsoever. Lanier looked him over with indifference that bordered closely on contempt, but gave no other sign.

"Mr. Lowndes," said Riggs abruptly, "there is no need of going over the entire story. I'll ask you to answer certain questions. Who was your earliest friend in this regiment?"

The dreary eyes turned once more toward Bob, and the nervous hands started the slouch hat in swifter revolution.

"Mr. Lanier, sir."

"How came that?"

"I knew he was of my college fraternity before I entered college, and I showed him my pin and certificate."

"That insured a welcome, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. He—he made me at home in his quarters—and tent."

"Shared the best he had with you—home, food, drink, even clothes and money, I'm told."

The flush deepened in the dejected face.

"It is all true, sir."

"Yet you quarrelled with him during the campaign."

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I lost money gambling, and he would n't lend me any more."

"Did you ever pay what he had lent you?"

"Not—yet, sir."

"Even after your quarrel did he not aid you?"

"Yes, at Laramie. I did n't seem to have any friend left by that time, and had to go to him for help when they wired me to come home."

"In point of fact, he enabled you to get one hundred dollars at Laramie?"

"Yes. I gave my note and he gave his word."

"What did you do with the money?"

"Tried to win back some that I had lost, at poker, and lost most of what I had raised. I suppose I'd have lost all of it if Rawdon had n't caught me playing and pulled me out."

"You owed him still more?"

"Nearly two hundred dollars, sir."

"Did you go home?"

"I could n't; I had only enough to bring me into Cushing, and they would n't send me any more. I had to go to the ranch and stay."

"Did you try to earn any money?"

"Yes, sir, writing about the campaign. Rawdon lost his position because he did n't send what they wanted, so I thought I might. The editor did n't know me, and asked for references, so I sent my stories to—to Mr. Arnold and my aunt. She often wrote for the papers."

"Is that the way the Boston and other papers came to publish those scandals at the expense of Colonel Button?"

"She dressed them up a good deal and made it worse than I described," faltered Lowndes.

"Er—let me explain, gentlemen," interposed Mr. Arnold, who had been twitching in uneasiness. "My sister is of a very sympathetic nature, and her heart has long been wrung by the injustice meted out to the Indian. When this unhappy boy wrote those—er—descriptive letters she had no reason to doubt their entire truth. Indeed, her conviction was that he was concealing, or glossing over, worse things."

"He seems to have later supplied you with worse things, Mr. Arnold. For instance, I will ask you what was his final explanation of his need for money?"

"He begged me to send him two hundred dollars at once, saying he would be disgraced if he could not pay Lieutenant Lanier, who had won it from him at cards."

"Mr. Lowndes," said Riggs, "did Lieutenant Lanier ever win a dollar from you?"

"Never, sir." And now the miserable head went down into the hot and feverish hands, and the silence in the room became something oppressive.

Riggs let him rest a minute, then went on. "Now, then, in your own way, tell us what happened that night of the 16th."

For a few seconds there was silence. Then, suddenly uplifting his head and looking at no one, Lowndes desperately plunged into his narrative. "I—I—was mad, I suppose, with debt and misery, and I began to drink. Rawdon told me he *must* have the money. My uncle had flatly refused to send me more. I got desperate. There was left me only one way, and that was through my cousin Miriam. I knew she was out here, and she—she had always been my best friend in my troubles at home. We'd almost been brought up together until they sent me out here. She did n't know where I was. They did n't wish her to know. But I knew if I could see her she would help me.

"Rawdon had changed into citizen's clothes in town, and I had pawned my overcoat, so he lent me his cavalry overcoat and a fur cap, drove me and Cary out to the fort, and left us at the store, promising to join him at Doctor Mayhew's in an hour. We were chilled from the ride, and drank more. Rafferty told me Mr. Lanier was officer-

of-the-guard, and everybody else was at the dance. We filled Rafferty up, for Cary'd made up his mind he was going to Rawdon's wedding in 'cits' instead of soldier clothes, and he was bent on borrowing a suit of Lieutenant Lanier's, even though they would hardly fit him. He swore he'd return them the next day, and Rafferty let him have them, and he put them on in the lieutenant's back room. Then he and I went up the rear fence and caught sight of Number Five—Trooper Kelly. Cary knew him and went ahead to 'fix things' with him, as he said. Kelly had seen us come out of Lieutenant Lanier's back gate, and was suspicious. Cary, to quiet him, told him he was with Lieutenant Lanier—that we were helping Rawdon get ready for his wedding. He made Kelly drink to Rawdon's happiness, and drink three or four times, and finally left him with a half full flask up the row toward Major Stannard's. Then we went to Captain Sumter's. Kelly told Cary the servants were in at Captain Snaffle's. The door was open. Cary watched below, while I hunted for my cousin's room. I found it easily. I knew they had sent her money, and orders to come home—uncle had written me as much. I found her desk. I knew it well of old, and then, to my horror, I heard her voice, and in a second she was in the room. She gave one awful scream, though I tore off my cap and begged her to know me, but she fell in a faint. Others were coming. I broke out of the back window, slid and scrambled down the roof to the shed and so to the ground. I heard men come running, so I dove into the coal-shed, where the sergeant grabbed me in the dark and I—had to make him let go, and—said I was Lieutenant Lanier. Later I crawled through a hole in the fence and started for the store, scared out of my wits. Right at the next gate I crashed into two men, grappled and fighting. We all three fell in a heap. I picked myself and cap up and ran again; caught Cary at the store just jumping into a sleigh, and we lashed those horses every inch of the way, left them at a ranch gate, and ran to the station. The train was a few minutes late. Rawdon presently came, and he took me to Omaha, as I begged him, for I did n't know what could or would be done to me if I was caught. He, too, had to get away or be thrown into the guard-house, and that—that's about all."

"You have that overcoat with you yet, I believe—that cavalry coat."

"It's all I have had to wear, sir," was the rueful answer, as, rising, he took the garment from the arm of his chair and laid it upon the table, with the yellow lining of the cape thrown back, exposing a rent or gash, whereupon Captain Sumter arose, took from an envelope a sliver of yellow cloth, and fitted it into the gap. "This," said he, "I found on the hook of the storm sash, and this," he continued, laying beside it a rusty sheath knife, "was later found under the snow, close

under the dormer window." Then turning the overcoat inside out, he displayed on the back lining in stencil the name "Rawdon."

"And now," said Riggs, "we will hear the accused."

"It is n't necessary," began Button, turning in his chair. "I have heard more than enough——"

"It is necessary, Colonel Button, if you please, for my satisfaction as investigator. Of course Mr. Lanier is not obliged to speak, but a few matters remain to be cleared up. There is yet the time-honored problem of 'who struck Billy Patterson,'" and Button subsided.

"The matter is quite simple," said Lanier. "I went direct from the dancing room to my quarters, not even stopping for my overcoat. I was chilled when I got there. The fire was low, and I went back to call Rafferty. He did n't answer, so I had to lug in some fuel. His overcoat hung in the kitchen and I put that on, and just as I opened the back door there came the scream from up the row. Fire was the only thing I thought of, and I saw others running toward Captain Sumter's as I started from the back gate. Then a man rushed past me, going the other way, and then the next thing somebody sprang out from Captain Snaffle's back yard, tripped me, and I went headlong. I was on my feet in a second, but he had me round the neck, ordering me to surrender. I wrenched loose and let him have two hard ones, right and left, before he clinched again. Somebody else collided with us. We all went down. The last man was up first and away, with the first cap he could reach, and I followed in an effort to overtake him, knowing by that time it was n't fire, but robbery. Then when I realized no life was in danger, I remembered I was in arrest, dropped the chase, and went straight to my quarters the way I came. Both hands were bruised and the left badly cut. I am sorry, of course, to have struck Sergeant Fitzroy, but the language he used was vile, and it seemed to be the only way to convince him I was *not* Trooper Rawdon."

"Colonel Button, have you any questions to ask?" demanded Riggs, as Lanier concluded.

"Why did n't you tell *me* this?" demanded Button.

"I should have been glad to, colonel. Indeed, I tried to the last time I was in the office," was the deferential reply.

"Well, gentlemen," said the colonel, as a parting shot, "between us we seem to have stirred up a pretty kettle of fish." Yet in that culinary maelstrom even Snaffle disowned either responsibility or complicity. He always *had* said Lanier was a perfect gentleman.

And so ended Bob's arrest and most of our story. Riggs went back with his report that very afternoon. Rawdon lingered for a word with Cassidy, Quinlan, and poor remorseful Rafferty; then followed, unhampered even by his arch enemy Fitzroy, who slipped away to the stables

three minutes after the close of the conference. But he was not even there when, along in the spring, Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon came out for a visit to Doctor Mayhew. Like Rawdon, he had received his discharge. Unlike Rawdon, there was serious objection to his reenlistment. Even Snaffle dared not "take him on" again.

The snows lay long and deep in the ravines and hollows. It was not until mid-May that the poor victims of the blast and blinding storm were uncovered, and the bodies of the missing were found, save that of Cary—Cary, who, having been given up for lost, turned up most unexpectedly the very day that Fitzroy, applicant for reenlistment, was summarily turned down. But Cary came not of his own volition. He marched with a file of the guard. Cary's story was simple enough. Rawdon and Lowndes had hardly got away on the train when Sergeant Stowell and his party came searching. Cary hid. He was still half drunk. Some one told him of Kelly's arrest, and charged him with that and with running off the Fosters' sleigh. He dared not face the music. He forgot his precious missive to Dora Mayhew until next day. Then the storm held him. Not until the fire night did he summon up courage to sneak home. He had no money left and could buy no more liquor. He stole into Lanier's back door to return the civilian suit and recover the cavalry blouse and trousers left hanging in Rafferty's room. He could hear the lieutenant moving about overhead. He had to strike a light; he struck several matches; found the clothes, slipped out of the "cits" and into his own. He was cold and numb. He knew there was liquor on the sideboard in the middle room. The craze was on him, and he risked it. He struck more matches and threw the burning stumps to the floor, drank his fill, then stumbled away, intending to give himself up to his first sergeant for absence without leave. Back round by way of the store and the east front he went, but before he could reach the barracks came the appalling cry of fire—Lanier's quarters! His doing beyond doubt, and now, in dismay and terror, he fled from the post. Some ranch folk took him in next day, and cared for him awhile, then sent word to the fort. Poor Cary had Lanier to plead for him before his trial, but three months' hard labor was the least the law would allow. He was still "doing time" when his happier friend of college days came back with his sweet young wife.

By which time, too, another wedding was announced as near at hand. Only two days did Mr. Arnold and Aunt Agnes allow Miriam in which to prepare for the homeward journey, but it is safe to say that in that brief time their views of frontier life and people had undergone marked amendment, for they had found an old expounder of their faith in the post chaplain, for one thing, and many surprising facts as to officers, men, and Indians for another. There came a bright

wintry afternoon, at the fag end of the year, when the station platform held a lively little assembly waiting for the eastbound express. The colonel and his wife were there, the former by no means the blood-thirsty warrior of the elder's imagination. The Stannards had come in, and the Sumters, Kate, and "Dad" Ennis, the chaplain, and both doctors, and all these surrounded the brother and sister and held them in cheery converse, while Bob and Miriam sauntered, self-centred, away.

There was a sheltered, sunshiny little nook down the platform, between the baggage and express sheds, with a high, board fence at the back, to keep off the north wind and human intruders. They passed it twice in their stroll, but the third time turned in—it was so good to get out of the piercing wind—as well as out of sight.

What wonders a few days of delight will do for a girl! The pallor and lassitude had gone. The soft eyes were brimming with bliss. The rounded cheeks had regained all their bloom. The sweet, rosebud mouth seemed all smiles and warmth and witchery, and Lanier's eyes were glowing as he drew her to his heart and gazed down into the depths of those uplifted to his.

"That brute of a train has been late for a week," said he, "but to-day it comes on time. It is going to be a long, long wait for May. How does papa seem to take it now?"

"Papa is quick to make amends when he has wronged—any one, and now he *knows*."

"Well, so does Aunt Agnes, Miriam, yet *she* does n't approve."

"Well, Aunt Agnes, don't you know—she's different. She's a good deal like other women I know. When she's placed somebody else in a false position, she thinks that person ought to be very sorry for her, and sympathize with her, for having been deceived and misled. She thinks you ought to say how sorry *you* are."

"How can I say I'm sorry when I'm so glad—*all* glad?"

"Well, then, there's Cousin Watson, don't you know? He was always her pet. He was brought up by a weak mother and a doting aunt, and she knows you don't approve of him."

"Does she expect a man to approve of one who maligned him as Lowndes maligned me?"

"You should see his earlier letters about you! Why, if I'd known anything of them I would never have dared to meet such a paragon."

"And yet, after all, he turned to and painted me black as an imp of Satan. What had I done but good to him? I never took or won a penny of his."

A moment of silence, then the fond eyes looked up.

"You won something he wanted and thought—*was* his—he never had any sense. Won't you try to forgive him—for my sake—Bob?"

His arms went round and folded her closely; his face bowed down to hers. There was a wordless moment, then the sound of a distant whistle, of nearer shouts of "T-r-a-i-n." The dark mustache, the unsinged side, was sweeping very, very near the soft curve of those parted lips.

"What ransom will you pay?" he murmured. "I've not yet felt these arms about my neck. I've kissed you, heaven be praised, but, Miriam, have you ever kissed me?"

"T-r-a-i-n! Train, train! You'll be left!" again came the shrill feminine appeals, and with them, approaching, unwelcome, unheeded footfalls. With sudden, impulsive movement she threw her arms about his neck and upraised her lips to his. One moment of silence, two seconds of bliss, then "Dad" Ennis's voice, barely a dozen yards away: "Come forth into the light, you wanderers!" There was barely time for Bob's fervent words:

"If I could n't forgive him after *that*, I'd deserve a dozen weeks' arrest."



SONG

BY MARY BYERLEY

MY heart and a cloud and a puff of wind
And a red sail of fine wonder,
And I'm off into blue space journeying
On waves of noiseless thunder.

O light-house stars, flash your signals out!
Be merry, O reef of the moon!
You little sunbeams, sun-fishes of dreams,
Scurry home to your Sun-island soon.

And I sail on, on, till the golden dawn
Mellows into eve's silver west;
Then I sleep indeed, yet awake to the need
Of a harbor port of rest.

O love is the cloud and joy is the wind
And fancy the red sail true,
And space is the vibrant, vast unknown
Filled with thunder and stars—and you.

LINCOLN


By George L. Knapp

ONE of the greatest labor-saving devices of a labor-hating world is the scheme for ticketing the great characters of history by a single peculiarity. The plan is simple and requires no thinking, so it may be used by any one; and in a considerable proportion of cases, the peculiarity selected does really shadow forth at least one salient trait of the person under discussion. But while this sort of historical shorthand often tells a part of the truth, it never by any chance tells the whole truth; and it most grievously misrepresents those characters whom we most wish to know. A simple, single-minded fighter like Andrew Jackson can be set before the mind's eye quite fairly by this means; but a complex, many-sided man like Abraham Lincoln is sure to suffer badly.

There are two mental tickets inscribed with Lincoln's name. One is that which sets him forth as a great, sad-eyed Emancipator; "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" an almost supernatural being, who walked with firm but hopeless tread in the way marked out by a cruel destiny. The other ticket labels our war-time President as a droll humorist, with little intellect and less good taste; but with a queer, intuitive perception which stood him in stead of both education and brains. Some of our countrymen pin their faith to one ticket, some to the other, and some—such is the delightful inconsistency of the human mind—accept both. They use one in the Sunday school and the other in the smoking-car.


Yet in my humble judgment both these index cards together give but a partial and unreal view of one of the greatest men in history. He was the Emancipator; and nature and circumstances combined to paint his mind in sombre hues. He was the humorist as well; and but for the friction-saving oil of his kindly wit, he could never have endured the strain of those fearful years in the Presidency. But with it all, and illuminating all, was a keen, incisive, forceful brain. I do not question Lincoln's moral greatness. I do not undervalue his broad humanity, his utter unselfishness, his elemental patience. But had these qualities not been guided by a great and oddly penetrating intellect, our history would have missed some of its most splendid chapters, and our national temple would be the poorer for the figure

of one of its greatest heroes. Lincoln was many men in one, and each is worth a volume. But while libraries have been filled with praises of his moral supremacy, little has been written and less read concerning his mental greatness. To use the ancient and slovenly phrase, his heart has been magnified at the expense of his head.



If we put aside the popular preconceptions of Lincoln, and look instead at the recorded facts, we shall find evidence of his remarkable intellect at every stage of his adult career. In his youth, indeed, he had the misty vagaries proper to youth; and like so many great men, he came to maturity late. But from the time that he entered seriously on his life work, his mental powers were held in high, almost reverent regard by all who were close to him. In one sense, he was not a great lawyer. He lacked the broad education, to begin with; and he lacked even more the soldier-of-fortune conscience that enables a man to fight on one side as well as on another, in a bad cause as well as in a good one. Lincoln's intellect was too keen, too cold, too accurate, to tolerate quibbles or evasions; he hated crooked reasoning quite as virulently as crooked dealing. But when he believed in his case, he could state that case in a way which made argument almost needless; and he had that sure and certain mark of genius, the ability to brush aside non-essentials and seize at once on the central, vital issue.

And in the struggles of politics, the work which he really loved, the same qualities show out in yet higher relief. Seldom if ever was there a more consummate politician than Abraham Lincoln. The aim of his early political life was to curb the growing power of slavery; the aim of his later political life was to save the Union. If Lincoln ever made a wrong move to gain his goal, history has failed to record it. When he put his famous question to Douglas, as to the possibility of excluding slavery from the territories, his friends thought he had thrown away his own future and that of his party. Lincoln knew better. He was trying, not to keep Douglas from the Senate, but to keep him from the White House. He could see already that the crisis of the struggle would come, not in 1858, but in 1860. He offered the gambit, and Douglas accepted it—to find himself checkmated two moves later.



But Lincoln's victory laid on his shoulders the most fearful responsibility an American official has ever been called on to bear; and even the generous aid of his beaten rival scarcely lightened the burden. The new administration was facing a war which proved to be one of

the greatest in all history; and was facing it with forces which a grand duke of Tuscany would have deemed hardly sufficient to protect his palace from a mob. The small army was believed to be rotten with disloyalty; many of its best officers had resigned their commissions, and were actively engaged on the rebel side. The navy was at the ends of the earth. The seceding South was united and aggressive; the loyal North was seamed with factions—and no man could tell how deep the seams might go. The border States were sulking in their tents, vowing to break the head of whichever party called them forth. And the maritime nations of Europe were looking on at our troubles with frank delight, predicting our downfall, and hoping for some excuse to take a hand and make their prophecies come true.



There was nothing on which Lincoln could rely, save the patriotism and latent power of the North. That power was enormous, irresistible; but no one could know that fact until it was proven by the war. And that power was terribly hampered by the nature and training of our government and people. Democracy, representative democracy, is the best of all forms of government for a state of peace; and by consequence, the worst of all forms of government for a state of war. In peace, the mass is served only through service to the separate individuals composing it. In war, the individual is ruthlessly sacrificed to the mass. And the United States of America, save in one section, was the most thoroughly democratic land, in forms and principles and habits of thought, that the round world had known. That exception was the seceding South. There was just one part of the continent where the military spirit was dominant—and that was the South. There was just one section where martial glory was esteemed more highly than peaceful triumphs or material advantages—and that was the South. There was just one place where the aristocratic organization that is second only to despotism in military efficiency had full control—and that was the South. Add to this that the South was already out when Lincoln took the reins, and that the restoration of the Union was essentially a war of conquest, in which it was doubtful if the North would seriously or permanently engage, and you have some slight idea of the difficulties that Lincoln was called on to meet.

But he met them with a quiet sagacity which nothing could disconcert. At any time in the first two years, any bungling of the political administration would have utterly ruined the Union cause. Lincoln made no bungles. He put a quiet but effectual veto on Seward's mad plan for involving the nation in a foreign war as a cure for domestic strife. He manoeuvred with limitless patience till he forced

the South to take the aggressive part in Kentucky, and thus saved that all important State to the Union. He put the war on a basis that commanded the nearly unanimous support of the North. Lincoln was a minority President. He had less than two-fifths of the total vote cast in the election of 1860; and those votes represented little more than hostility to slavery. But Lincoln refused to admit slavery as the issue of the conflict. He made it clear that this was a fight for nationality, in which the federal government was merely exercising the right of self-defense. The importance of this one move in securing the support of the North can hardly be overestimated.



So much for the way in which Lincoln solved the political problems of the war. The solution of the military problems was less directly in his hands, and is usually believed to have been much less ably handled. It is the custom to apologize for Lincoln as a war President, and to remind the reader that he had no real military training. This last is true, and it is true, besides, that the lack of military training led him into one grievous error. It is said that Lincoln lost his head at the time of Stonewall Jackson's raid in the Shenandoah; and one might as well admit the charge. He drew off McDowell's corps of forty thousand men from coöperation with McClellan, and set them at the impossible and barren task of catching Jackson. There are plenty of excuses for that action; but there is and can be no justification. McClellan had forfeited Lincoln's confidence by long inaction, timorous movement, and tales of impossible hosts that were barring his way. He had been permitted to try his Peninsular campaign only on condition of leaving Washington absolutely secure from attack; and it was the opinion of the officers left behind that Washington was anything rather than secure. But these facts are really beside the issue. McClellan had the promise of McDowell's coöperation, and only the most dire emergency should have kept that promise from fulfilment. That emergency did not exist; and McDowell told Lincoln it did not. Jackson's raid was a trick which every professional soldier recognized at once. The truth seems to be as Herndon has said, that Lincoln's mind was as slow moving as it was powerful; and did not work well in a hurry.

But this was Lincoln's one serious military mistake. For the rest, he showed himself a master! The skill with which he divined the proper strategy of the war was as marked as the patience with which he tried general after general till he found at last the man who could do the work. Lincoln saw that the war was strategically a war of conquest, to be settled only by sharp, offensive operations, and

steady, grinding pressure, in which the superior weight of the North would be sure to tell. He urged this view on McClellan in letters which that "military engineer with a special aptitude for a stationary engine" merely ignored. He urged it on Meade and on Pope. He urged it—and caution—on Hooker. He did not need to instruct Grant. It was Lincoln's initiative that created the steam navy of the government and locked the strangling grip of the blockade on the Confederacy's throat. It was his initiative that started the opening of the Mississippi, which cut the Confederacy in two. Had his advice been followed, the Union mountaineers of Tennessee and North Carolina would have received efficient support, instead of being left to the tender mercies of their enemies from the plains. These are facts that seem to me to mark Lincoln as a really great war President; as a man who, though not a soldier, had a pretty fair understanding of the soldier's trade. And to get that understanding in the moments snatched from political duties sufficient to wear out the average man, and with no personal experience worth mentioning, argues an intellect of the highest type.



There are three charges intimated, rather than directly made, against Lincoln's mental superiority. These are his ignorance of financial matters, his poor judgment of men, and his failure at the very first to unite all the Union armies under one field commander. The first charge is true. Lincoln, when a member of the famous "Long Nine" in the Illinois legislature, voted for wildcat financial schemes as cheerfully as any fiat money champion of more recent days. But if unsound views on the money question are proofs of mental inferiority, half our country at any time in the last thirty years would be ready to consign the other half to an imbecile asylum. There is just one clue that will guide a man through the wilderness of financial quarrels, and that is the historical clue. Money is merely a highly specialized and standardized form of weight. All ancient coins were named after earlier weights—shekel, drachma, mina; and we can faintly imagine something of the debasement that currency has undergone when we recall that five dollars' worth of gold in England, and twenty cents' worth of silver in Italy, bear the name of a "pound." But I really do not know how Lincoln could have found this clue in the half-faced camp where he spent his early days; and later, he was too busy with immediate duties to spare time for researches in the history of finance.

And I hold the charge of not knowing men to be flatly untrue. With very rare exceptions, Lincoln found the best men available with little delay. He was obliged to pick most of his political associates from his own party ranks. And the Republican party was then a

new party; long on principle and short on practice, as every new party must be. Lincoln found the best that offered; and if his political advisers made mistakes, at least they helped their chief put through a gigantic and heartbreaking work. To the charge that Lincoln did not immediately unearth some dazzling military genius to rid the land of its woes, I would answer that there was no such genius to discover. We had a number of men who proved themselves good generals; but we had none who stood out so clearly from the common run as to warrant either haste or irregularity in raising him to the chief command. We had in our ranks no second Washington, no Clive, no Moltke, no Napoleon. The generals who finally finished the war were simply sound, capable workmen; who walked round their task, sized it up, and then with unflinching tenacity put it through. Thomas was indeed passed by, and he was the second, if not the first, of the Union generals. But Thomas was a Virginian, whose loyalty was under natural, though most unjust, suspicion—and one must add that when he had a chance to supersede Buell, Thomas declined with a chivalry that showed no basis in common sense. Grant was found early and supported heartily. It took no common courage in Lincoln to turn a deaf ear to the clamor of the generals of the antechamber, and give the silent, iron soldier a chance to work out things in his own stern way. Lastly, it would have been the height of folly to give the supreme command to a general of unknown value, or perhaps known incapacity. When Lincoln found the right man to exercise that command, it was conferred without delay and without reservations.



Here, then, is a man who was put to tests more severe than were asked of almost any other person in our history, tests peculiarly adapted to trying out his brain as well as his character. And he came through practically every test with triumph. How does it happen that so little has been made of this side of a most remarkable life? How is it that his moral qualities have been recognized, if not magnified, while his mental qualities have been all but ignored? Why have special providences been pressed into service to explain the career of this man; when a candid examination shows that he had a brain which made miracles as needless as they would have been impertinent?

The answer, I fancy, is twofold. For one thing, the great public itself has a deal more heart than head, and likes to think of its heroes as similarly endowed. Lincoln's brain was never underestimated by those who were long in close contact with him. Herndon, Seward, Chase, Hay, Schurz, Stewart—even Stanton—knew that behind the homely wit and kindly jest lay an intellect of sweeping range and power,

and a will of flint. But these were not the qualities with which popular fancy had endowed the Emancipator; and too many of the biographies of Lincoln are less historical studies than attractive presentations of what it was thought the public wished to know. Of late, it should be added, this literature is going out of fashion; and there seems both a demand for the truth and a willingness to supply it.

And the misconception, once started, was fostered by Lincoln's utter unpretentiousness, and by the facts of his early life. There was never a man whose genius wore less adornment. He had none of the trappings and the suits of greatness; as greatness was viewed by the generation that read Bulwer-Lytton, strove to realize the feudal fantasies of Scott, and named its sons after the grand, gloomy, and peculiar Byron. Lincoln never posed—he never had the chance. His wit had to saunter forth in homespun or go naked; there were no silks and satins of the academies in which to clothe it. And naked wit, like naked truth, is quite as likely to find its way to the police court as to the hall of fame. We are a clothed people, if you please, and we want that fact remembered. Besides, the poor whites of Kentucky constituted a sort of social Galilee, out of which could come no prophet; and when the prophet *did* come, it was perhaps natural that men should raise the marvel to the rank of a miracle.



I would not be thought to belong to that pestilent breed of hero worshippers who can see no flaws in the great, no spots on the sun; for whom history is a half divine, half diabolical jumble of impossibilities. But I do feel that not even yet has the world taken Lincoln's measure; not yet has it done full justice to the overtopping genius of that strange and lonely man. Still we reason from our preconceived notions of what ought to be, instead of looking with impartial gaze to see what *is*. Still we confuse intelligence with education; still we forget how large a grain of truth there is in Ingersoll's epigram, that "colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds dimmed." Not until our present infirmities of thought are outgrown can we get a just estimate of the man but for whom our national life must have made shipwreck on the rocks of faction. When the time comes that a just biography of Abraham Lincoln can be written—and read—we shall miss nothing of the human heart, the gentle patience, the all embracing sympathy which we see to-day. But with these qualities, guiding them to their appointed tasks, and illuminating the dark places of civil strife by its kindly gleam, we shall see an intellect at once brilliant and profound; a brain that kept its own counsel because it had looked forth with sober gaze, and seen that its own counsel was best.

ELMINA'S LIVING-OUT

By Elsie Singmaster

“ELMINA, hurry yourself. It is five o'clock, already!”

Elmina stirred, then opened her eyes.

“All right, Mom, I'm coming.”

“Remember it is baking-day, Elmina.”

“Yes, yes, I'm coming, Mom.”

“And, Elmina, don't let nothing burn.”

Elmina made a face at her pretty reflection in the glass.

“It is plenty apples fallen from the trees for a couple apple-pies. Do you hear me, Elmina?”

“Yes, Mom, I hear you.”

Elmina slipped quickly into her clothes and ran down to the kitchen. She knew as well as her mother that there were six pans of rusk, at least half a dozen pies, and a fine cake to be baked that morning. Her mother had made the fire before she started out to weed the garden beds, and the rusk was soon in the oven. Then she ran out to sweep the porches and the pavement. As she came back she heard a shrill call from the garden.

“Elmina! Elmina! Don't let nothing burn.”

Her lip curled angrily as she put the potatoes and ham on to fry. Then she covered the table with a red cloth and put the breakfast dishes on it, and replaced the cakes in the oven with a fresh batch. Presently her mother came in from the garden. A stranger would scarcely have noticed the resemblance between them. Elmina was straight and slender, her mother was stout, and her bent shoulders showed plainly the weight of years of strenuous housekeeping. Elmina's skin was fresh and rosy, her mother's tanned and dark. Elmina's eyes were blue, as were her mother's, but the difference between youth and premature middle age, between high spirits and weariness, made them as unlike as though they were a different shade.

“Did you do as I told you, Elmina?” Mrs. Fatzinger slipped off her overshoes and washed her hands at the pump.

“I don't know what you told me,” answered Elmina sullenly. “I baked the rusk, and swept, and cooked breakfast.”

“Well, you can bake the fine cake while I work some more in the garden. Only, don't burn it.”

Elmina did not respond, and the meal was finished in silence.

"Now, Elmina," began her mother as she took the last bite of a piece of pie, "you must hurry redd off the table."

Elmina, like a naughty child, seized her own plate in one hand and her mother's coffee-cup, still half full, in the other.

"Elmina!" exclaimed her mother, and Elmina set the plate down with a slam.

"Bake first the cake, then you can wash the dishes while it bakes."

"What else am I doing?" demanded Elmina.

"And when the butcher comes you can get a beef-steak for to fry. It is enough money in the purse."

When Mrs. Fatzinger reached the garden gate she turned.

"Elmina! Elmina!"

"What?"

"Don't you let him give you no tough one, and watch him once when he weighs it."

"Shall I tell him it shall come from a cow or a pig?"

Mrs. Fatzinger began her weeding.

"The girls are no longer like they were when I was young," she said to herself. "I would n't dast to sass my Mom."

In the kitchen Elmina plied her egg-beater with an energy which threatened to demolish both beater and bowl.

An hour later Mrs. Fatzinger came in from the garden. Her face was a dull scarlet, even under her sun-bonnet.

"Hand me once a basin water out here, Elmina," she said. "I am too dirty to come on the porch."

Elmina swiftly obeyed.

"Have you baked the pies, Elmina?"

"Yes."

"Did you burn the cake, Elmina?"

Elmina appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Mom!" she said explosively.

Mrs. Fatzinger looked up from the wash-basin, a huge cake of home-made soap in her hands.

"I have swept the pa'ment and the porches and cooked breakfast and baked rusk and fine-cake and pies, three apple, two latwerk [apple-butter], and four cherry pies, and washed the dishes. I will yet ice the cake and make dinner and redd up the kitchen and make the beds and cook supper and wash the dishes, and to-morrow——"

"Elmina, are you not any more right in your head, that——"

"And to-morrow I will scrub the pa'ment and the porches and the boardwalk and make breakfast and dinner and supper and the beds and wash dishes, and whatever it is yet to do. And Sundays the same. Mondays, I hire out."

"You hire out!" repeated her mother dully.

"I hire out."

"Where, then?"

"I haf a place. Mantana Kemerer has a place for me where she works in Phil'delphy. Mantana gets five dollars. I get three."

"Would you believe such a lie, Elmina?"

"Yes, I believe it, and I am going Mondays."

For a second the two pairs of eyes regarded each other, steadily. Then Mrs. Fatzinger began vigorously to rub her hands.

"You'd better kill the chickens once, Elmina. Don't kill no young hens."

The screen-door closed with a slam.

Mrs. Fatzinger brushed her hair before the little glass on the porch.

"It is her Pop over again," she thought. "He was once crazy to go off when he was a boy. But he had such a bossy Pop. Elmina has no bossy Pop. And she likes to work. But she will go. It won't do no good to talk."

The tears came to Mrs. Fatzinger's eyes. Presently she called across to the chicken yard:

"Elmina, wipe the hatchet off good or it rusts."

The prospective journey was not mentioned between them until Sunday evening, then Mrs. Fatzinger broached the subject.

"You can take some from my aperns. You don't have many dish-washing aperns."

"I ain't going to take no dish-washing aperns."

"Why?"

"I ain't going to wash no dishes. Mantana washes the dishes."

"Elmina Fatzinger! Are you, then, going to work in a hotel?"

"No. It is only four people in the family."

"I have lived many years in this world, and I have never heard from such a place."

Mrs. Fatzinger did not sleep well that night.

"It is something wrong at places where so much money is paid," she said to herself. "But if it is n't everything all right, Elmina will come home pretty quick."

In the morning she would not let Elmina help to get breakfast.

"Suppose you should cut you with the knife or get grease at your dress. You would look fine to go in Phil'delphy!"

Breakfast over, Elmina kissed her mother good-by.

"You write right aways home, Elmina."

"Yes, mom."

Elmina started across the porch, her eyes blinded by tears. She had not even said good-by to her "company girl," Linnie Kurtz. She almost wished that she were not going.

"Elmina! Elmina!" came a loud call from behind. "Mind you do your work right. And don't you go in no se-ater, and go always in the new Baptist Church. Mind you work like I learned you."

"Yes, yes," answered Elmina impatiently.

Mrs. Fatzinger went slowly back to the kitchen. There the first plate which she touched slipped from her hands.

"Now when that was china like some, it would 'a' broke into a thousand pieces," she said to herself as she picked it up. "Ach, I don't know why Elmina had to go to Phil'delphy!"

Elmina found Mantana waiting for her at the train.

"Ach, Mantana!" she cried. "What am I so glad to see you! I did n't know it was so many people in the world like I saw this morning already. And streets and houses and trolleys! It is five times bigger than Allentown!"

"Of course," said Mantana. "Come now, we must hurry."

"Is she a cross one, Mantana?"

"No, not so extra. But you must look a little out."

"Is it any children?"

"Only a little girl. It is a Mister and a Missis and Mister's Mom and the little girl yet. Now"—she conducted Elmina through a narrow alley, across a tiny yard, and into a wide kitchen—"I take you up to her."

Mantana led the way into the upper hall. At the door of her mistress's sitting-room, a soft voice bade them come in.

"Mrs. Alexander, here is the girl what I told you about from Millerstown, Elmina Fatzinger."

Mrs. Alexander looked up from her desk with a smile.

"How do you do, Elmina?" she said.

While her new mistress finished her letter, Elmina looked about the beautiful room. They had a sitting-room at home, which was too fine to use, but it was very different from this. At home there was a Brussels carpet, and a centre table, and vases of dried flowers, and a great family Bible. Here in this room the polished floor was almost bare, and the few rugs deep and soft to the foot. There were books and pictures and plants, and, most astonishing of all, sunshine. Did not these wasteful people know that sunshine faded everything? And what kind of a housekeeper could Mrs. Alexander be that she was here at eleven o'clock on wash-day morning writing letters? At that point Mrs. Alexander laid down her pen.

"Have you lived out before?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Mantana says that you are a capable girl. Can you sweep?"

"Yes, ma'am. I did always the sweeping at home."

"And wait on the table?"

"Yes, ma'am." Who in the world couldn't do that?

"You may come down-stairs with me now."

Elmina followed her to the dining-room.

"Ain't they got no table-cloth?" she thought as her eyes fell on the gleaming table. "With all their grand things?"

She paid close attention to Mrs. Alexander's directions.

"Here is the linen, and here is the silver. The glass is in that cupboard and the china in the pantry. Here is the slide opening into the kitchen." She pushed back a little slide, and Elmina saw Mantana stirring something on the stove. "Now, if you need any help, ask Mantana. You will have time to dust the dining-room before you set the table."

Elmina set about her work at once. As she wiped the chairs and tables, she began to feel uneasy. Would any one pay her such high wages for such easy work? Well, if her wages were not forthcoming, she would go straight back to Millerstown. Presently she opened the door into the kitchen.

"Hello, Mantana!"

"Hello! Shall I show you once how to set the table?"

"Well, I guess not!"

"All right," said Mantana, half-offended.

Elmina shut the door and went busily to work.

"Here is nothing but tidies," she said as she opened the first drawer, which contained Mrs. Alexander's luncheon doilies. In the next she found a table-cloth, and, spreading it, laid the first plates that she could find, face downward upon it. "Now knives and forks. Whew! Silver ones. My, but they are dull! Now I hunt the napkins. I wonder if they use, every day, napkins."

She contemplated the table with great satisfaction.

"That is first fine! I guess I call Mantana to see. No, I won't. She acts as when she was mad over me."

Mantana had not enjoyed having her advice declined.

"They think it is easy to hire out in Millerstown," she thought. "Now Elmina can see."

Presently the sliding door opened.

"Is dinner ready?" Elmina demanded.

"Is your table set?"

"Yes. Slide it in."

"You tell them that lunch is ready first."

Elmina shut the slide with a bang. This was a funny place where you called folks before you put dinner on! She went out to the hall.

"Dinner!" she called. "Dinner!"

A sound near her made her turn. There in the parlor sat Mrs. Alexander, the little girl, and an old lady. Elmina smiled at them.

"I did n't know you were already here," she said.

The eyes of the two ladies met. There were some things which the new maid would have to learn.

When she reached the dining-room Mrs. Alexander paused, and her hand went out as though for support. For an instant she was shocked beyond the possibility of speech. Beside her own place, with her elbows on the table, sat Elmina.

"I put my place at this end so I could run easy out," she explained smilingly.

Mrs. Alexander's eyes took in at a glance the turned-down plates, the crossed knives and forks. Then they returned to pretty Elmina.

"I think——" she began. "Will you send Mantana to me?"

"Ain't it right?" demanded Elmina, springing to her feet. Had she put on the best table-cloth? Or, perhaps, they did n't use napkins every day. "You shall come in," she said to Mantana. "They came and looked at the table and they act as when they were crazy."

Mantana glanced into the dining-room.

"Elmina Fatzinger!" she said.

To Elmina it seemed an hour until she returned.

"Perhaps you will not be so saucy again when I say 'Shall I show you how?' Go look once at the table before I call them."

Elmina took a furtive peep.

"Tidies!" she exclaimed. "And no table-cloth! Well, come on." Elmina started toward the table.

"She said I should wait to-day on the table."

"Well, you can. But I dare eat dinner, I guess."

Mantana paused, the bouillon cup shaking in her hand.

"Elmina, do you think we dare eat with them?"

"Aye, of course. Where else should we eat?"

"We dare n't eat with them. We eat afterwards here."

"We dare n't eat with them! Are we, then, not good enough?"

Mantana did not stop to answer, nor did she offer further conversation until lunch was over.

"We shall now eat. Then she wants to see you."

"She need n't think she can send me off. I go so away."

"She ain't going to send you off. She will show you how we do things in Phil'delphy."

"Pooh with Phil'delphy! I am not at all for Phil'delphy. Are we, then, going to eat in the kitchen?"

"Yes, we are going to eat in the kitchen," answered Mantana sharply. "Where do you eat at home? In the parlor?"

Mantana sighed as she washed the dishes.

"I might 'a' known it. The Millerstown folks are too dumb. I will now have to have an Irish one working by me again."

Elmina found Mrs. Alexander in her sitting-room. Mrs. Alexander had concluded that what she at first took for impertinence was merely ignorance. She determined to explain very carefully the reasons for the various domestic rules.

"Sit down, Elmina," she said graciously.

"I think I stand," responded Elmina.

"I was sorry that I had to go out before lunch. I thought Mantana could tell you anything you wanted to know."

"No Fatzinger had ever yet to learn anything from a Kemerer."

"But Mantana knows our ways. Now we will start afresh, and I will tell you about your work. We have breakfast at eight o'clock."

"I don't think you need——" Elmina paused. Breakfast at eight o'clock! She would like to hear more of these remarkable arrangements.

"But first I will show you your room."

"I don't think you need to," said Elmina. "I ain't going to stay in Phil'delphy."

"But Mantana said you were so anxious to come."

"I was once. But it is here too high up."

"Too high up?"

"It is too stylish."

"Are you afraid you will have too much work?"

"Well, I guess not! You ought to see the girls in Millerstown work once, baking, and milking, and cleaning, and butchering, and making soap! And whitewashing and gardening yet! It is much harder work in Millerstown." In the vehemence of her speech Elmina forgot her dignity and sat down in a rocking-chair.

"What is it, then?"

"I don't like to eat in the kitchen. I don't mean because it is the kitchen. We eat always in the kitchen at home. But I think I am good enough to eat with anybody."

Mrs. Alexander concealed a smile.

"Of course you are. But then you could n't wait on the table. When your mother employs some one to help her about—about butchering, does not she expect them to do as she says?"

Elmina laughed.

"I guess not. Billy Knerr helps with the butchering. Nobody would dare tell him anything. And he sits always down at the table."

"But here it is different," said Mrs. Alexander helplessly.

Elmina rose and held out her hand.

"I guess no Fatzinger ever *had* to work out. I am now going back to Millerstown. I will now say good-by. Say good-by to Gran'mom and the little girl for me. And when you ever come to Millerstown you must come to see us."

Mantana made no comment when Elmina said she was going home.

"I go along to the cars," she said.

"You need n't," responded Elmina curtly.

"Anybody what comes all the way to Phil'delphy and goes the same day home needs some one to look after them," said Mantana grimly, as she put on her hat.

She hurried Elmina along, dragging her from before trolley-cars, and bidding her "hurry yourself."

"It is easy seen that slow Millerstown is the only place for you," she said pleasantly.

"What do you think the folks will say when I tell them you are living with folks what won't let you eat with them?" asked Elmina.

"I haf four hundred and seventy-five dollars in the bank. Millerstown may say what it likes."

She bought Elmina's ticket, and had her baggage rechecked.

"He will have a fine time this evening!"

"Who?" asked Elmina.

"Mr. Alexander, when she tells him of the crazy one that was to-day here from Millerstown."

The train started, and Elmina was denied the privilege of responding.

Mrs. Fatzinger washed the dishes very slowly that evening.

"I don't think I go this evening out on the front steps," she said to herself. "I go straight in my bed. No, I don't." She paused. "When I don't go out, people will think something is wrong about Elmina's going away."

Linnie Kurtz joined her on the step.

"I think Elmina might 'a' told me she was going away," she said in an aggrieved tone. "I hope she comes soon back."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fatzinger. Then her lips set themselves in a firm line. She saw inquisitive old Maria Kutz approaching.

"Good evening," said Maria. "Is it so that Elmina has gone off?"

"Why, yes."

"It is pretty sudden, this going off."

Linnie Kurtz saw Mrs. Fatzinger's lips tremble.

"Well, Maria," she said, "did n't *you* know she was going? Has something happened for once that you did n't know?" Linnie was conscious of the gratitude in Mrs. Kurtz's eyes. "And"—the color in Linnie's cheeks deepened; she seemed to look through old Maria and down the street—"and Elmina said if she did n't like it she was coming right aways home."

Mrs. Fatzinger sighed. If only Linnie's kind invention were true! If only—— Then Mrs. Fatzinger leaned forward, her face brightening to all her daughter's youthful charm.

"Well, Elmina!" she cried. "Did you come home?"

"Hello, Mom," said Elmina cheerfully.

When Maria had gone home Elmina told her story. Linnie Kurtz was there, and "Mom" Fackenthal and Mrs. Billy Knerr.

"Tidies on the table for to eat of off!" repeated Mrs. Billy.

"And no table-cloth!" said Mrs. Fatzinger.

"And Mantana wears a little cap with lace at it."

"That does lots good!" said Elmina's mother. "Give me a sun-bonnet."

"Ach, it is n't for sun. It is for style. And"—Elmina had kept the most astounding news for last—"she dare n't sit down with the folks to eat. She stands and holds a little waiter."

There was a chorus of incredulous exclamations.

"It is for sure true," asseverated Elmina.

"Well, I would n't stay at such a place. I give you right to come home," said Mom Fackenthal, as she rose.

"And I," said Mrs. Billy and Linnie together.

When they had gone Mrs. Fatzinger laughed uneasily.

"I guess you will sink your Mom is a poor housekeeper. My schnitz and knöpf, what I made, I fed to the chickens, and there is a grease spot on the floor like the dish-pan."

"Ach, I guess not quite so big," answered Elmina. "What am I so glad to get back to clean Millerstown! And what am I so tired of travelling round all day doing nothing!"



THE BLESSED BARREN

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

SOMETIMES her arm will bend as if to hold
 A little head against an eager breast;
 Her eyes are deep with dream, when she is old
 How might her children seek her face for rest.

Her head, it leans so slightly to the side
 As if to hear a cricket in the path;
 A heart so full of white content could hide
 A bruised name within the peace it hath.

But she will go her silver, lonely way
 Toward heaven, where is neither man nor wife;
 There God shall bring her little ones and say:
Their mothers grasped, and held, the fire of life.

THE CRUDITY

By Will Levington Comfort

THEY had played the game together around the circuit in a one-act comedy which was better than most vaudeville pieces of the kind. The real value of the product was of the woman's giving. When the lines left the high-road of good-humor and probity, it was noticeable that the man mouthed them. It was his voice which arose to the occasional ranting note; his part to strike the intermittent farcical chords. May it be hoped that a lovable delicacy on the part of the unknown author, a male possibly, was responsible for this? Yet only the "Few" were struck with anything about her; the "Many" called him good. It may be that the "Few" were gratified in that she did not arrogantly disappoint them.

How these children of the public met and became professionally one is not to be told, but they made very good, indeed, in the eyes of their brothers and sisters of the "Way," who called it a case of love and work at first glimpse. They were known as "The Lorraines," but, as a local matter of fact, he was Jim Peterboro and she Kitty Quest, types of America's growth. In good time they were called up to the higher, smaller circuit and the higher, prompter wage. They were at supper after one of the first of their performances in the summit sphere, when the woman said:

"Does n't it seem perfectly tremendous, Jim? What strikes me is that the audiences are so different—not so demonstrative, but truer to the emotion of the thing. What I mean is—they *answer back*."

"Answer back!" he repeated. "It's your imagination, Kitty. They don't answer back. They're a lot of blasé muckers in this circuit."

She was slower this time to grant that she was wrong. Jim's word was usually enough for her. Each thought that the rise in fortunes and audiences was due to the impetus he had given the playlet through his irresistible masculinity. Kitty had told him so prettily.

"It is only the difference which bothers us, Jim," she went on now. "Where they used to smoke and drink beer while we were on, there was bound to be more noise and good fellowship. I'm sure when we get more accustomed, you will be glad to see—without the fog—the banks of stage-lit faces, all eager and fixed upon us. . . . And then the pay is higher."

He was watching the various couples at the various round tables of the café. Her constant concessions bored him; her fealty was so concentrated that he chafed under the pressure of it. She made of him a terminal of all her thoughts; and so many of her thoughts were worshipful that he wearied of the conquest, wearied of exploring the interminable distances of her sweetness.

There had been other black instants—as now—in which the woman had sensed it all, but she could not change. To her Jim Peterboro was Man, one hundred per cent. Had they been hard-pressed, she could joyously have forborne her last supper that he might have his bottle of beer; aye, she could have done more than that, daily, nightly, and thrilled at his gusto. Devotion of one-pointedness such as hers makes a brute of a mere man. They were shortly to be married.

His eyes returned to her for an instant from a far table of the room, by the musicians. His was a wide and ardent look. She knew the meaning. And presently his eyes roved back to a piquant, witching face which seemed set in the melodies—with a background of palms.

Her spirit reeled under his attentions after that, though he forced them upon her manfully. It was not the old Jim, but a man of craft and divided purports. . . . At the last matinée of that week, Kitty Quest played to that strange, attractive face, and Jim was kinder than ever after the performance.

Mrs. Devenney, of the tragedies, had finished her season some days and was resting in New York, when she received a note from Vhruebert, requesting her to attend a certain vaudeville act. Vhruebert is the king of theatrical managers, "the man who stands at the gate where the star-stuff passes through." His idea was to procure an "Emily" for the new play, "Woe," in which Mrs. Devenney was to star during the coming season.

This lady was so great that she had reached the "Top" without the preliminary steps of chorus or vaudeville. Indeed, Mrs. Devenney, instead of rising, had seemed to settle upon the summit, equipped with an art sheer and mature, wrung perhaps from agony in other incarnations. The Hindoos would have called her an old soul.

At the vaudeville performance, the tragedienne waited listlessly for the prospect of her "Emily." She was early. The acrobats were enjoyable, but those who came to act their way into the pleasure of the matinée throng hurt her physically. She did not despise them. Mrs. Devenney's art had reached that splendor of evolution in which it did not override her heart-quality, nor feed upon the delicacy of her temperament. Still, the jangle hurt her flesh.

The little comedy of "The Lorraines" began, and the woman watched the woman. The man sickened her. Sub-consciously, the watcher's mind penetrated the drama behind the comedy. She felt

drawn toward the frail, sweet creature through some psychic need. There were intervals in which she forgot what she came for—to find her "Emily." . . . And then she would react, by throwing wide open the throttle of her criticism. Even in these instants when the greater actress demanded of the other all that she herself knew, the woman of the little comedy did not jar.

"She has the repression of a master. . . . She plays within her limitations. . . . She exemplifies the unerring art of light calibre." These were the thoughts of Mrs. Devenney. As the playlet drove on, she studied the voice, diction, manner, presence, the culture innate and its degree of polish; and she hearkened for the temperament of the woman which must be behind all to drive Power to the mark. All these things were far above the woman's company; and then she had an appeal of truth and sweetness. Not until the piece was ending did the watcher become conscious of the weakness. . . . It was the look which Kitty Quest turned into the eyes of Jim Peterboro, as the curtain crept down to cover them. The weakness was the man.

"Yes, she is our 'Emily,'" the tragedienne told Vhruebert, "a perfect little creature of her sphere—delicate, enticing, natural. I hope she will come."

"What?" demanded the manager.

"I only hope she will come."

"What would hold such a woman from stepping up higher?"

"She is in love with a crudity, and I think she must be thirty," said Mrs. Devenney. "And then, if I know anything about a woman's eyes, she is in love for the first time."

Vhruebert scoffed. "Wait until I talk to her," he said.

The last Saturday in May. "The Lorraines" were to end their regular season with this evening's performance. They had been approached for midsummer bookings in a garden theatre, but nothing had been closed. After the matinée, Jim Peterboro went abroad in the city somewhere; and it happened that Vhruebert called at this time, making known his errand to a shrinking, delighted woman.

"Mr. Peterboro is not in the hotel just now," Kitty faltered.

"I came to see you—not Mr. Peterboro," Vhruebert said concisely. "We have you in mind to support Mrs. Devenney next year in 'Woe,' taking the important part of 'Emily.' Your leading lady is the greatest artist on the American stage. She has seen you; likes not only your work, but is drawn to you personally. You are the luckiest woman in all Philistia."

"But what part will Mr. Peterboro take?"

"We have not considered him, Miss Quest. The cast is small, a very carefully chosen one, and practically filled."

"But, Mr. Vhruebert, I can't be separated from Mr. Peterboro!"

The manager went over the ground again, explaining very patiently—for him—what Mrs. Devenney's friendship and the offer meant to her in dollars and the day's work. He finished with the remark that a season is not an eternity, and that people have been known to marry even while at work on the legitimate stage.

"But don't you see," she questioned huskily, "that I can't play apart from Jim Peterboro?"

"I see you can't," said Vhruebert, and he hastened away, lest he hurt her feelings. . . . "I am beaten," he telephoned to Mrs. Devenney, "and there will never be another 'Emily' like her! She is 'Emily.' But this slap-stick expert known as 'Jim' has the right of way. I am going to the Seashore and brood. Take care of your health and your heart!"

The perfect voice came back to him: "I am going to the Mountains, and I shall beware of 'Jims.'"

Kitty Quest sat down to think. She had worshipped Mrs. Devenney from afar, and a dream of hers had just come true in the call of Vhruebert—and yet he was surely short-sighted in the case of Jim. . . . No, she would not tell Jim. It would hurt his feelings.

This individual came in gay and gorgeously tempered. They must go out to dinner, he said, and nothing should be too good for them! There was something of his old embarrassment about him that night—the man was always shy when tenderest—that made her cheeks burn and her eyes tingle, as in their first hours together. The dinner was perfect. The heart of the woman was replenished and her eyes filled with the old lover. And those joyous eyes of hers told him again and again, "Ah, you are perfect, Jim!"

He left her a moment when it was over, to send a message, and then they walked through the sweet May night to work—the last performance of the year. Their act that night was not work to her, but *playing* in all truth, and the stage-lit faces seemed every one her intimate friends. She did her part with swing and sureness and unbounded vitality. . . . And then at the end, when Jim kissed her—that was not play!

"There's a cab for you, Kitty," he said at the stage-door. "The boys are giving me a little time at 'The Moth.' . . . Good-night."

He put her in the carriage. She felt his pulse as she pressed his hand, and his face was strange in the street-glare. Then she was whirled away. . . . That was the night that Kitty Quest, plucking her fagots by the road, went up into the bleak mountains to raise her pyre. In her hotel, a boy hastened ahead with a key to turn on the lights of her room for her. She moved through the hall joyously, putting aside her wrap as she walked. The boy handed her a note,

saying that it had been thrust under her door. The handwriting on the envelope was Jim Peterboro's. A sob of delight filled her throat. This must be some remembrance to commemorate the close of their triumphal season. And to think that she had forgotten such an amenity—for Jim! . . . The boy was gone. She tore open the envelope under the chandelier.

And then the flame touched her. She groped to the window and with her last strength thrust it higher—higher. Then she fell.

The lights were hurting her eyes. Her first thought was that she had fallen asleep without turning them off. Then came full consciousness, and with it a hate for her vitality because she was not dead. Afterward, she remembered Jim Peterboro pausing in the lobby, while the tides of her joy were full, to send this message—and he had laughed and petted and kissed her afterward!

Standing at the windows, she fiercely rubbed her lips. Her eyes turned below to Broadway, still marvelously lit, but sparsely tenanted. The sight brought back a pang like poison—her old dream—wife of Jim. King of Bohemia. . . . Ill, weakening again, her whole body and heart cried out for a woman's arms.

There was no mother or sister or sufficing friend in her life. All had been Jim. In her extremity, thoughts of Vhruebert came to her and of words Mrs. Devenney had spoken to him about her. This was the woman of women! The whole theatrical world had been thrilled by Mrs. Devenney's deeds and bigness of heart. The inspiration gave her strength to send a message; and then the stricken one sat down rigidly still, waiting, while the flesh of her seemed contracting moment by moment for the healing of this great woman's arms. . . . There was a step in the hall at last. She sprang to meet the messenger at the door. The paper in his hands was not the one she had sent; instead:

I have dispatched a carriage for you, "Emily." Come to me.

MARY DEVENNEY.

It was old Mother Nature, of infinite method, using one of her artifices to save a life, which made this frail woman, bitten of tragedy, leap with a passion of heart-hunger into the arms of her leading lady that night; and it was old Mother Nature, working out a masterpiece, which gave the famous tragedienne health and heart to receive messages at three in the morning. . . . The women came together, and they whispered, while the cool gray crept down over the roofs, and the eternal business of daybreak rumbled up from below. They whispered as the coffee came; and as they drove through the supremacy of another May morning, they were still whispering.

Mrs. Devenney was not striving for the perfect "Emily," but for a human heart, out of love for this striving and for the heart itself.

That darkness and morning, she played the mother with the genius of the actress and the passion of the childless woman. And she took her own to the Mountains; and she taught her own the perfect "Emily."

New York, October, first night of Vhruebert's presentation, "Woe," with Mrs. Devenney, Katherine Quest, and distinguished others. The audience was also distinguished. The critics were there, facing a combination which even they and the cold East could not break. Mrs. Devenney stood in the flies, waiting to make her first appearance. "Emily" was at work, smoothly, sweetly, as her wont—when suddenly her head was thrown back, and her lips became as white rubber bands pulling and closing about her lines.

Mrs. Devenney's eyes turned toward a box at the right of the stage; and there she saw the Crudity and a witching, piquant face. She hastened her entrance just an instant, and in the midst of the acclaim her presence inspired, she was enabled to save her favorite; then in the curtain intervals the leading lady battled with all the fire of reason and emotion to spare the play and her protégée.

Mrs. Devenney had never looked Failure in the face. Her battle now was to hold this heart from the besieging man; she meant to win in the end, if not to-night. In the third and last act it came about that she was alone on the stage with "Emily." The play verged into the stress of the ultimate passion. The great audience sat moveless and silent as stones in the dusk. Katherine Quest was casting her agony over it. For the moment Mrs. Devenney was forgotten. She knew that her "Emily" was playing back the heart of the man who filled her eyes, but the people only knew that "Emily" was wonderful. They responded, as throngs always do when spirit is behind great expression, and many who were there that night carried to their graves an impress of the scene, and pigments of its vivid coloring.

The leading lady wept a little when it was done, and Vhruebert praised much. The critics went their way to write of "Woe" and the tragedienne, and of the consummate work in the third act of Katherine Quest, late of vaudeville rôles, whose stage-fright in the first act for a moment threatened the success of the piece. . . . Watched over by her friend, hours afterward, Kitty Quest, in half-delirium, dreamed that Bohemia was an island in the South Seas and that she was the wife of the King.

"Woe" caught and held New York. The engagement was extended over the holidays and beyond. Almost nightly Jim came, and after the first night invariably alone. Verily, it appeared as if something were mastering the Self of the man; certainly the weeks burned the arrogance out of his face. What was left was not an unclean thing,

but it was haggard and hungry-eyed, like a starving lion, sometimes sullen, sometimes fawning. The mails brought a tithe of his emotions to "Emily"—a mere man's fumbling with words, which are fine tools; but his face told a better story. Both were unanswered. Kitty Quest went her way, which was the way of Mary Devenney. Still, though a woman's heart is a fortress not built by hands—if taken once by a certain host, it must fall again to the master.

Another spring morning; the work of another year done. The women were together, and there was a letter in "Emily's" hand.

"Please, may I go to him to-day?" she pleaded. "I have thought that I must owe him a debt from another life, for I forgave him months ago, and—I love him so!"

"My darling," sighed Mrs. Devenney, "I have given up the fight."

Kitty Quest returned to her in the evening, her lips scarlet, her eyes wonderful. "Long ago—when I used to be with him," she faltered, "I used to have miserable moments, and then I would pray that Jim might become—just as he is now!"

Mrs. Devenney watched her without lifting her head from the lounge. She was bitter toward the man. Much was going out of her life. "Do you not think that there will come a day of monotony in this new existence of yours?" she asked.

"He says he did not love me in the old days," Kitty said simply. "He says that he did not love me—did not know what love is—until that first night, when he came——"

"To scoff," the leading lady finished.

"Ah, no, no!"

"Emily, when the ruts of the years grow deep, there are other faces in the world for the eyes of man."

"But he says that we shall go to Australia—that we shall live together alone until we are old—like the people in De Maupassant's story—'Love.'"

"There are faces, dear, in the back hills of Australia," Mrs. Devenney said, low and sorrowfully, as if her thoughts harked back the years.

Kitty Quest bent over her, whispering: "But I must go with him—it is life to me! And oh, my beautiful friend—if there is another face—may I not come back overseas to you?"

"Always, my little Emily."

The next day Vhruebert called. "I hear she is going away to some island—somewhere," he said softly, for he had divined the attachment of the elder woman.

Mrs. Devenney answered very wearily: "Yes, my little one has gone back into Bohemia."

A FRIEND OF JIMMIE'S

By Eleanor Mercein Kelly

PEOPLE don't realize it, but some of the proudest, best-mannered dogs they see on the streets are only pretending to Belong, as I used to. It does n't harm anybody, and it cheers you up when you are lonesome and hungry. Besides, there's always a chance of being adopted. In my puppy days, I often followed ladies along the street all day long, wagging and capering politely, though my ribs and the lack of a collar must have made it plain to all the world that I was nobody's pet.

Later, after I came to live at the foot of the pasture-lot, I learned to keep up appearances more cleverly. When acquaintances passed at a safe distance, I would rush fiercely out of the weeds, barking very hoarsely and strutting up and down with rigid legs. It generally fooled them. They would shy away respectfully, envying me the fine lawns and pasture, and the great house I guarded.

But one day a big hound came by who was not fooled. When I roared my warning at him and began to strut, instead of shying away he wheeled about and made for me. I could not escape through the pasture-lot behind, because there was my enemy, the Colt. I could not retire upon the house, because there was my enemy, the Cook. There was no retreat open except the road, and at the turn of that I ran straight into my worst enemies of all, the Boys.

"Hi! Head off the cur! Dog-fight! Dog-fight!" they yelled, and would not let me pass.

So I faced about desperately, my hackles on end, and tried to growl. It was only a whine that came, and the hound choked that half-way out. I gave right up, because I thought perhaps he would not care to fight all by himself. But he kept on chewing at me just the same, until it seemed easier just to close my eyes and die than to make another effort to squirm away from those tearing teeth. All the while, I heard faintly what the boys were crying—"Sickum! Get a grip there! Stand up to him, cur!"—and I tried to wag my tail to show that I'd like to be friends.

At last a new one came running up, a thin little puppy of a boy, crying, "Say, that's a shame, fellers! That's cruel!"

"Yah, yah, sissy," jeered the others. "Keep out of it then, girly! The hound's fightin' fine."

"He ain't fightin'—he's just eatin'! I'm goin' to stop this," cried the puppy boy, his voice breaking like mine does when I bark big and feel scared.

"You lay a hand on that hound, Jimmie Smith, and I'll lick the stuffin' out of you!" screamed the biggest boy of all.

But the hound, snarling, was already being pulled off of me; and a rush of hot blood came into my eyes, and I forgot everything.

When I woke up the hound was gone, and so were the Boys—all but the puppy one. We were lying side by side on the grass, both of us whimpering a little. I saw it was the boy who lived in the house I had been pretending to take care of, and I tried to sneak away, for the people in that house don't like dogs. But he put his hand on my neck.

"Don't you run off and leave me, too, pup," he said, with a little grin. Then he broke out blubbing. "I ain't cryin' because I got licked. I'm cryin' because I'm so mad! Those mean old bullies! Just you wait till I grow up—darn 'em! Darn 'em!"

I understood perfectly. That's the way I feel when my tail goes between my legs of its own accord. And oh! how every part of me hurt, and how the trees spun round, and how good that hand felt on my neck!

The boy got up stiffly. "You poor little cuss," he sighed. "Wisht I could have a dog. I'd choose you, sure. But old Sue ain't ever goin' to have any animals clutterin' up her kitchen, she says."

I watched him all the way to the house, and every time he looked back I thumped my tail hard, not caring how much worse it made all the pains in my body.

A wise old lady dog whom I knew had invited me to move in town to her alley, where she said the garbage-pails were more plentiful and not so carefully covered. I had been considering it; but from that moment I knew I should never care to leave the foot of the pasture-lot, where I could watch for Jimmie and pretend to Belong.

Things went pretty hard with me for awhile. I did not dare leave the cover of the weeds to look for food, because none of my legs moved very easily and the left hind one dragged. If I went into the road, Boys or the dogs who Belonged were likely to chase me, and I could n't have got away. If I tried the pasture, there was my enemy the Colt, always on the lookout; and I still dream sometimes, after a heavy dinner, that his wicked iron feet are trampling me as I saw them trample—but that comes later. So I stayed in the weeds, and got thinner than ever, and shivered all the time. Fortunately a rain came up and made a puddle beside me, or I should have died of thirst.

Then at last I heard Jimmie's step passing on the road, and I

wagged my tail so hard that it must have stirred the weeds, for he came in and found me.

"Why, hello, old sport!" he cried. "I've been lookin' for you everywhere. How hot your nose is, and how your ribs stick out!"

He felt me all over, and I had to wince often, though his fingers were as gentle as my mother's tongue.

"Pretty bad, ain't it?" he said. "Say, you're going home with me, pup. When old Sue sees how bad you're hurt, p'r'aps she'll grease you with somethin'. Women are awful kind when a feller's sick."

I knew better, but it is hard to make Boys understand things. It hurt horribly when he got me up in his arms, and it was n't easy for him, either, because I was as big as himself. He took a short cut across the pasture-lot, too, and of course the Colt was ready for us. Jimmie had to put me down several times while he chased the fellow back with sticks, and I could n't do a thing to help. We went slower and slower as we reached the house. Maybe I was not the only one who did n't want to see the Cook. She was at the kitchen door when we got there, bigger and fiercer than ever, with a broom handy, as usual.

"What's that you' totin', boy?" she demanded suspiciously.

Jimmie hung his head. "Just a poor little sick puppy for you to nurse, Suey. You're such a fine nurse."

"Puppy! Humph!" she sniffed. "Dat ole sneak-thief yaller nigger-dawg—reckon I don' know him? Ole as my gran'paw, he is! Allus a-prowlin' roun', skeert of his shadder, opsettin' my gyarbage-pail, trackin' up my po'ch with his muddy foots. Go 'way fum heah, boy! Ain't no dawgs, sick or well, gwine clutter up my house."

Jimmie retired, holding me very tight. "I'm goin' to ask father—just you wait! You ain't the whole thing, smarty!" he cried over his shoulder.

At the front door we met the Master. "What is that unsanitary object, son?" he asked.

Jimmie put me down, and hastily smoothed my roughened coat. "A—a friend of mine, sir," he said.

The Master laughed. "Well, send your friend along home. It's dinner time," and he entered the house.

"But, father," called Jimmie eagerly, "I thought maybe you'd like me to keep him. Old Sue says I shan't, but——"

"That settles it, then," said the Master.

"When you were a boy about my age, did n't you never have a dog?" pleaded Jimmie.

The Master came back to look at him, and then at me. I fawned ingratiatingly, going so far as to roll over on my back and hold up my paws to him.

"Faugh!" said the Master, touching me with his foot. "Do you

call this cringing cur a dog? If a thoroughbred colt is n't pet enough for you, son, I'll get you a decent terrier or collie. But this—shoo!"

I found myself able to run quite fast after all, though the Master did not really throw anything at me.

But after dark Jimmie found me again, shivering in the weeds. He brought a fine, meaty bone and a piece of cake, and his own blanket to cover me. He called me his dog, too, and apologized for his family. I sang myself to sleep that night, with several neighbor dogs joining in the chorus.

For several days we were very busy, Jimmie and I, building me a shelter at the foot of the pasture-lot. The Boys came by and jeered at him, while he sawed and hammered and whistled. "Yah, yah, sissy! Want another lickin'? Dassent keep your old cur at home! Goin' to tell your paw on you! Goin' to tell old Sue! She'll spank you, see if she don't."

Jimmie just whistled louder than ever, but finally I lost my temper and chased them a long way up the road. Strange how brave it makes you to Belong! For instance, the day I met that hound again, I did not feel like running—not at all. We walked round and round each other, bristling, and then the hound suddenly wagged his tail. I let him off, because I was too happy to bear grudges.

My new-found courage began to make me seek adventures. Several times I dashed out into the open pasture to defy the Colt, yapping and snapping him into a mad fury. Ah, it was thrilling to hear his iron feet pounding after me to the very fence, where I would slip out under the wire and leave him just on the inside, snorting and raging and pawing the ground!

But courage easily becomes carelessness. One day when Jimmie was busy nailing the roof onto my fine little private residence, a cocky young rabbit happened along the road. He was just the fellow I had been looking for, so with yelps of joy I gave chase. It was an exciting run, over lawns and garden-beds, up to the front steps of the house, then back again under hedges and fences to the very top of the pasture-lot. There a shout from Jimmie brought me to my senses. I turned just in time to receive a stunning blow in the ribs. It was the Colt. I rolled over with a shriek, and made for the nearest fence. But it looked hopelessly far away, and I was very tired. "Here, pup—here!" yelled Jimmie, with a frantic break in his voice. I veered toward him, and he ran to meet me. The Colt got me again, and I rolled over once—twice—under Jimmie's very feet.

"Run—*please* run!" he gasped.

I struggled up and staggered to the fence, my ribs cutting into my breath like knives. But the Colt was not pounding after me. Jimmie had stopped him. I looked back, gratefully. Jimmie was lying on the grass, and the Colt, raging and snorting, was pawing him instead of me.

The boy did not come back to finish my shelter. Many times a day I went as far as the kitchen gate, hunting for him. My plate was always there, heaped with bones and meat and even cake, so I knew that he had not forgotten me. But I could not see nor smell him, and lonesomeness spoils a fellow's appetite.

At last I nosed open the gate, and walked straight up to the kitchen-porch. The Cook was there, with a broom handy, as usual. But I forgot to be nervous. I just put my head down hard on her knee, and stared at her without winking. The broom clattered to the floor.

"Reckoned you'd be comin' erlong pretty soon, dawg," she said,

Then she laid her head on the table and began to shake all over, with choking sounds. One of her hands groped toward me, and found an ear, and pulled it.

Presently the Master came, not walking fast as he usually does, but sort of aimlessly, as if he, too, might be hunting for somebody.

"Hello! what's this? What's the matter, old woman?" he asked. She just pointed to me.

"Oh—a friend of Jimmie's," he said very low; and then he found my other ear and pulled it.

Now I live in the great house itself, in a room full of things that smell of Jimmie; and I clutter up old Sue's kitchen with my bones, and bark protectingly at every sound I hear, day or night. It is a pleasant, dignified life, especially as the Colt is no longer there to annoy me when I stroll through the pasture. I believe I spoiled those fancy legs of his forever, when I ran back that day to take care of Jimmie.

But though I am always hunting and sniffing about, I cannot find anywhere the boy who let me Belong.



SUCH IS LIFE

MANY are called, but few get up.

REVENGE is sweet to the sour.

MAN's virtue rests on temperament; a woman's, solidly on soul.

To keep friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often.

THE end of one's ambition becomes merely the means to a greater effort.

MONEY is a real tragedy! Give it and you make paupers; lend it and you create enemies; hoard it and you imperil your soul.

Peter Pry Shevlin

THE SHOEMAKER-POET

A FAIRY STORY FOR GROWN-UPS

By Jane Ellis Joy

ONCE upon a time there lived a shoemaker who was a poet. Girt with his leather apron, this clever man worked all day with his lasts and wax threads, but in the evening and on holidays he devoted himself to the muse, inditing verses on every imaginable subject, from teething babies to the President's last message.

It cannot be maintained that all his compositions were of the highest order; but they were usually comprehensible and rhythmic, and to judge by the frequency with which they found their way into print, the average editor must have liked them.

"Why do you write poetry?" the shoemaker's acquaintances would sometimes ask, knowing that his contributions were as free as air to the publications that accepted them.

"Because the sight of my thoughts in print satisfies the cravings of the *ego* in my breast," the shoemaker would answer frankly. "Who knows me as a shoemaker? From Maine to California I am known as a poet."

One night, when the ambitious shoemaker had labored beyond the usual hour at his desk, he fell asleep and was carried away, with his entire family, into Fairyland.

In some important respects this particular domain of Fairyland was much like the land that the shoemaker had left. The fairies—men, women, and children—needed houses to live in, as well as food and raiment; and all these had to be paid for—and in coin of the realm.

"I will set up a shoe-shop, and make foot-wear for the fairies," said the shoemaker; to which his practical wife responded:

"The sooner the better, my dear."

A sign was accordingly painted and placed over the door of the shoemaker's little dwelling, and a pair of neatly-made shoes with the price marked on them were set in the front window to attract customers. But alas, none came to buy shoes.

Time passed, and the shoemaker's family began to suffer for the necessities of life. What was to be done? Some people smiled as they read the shoemaker's sign, but they all passed on.

Growing desperate, the poor shoemaker peddled his merchandise around from door to door. His lack of success seemed all the more remarkable from the fact that in his wanderings through town and country he never saw a shoe-store. Yet the people all wore shoes of some fashion. Even the most ragged urchins in the poorest alleys in the city were not barefooted.

"Where do the Fairylanders buy their shoes?" asked the mystified shoemaker one day of a man whom he stopped in the street.

"Buy their shoes! Ha, ha! You are a joker, my friend. But mirth is good for the digestion. Ha, ha, ha!" And the man walked on, shaking with laughter.

The shoemaker saw no fun in the matter. To tell the truth, he felt more like weeping than laughing as he thought of the wretched condition of his family. No bread in the house, and an angry landlord clamoring for rent overdue.

The next morning the shoemaker received by mail a substantial-looking package duly stamped. Opening it with some curiosity, he was amazed to behold a pair of men's shoes.

"Some mistake," he thought to himself. But a little note in one of the shoes contradicted this first supposition. The note ran:

DEAR SIR:

Please honor me by accepting the enclosed pair of shoes; or return by mail if not suited to your needs. (Stamps enclosed.) I have had work accepted by the Mayor of the city, and a number of prominent ladies wear shoes of my make in preference to all others offered them.

Yours truly,

ELIHU FRIZZLE.

The shoemaker looked at the present in disgust, and hastened to post it back again, while his wife thought:

"I wish Elihu Frizzle had sent us a peck of potatoes."

This undesirable offering was the forerunner of numerous others of the same kind. Almost every day some one sent the shoemaker a pair of shoes, and one morning no less than six pairs were brought him by the post-wagon.

"That's nothing," said one of his neighbors, to whom he mentioned the matter in confidence. "Scarcely a day passes that I don't have a dozen pairs left in my vestibule. It's really getting to be a nuisance; for one can't possibly make use of them."

"And one can't possibly sell a pair," said the shoemaker forlornly. "Do all Fairylanders wear these amateur shoes?"

"Pretty nearly all," smiled the man. "Of course a few of the notabilities and millionnaires buy of the high-class shoemakers, who are almost worshipped as demigods, receive extravagant pay for their

work, and are immortalized when they die. But the rank and file of people never think of buying shoes."

As will be supposed, much of this gratuitous foot-wear was very badly made. In a box containing one of the worst pairs that ever came to the shoemaker, was the following note:

DEAR SIR:

Ever since I was a little child I have been consumed with an ambition to be a shoemaker. My parents discourage me, because I am now twenty, and it is necessary for me to earn my living. But what is money in comparison with fame? Oh, the thrills that attend the taking of stitches in leather! To know that some one is wearing your handiwork upon his feet! Dear sir, if you accept these shoes of mine and wear them, you will not only win a young maiden's gratitude, but you will inspire her with fresh devotion to the elevating profession of shoemaking.

Yours aspiringly,

EUFAMIA DOUBLEDÉE.

A touching little note enclosed in another offering of shoes read as follows:

DEAR SIR:

These shoes that I now take pleasure in offering you are the work of my son, aged twelve. Is it not a wonderful performance for one so young? He inherited the talent from his grandfather, who was a celebrated shoemaker. Please encourage my darling boy by wearing his shoes. He will watch anxiously to see them upon your feet.

Yours truly,

A PROUD MOTHER.

Accompanying another gift was this:

DEAR SIR:

You will confer a favor upon me by accepting the enclosed shoes. My work is much admired by my friends. If love for one's work is any proof of talent, I must be a genius, for of all things I love shoemaking. When unhappy or discouraged about my business, I make a pair of shoes. When I am pleased, I make shoes. Shoemaking is the one passion of my life. But, of course, for entire gratification I need to have my work accepted and used. When I see a man or woman on the street with shoes of my making on their feet, I am transported with delight.

Yours obediently,

I. GORGO DE STANLIS,

President of the Fairyland National Bank.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the shoemaker's wife, to whom he always read the letters aloud, "people here are as proud of being shoemakers as they are at home of being poets. To think of all this shoemaking that is done for honor alone! Why, the young ladies across the street

make shoes; so do the drug clerk, and the young man that plays the violin."

"Confound them all!" exclaimed the shoemaker wrathfully. "That is a ruinous way to win honor. Taking away the bread and butter from a poor fellow who has only shoemaking for a business! No wonder I can't sell my work, with every other man, woman and child in Fairyland making shoes for pastime, and giving them away!"

Here the constable arrived to eject the shoemaker from the house.

"Miserable agent of injustice!" continued the poor shoemaker, turning upon the officer, "I am an honest workingman, and neither lazy nor shiftless."

"Pore feller, I guess ye be harmless enough," said the constable sympathetically. "Why don't ye learn a trade or somethin'?"

"A trade!" roared the shoemaker, losing his temper altogether. "I possess a trade, if only your idiotic fellow-citizens would give me a fair field. I tell you I am the victim of an ambition as cruel as that of many of the weak and vain tyrants of the past."

But the constable was obliged to do his duty. As he was removing the shoemaker's tall clock, the latter fell to the floor with a loud crash. And simultaneously the shoemaker found himself not in Fairyland at all, but seated at his own desk, with a sheet of paper before him on which there was a half-written poem. His rhyming dictionary had fallen off the edge of the desk, and lay at his feet.

Could it have been a dream? Dream, vision, or trip into Fairyland, the shoemaker never finished the poem; nor was he ever known again to furnish a free contribution to the poetic literature of the day.



A THEORY OF DRAGON-FLIES

BY HELEN TALBOT PORTER

I NTO employment the devil wheedles
 Everything living that he has found,
 And I think the "devil's darning needles"
 Sow the tares that are in the ground.

SINFUL SMITH

By Adèle Marie Shaw

“KIND of reminds me, that boy does, of Josiah Smith.” Mr. Bean looked across Mrs. West’s hammock to the tennis court, where the children were yelling:

“Ki—yi—yi!
Let—’em—fly,
Give the ball a swat,
Give it to ’em hot!
R—A—N—D—Y—dys—RANDY’S!”

Mrs. West turned her becomingly rumpled head on the stiff pillows that propped her into a reading position and viewed the howlers with the benignity of twenty-three.

“Which boy?” she asked.

“That quiet little chap this side—the one that ain’t yellin’.”

“Who was Josiah Smith? Why can’t you sit down and shell those here? I’ll help.”

“Stay where you be.” Mr. Bean ensconced himself where a clump of bushes hid him from the view of Randy’s Camps, whereof the “hotel” was the eating hall and ball-room. “Go right on readin’, Mis’ West,” he said.

“I don’t want to read. Who was Josiah Smith?”

“Sinful Smith, they called him, after he was ’most growed up. One of the summer boarders started it. I s’pose they thought he had n’t life enough to be wicked. Any way, they was makin’ fun of him.”

Mr. Bean buttoned a dazzling beard inside a seersucker jacket, and with a pan between his knees and one at his side began on the peas. He was a spotless old man, the only man in his neighborhood who washed his beard when he scrubbed his person on Saturday nights. He had washed his hands at the pump before he had mounted the hill.

A young man came around the corner of the log cabin, deposited a basket of pine cones on the rough platform in front, and, seeing Mr. Bean, stretched himself on the ground with an anticipatory sigh of joy.

“Josiah never had much of a chance. He was old-lady Bessy’s grandson.” Mr. Bean paused to meditate and the peas ceased to rattle upon the tin. “His father was killed in the woods gittin’ out lumber.

His mother died when he was born. His mother was Saretty Bessy, the smartest girl in this district, but that ain't neither here nor there. She died and old Mis' Bessy took the 'babe.' She was one of them old women that never says *baby*.

"He was bright enough, Josiah was, but he never got any credit for anything he did. Alonzo says—Lon was about his age—that Josiah would set and do examples and the rest of the boys would copy 'em and git up to the board and make a great splurge and like's not Josiah'd be off in a day-dream when he was called on and miss the lesson. There wa'n't any show-off to him.

"In them days the boy that stood at the head of everything in old Number Four—Number Four? That's the school just this side Streaked Mountain. You passed it when I brought you up from the train. The boy that carried off all the honors was William Henry Ricketts. William Henry got the spellin' prize and the composition prize—I can see him now standin' up there on the last day of school readin' it off. It was on 'Noble Ambition,' and had consider'ble in it about George Washington and Lincoln and Napoleon and P. T. Barnum, and it wound up with 'I appeal to you, my hearers,' and we pounded the floor and called him back to bow again. Of course Josiah come out the small end of the horn and read an ordinary little piece he'd made up on 'Which Is Better, Wealth or Fame?' He said wealth was, because you could do things with it, but everybody thought that was a dreadful low view, and Sophie Brooks took the other side and beat him all hollow and got clapped almost as much as William Henry Ricketts. She was a round little dumplin' with a blue ribbon round her fat waist and up on top of her hair. Her hair was crimped till it stood out behind her face like a bushel. Josiah watched her real pleased when they clapped her, and I felt kind of sorry for him when William Henry's folks took her home in their team to stay to supper with their niece that was visitin' there.

"'T was just the same in the church and over to the sociables. Josiah was a spraddlin', long-legged thing, and William Henry was as graceful as an antelope and talked easier and prettier all the time. But I was so pig-headed I never really liked him. I'd caught him tormentin' some frogs one day and he lied out of it.

"Well, William Henry and my Lon and Josiah and Sophie Brooks, they went over to Zoar Academy when they was about fourteen. They come home every Friday night and Josiah boarded himself durin' the week. I guess he had 'bout's little help from old-lady Bessy as any one can have and live. The old woman was queer. He'd been better off without her.

"After her husband's funeral some one see her streakin' it across the medder for home. 'Ain't you goin' to the grave, Mis' Bessy?'

they asked. 'An' git this borrored dress wet? No, I ain't,' she said, and she did n't. It did look some like a shower. When we come home from the buryin' ground—I was one of the bearers—we met her scootin' up the common with the black alpaccy in her arms to give it back to Mis' Lunt. I c'n see her cap strings flyin' now!

"Over to the Academy they had a good preceptor that year, the year Lon and the rest started. He was a great hand to make fun. I run into him in a dozen places makin' things lively. He did n't stay but a year. Went into business and done well. Cushman, his name was. He took a shine to Josiah, and it was that feller's influence started the boy for college. After he went away, Josiah lost sight of him. So did we all.

"Wonderful, ain't it, how them squatty children sometimes turn out the best lookin'? Sophie Brooks grew up a perfect beauty. She was engaged to William Henry when he went to college, but by the time he'd been there a few months she broke it off. She would n't never tell why she did it, and of course everybody thought she was pinin' for him and that she married Josiah for spite. But she did n't. I went up to Commencement and she looked at William Henry spoutin' without a blush or quiver, but when Josiah come round to speak to her on the campus she got red as a piny. I see her eyes. She wor-shipped that boy. He had the same good eyes he'd always had. Some folks know how to use their eyes, but Josiah just shone right out of his.

"The town folks had got hold of Josiah's nickname, and I did n't like the way they used it—*Sinful Smith*—kind of sneerin'. Sophie's folks was mad at her bein' engaged to him. They'd wanted William Henry—he was right on the wave. Everything come easy to William, and he was a great heart-breaker in them days. 'T was said half the girls in the town thought they was engaged to him. But he did n't marry any of 'em. He married a fearful homely woman from down Boston way, and the Lord only knows how she got him.

"Josiah was goin' to be a missionary. He'd been dreamin' of it for years. Old-lady Bessy was dead. Sophie was willin', her folks acted so ugly about the engagement.

"There was a terrible funny streak to William Henry. We'd all supposed he'd go into business and make money, but that requires consider'ble exertion and maybe he balked it. Any way, he could never see any one have anything that he did n't want some of the same and bigger, so when folks found out what Josiah was up to and begun to make a little of him William Henry he decides to be a missionary, too. He was awful cropin'.

"He come out of the seminary the same time Josiah did and got appointed right off. They hemmed and hawed a long time over Josiah.

"In the end both boys was sent to Cy-lon, and for a spell the village fairly lived on William Henry's letters. As for Josiah, we'd never known he was out there if it had n't been for Sophie, and she did n't have much time for writin'.

"I'd clean forgot there was such a place as Cy-lon when all of a sudden both of 'em come home. They'd been gone ten years. William he come to go on a lecture tower and gether money for the Mission Society from the different churches, and Josiah come because his wife had to. All the Brookses was dead but Sophie's mother, and she was too old and feeble and poor to go travellin'. There wa' n't a soul to do anythin' for her, so they come. She lived along a year or more and then she died, scoldin' 'bout Josiah to the last.

"When he first come home Josiah tried to git a charge. What's a charge? Why, a church to preach in. We went candidatin' all over the country, but nothin' come of it. He was on the books of three ministers' agencies that get places for ministers out of work, but Josiah wa' n't young enough, and he wa' n't up to date enough, and he could n't play golf, and he looked sick, and his clothes were awful. Sophie went with him once and they almost give him a call there, but a young feller jest out of the seminary got it.

"Of course they had n't saved anything. And the old lady, she had n't anything but the old farm, and that was all run out—even the farm machines was done for. Josiah he worked away mornin' and night, but he did n't make enough to feed 'em well, and their clothes got so bad Mother offered Sophie her second-best black dress, and Sophie took it thankfully. Mother can do things no one else would dast, and git loved for it.

"Then Sophie and the two children come down sick; the change of climate had been too much for the children, and Sophie was wore out with nursin' and worry. And our minister here, he had n't never asked the Rev. Josiah Smith into the pulpit.

"Just that time William Henry got round our way on his lecture tower. The whole town turned out, big and little, wide and narrer, thick and thin, and gave him a big ovation. 'Ovation' is what the *Zoar Item* called it. He had along a stereopticon and a lot of pictures. His homely wife was dead. Died out there. He was kind of baskin' in the sympathy of a good many onmarried females, I judged by what Ezry told me over at the post office. But that ain't neither here nor yender.

"Josiah had driven the old mare down to the store to get the mail and some plasters and things for the sick folks. He was lookin' all beat out and thin as a rail. William Henry was bein' whirled by in style in Deacon Whipple's rig, and of course he has to hail Josiah. Not that he should n't of stopped and spoke to him. What started my

dander was the way he did it. He was awful pompous and patronizin'.

"Mother scolded to me in the wagon behind her muff. 'Ain't he got sense enough to let the man alone,' she says, 'with all the glory comin' his way and all the hard knocks hittin' Josiah?' We was waitin' to the store door for Ezry to get me out a bag of grain.

"William made it look kind of mean for Josiah not to hear him lecture, acted terrible surprised at his not bein' ready to stay to meetin', and Mother she says, 'Josiah, I'll drive right over to your place and take these things to Sophie and you stop.' And she adds under her breath, 'I ain't so crazy as I might be to hear William Henry Ricketts glorifyin' himself on the vestry platform.'

"It ended by Josiah's comin' with me in his team while Mother moked off with ours to the Brooks farm. It was a dretful sacrifice for Mother, and Josiah'd a sight ruther been goin' home to Sophie and the children. Must have been iron in his soul to see the ovation—if he was human. We set well towards the back of the hall, and the Rev. Mr. Picklethwaite, our minister, and William Henry set on the platform. The white sheet was stretched up to the ceilin' behind 'em. We've got a big church, and the vestry room is bigger 'n the church proper, because the vestry entry-way is a good deal smaller. Josiah and I was too fur from the screen, but I was glad for Josiah's sake. He was in an old brown overco't that had been Grandpa Brooks's, and he smelled some of the barn."

Mr. Bean stopped and began his forgotten duty of shelling peas.

"'T was a well-delivered lecture. He had a gift, William Henry. The pictures was all interestin', especially the natyves in their white petticoats and jackets, the most respectable-lookin' lot of natyves we'd had showed us for some time. But I'd been out in the woods all day, and haulin' lumber dooz tend to make a man sleepy. I was pretty nigh over the border when I ketched a glimpse of Josiah's hands out of the tail of my eye. They was kind of gripped on one another, and when I turned round to look at him he was almost startin' out of his seat. First time I ever see him look 's if he wanted to talk.

"There was a picture of a white buildin' fillin' up the entire screen. 'This,' says William Henry, 'is our church. Sunday mornin's from nigh and from fur the brown men and their wives and little ones come getherin' under the wavin' pa'ms and through verdant pathways where the scarlet'—somethin'—'burns and the yellow tu-lee-ooral hangs its bells, and there under that simple roof, Hindoo and Buddhist, snake-worshipper and teedledee, old and young, hum te hum, they kneel to the God of the Christians and rise to join in the same hymns we have sung to-night, my friends, under the sacred roof dear to my childhood, where first I learned'—and so forth, et cetera. Oh, he

could talk, William! Of course I ain't givin' no reel idee of how eloquent he was.

" 'I'm terrible grieved to say,' he goes on, 'that the picture of the little house built for the missionary from the money left over after the buildin' of the church was lost on the way with a dozen others I perticlerly wanted you to see. Your money was in that sum dedicated to the service of Heaven in the isles of the sea, and I could wish, my dear friends, you might look upon the humble little shack' (maybe he did n't say exactly *shack*, but that was the idee he give) 'where your old neighbor lives and labors in the Vineyard. The comforts of our far-off homes we leave behind, and under the tropical sun beneath the bakin' ruf, bit by the blisterin' fly, pursued by the deadly elephantiasis and the oopte dildoc' (I ain't remembered the names)—'how often,' says he, 'do we dream of the cooling drinks of home, of the sweet spring breeze in the maples, and the pure and cold snow of winter under the silver moon. And so,' he goes on, his voice sort of like the tremolo on the organ, 'the thought of them once known and long beloved lingers in our hearts inspirin' our toil, and as we see the sufferin' men and women comin' into the true light we are glad to be where we are, countin' ourselves nort, and less than nort, if thereby we may win souls to God. Let us pray.'

"Old-lady Tubbs wiped her eyes over that prayer. You understand I ain't blasphemin', repeatin' these words as nigh as I can get 'em. I'm only tryin' to tell you how William left us all feelin' 's if our lives was one Sunday-school picnic compared with the thirst and hungers and the bitin's and diseases and loneliness and horrors he'd been through, but was too modest to specify further. And in perticler I got the impression he'd left that house picture somewhere along the route, jest because he did n't want us to know how poor and mean was his accommydations. Buildin' always takes more'n you think it's goin to. You know that, Mr. West."

West cast a glance at the cabin Randy had charged him a round sum for erecting, and his eyes twinkled, but he forbore to interrupt.

"So I s'posed that church cost more'n they'd cal'lated on, and there had n't been nothin' to speak on left for the house. I almost pictured it as one of them natyve contraptions, only with a window and less cow-dung plaster!

"There was the usual admirin' rustle when he got through the prayer, and the meetin' was laid open for discussion and questions—informally. That's Mr. Picklethwaite's custom. 'It is rarely,' says he, 'we have such a privilege. I hope the congregation will use the golden moments while Brother Ricketts is with us.'

"There was dead silence. It's awful business speakin' up before your neighbors.

"Then, sir, if there did n't rise up from down toward the front of the hall a tall feller whose voice sounded kind of familiar. But I could n't place him. The lights was low, to show the pictures.

" 'I've jest come from Cy-lon,' he says, speakin' kind of easy and ordinary, so we let down and settled more comfortable to see what was comin'. Old Mis' Tubbs and Mis' Draper was stretchin' and cranin' to get a view of the stranger, and Deacon Whipple, chin up, was grabbin' at his Adam's apple with an awful puzzled air. The feller seemed familiar to him too.

" 'I've been very much interested in what Mr. Ricketts has told us,' the stranger ambles on, one hand in his pocket, 'and I took consider'ble interest in Cy-lon missions when I was there, though my bein' there wa'n't concerned with 'em. I'm a tea merchant. To add anything to an address so eloquent would be like paintin' the lily and gildin' gold leaf,' he says, 'and my only excuse for risin' here this evenin' is that I happen to have in my possession the views of Cy-lon I took as I was travellin' round, intendin' to show 'em to my employees in Boston when I got home. By good luck I think I have the missing photograph of Mr. Ricketts's house.' The' was a regular gale of a rustle. 'The slides are in one of my grips over to the hotel, and if any one will ask Mr. Bartlett for the case that's locked, I'll show you anything you care to see while you have the lantern.' The feller spoke like a man used to havin' anything he offered snapped up on the spot, but William Henry was on his feet, refusin', before Mr. Picklethwaite could git in a word.

" 'Your kindness is appreciated, sir,' begins William, very polite, 'but the hour is late for this community, and I am sure they can borrow the lantern again from Zoar——'

" 'Don't stop for the hour!' shouts Mr. Picklethwaite. 'If the gentleman——'

" 'I myself have an early start to make to-morrow,' William Henry was talkin' on.

" 'No, you hain't,' sings out Deacon Whipple. 'You're goin' to stay right here with your old neighbors to-morrow, and I guess we go to bed early enough the rest of the year to have a little dissipation this evenin' if the——'

" 'I'll git the bag,' whispers young Whipple so't you could hear him all through the place, and everybody clapped.

" 'While we wait,' the feller continued, and his voice sounded 's if he was smilin', 'I'd like to tell you a little missionary story I come across while I was roamin' 'round the island. The hero was an American missionary that had gone up where the government was havin' an awful time with native feuds. There'd been some atrocious murders. Out there in Cy-lon you can buy a native witness for a penny, so it

ain't easy to discover a murderer. This missionary quelled the whole disturbance. He converted the quarrellin' families. You'd have to live in Injy or Cy-lon twenty years to understand what that means. What those two families and that missionary went through makes Fox's Martyrs sound like play. Many a night they spent in the jungle, comin' back to find everything they had in ashes. There was cheaters" (by which he appeared to mean wildcats or leopards) "prowlin' round the woods in those days. A pair of 'em pretty nigh made an end of the whole crowd one of the nights of hiding out. The missionary has the scars on him yet. He kept rebuildin' his hut, and finally he converted a barber. The barber up and carried an umbrella to keep himself from bakin' alive, which is against the native religion. The barber caste can't carry umbrellas. A crazy priest from Siam stirred up the village, and they pounded the barber to a jelly, and dragged out the missionary and left him for dead. The next mornin' he crawls up on to his feet and sets to work buildin' him a church.

"Most of the black folks could n't make much of a fist at English. So the missionary and his wife—he had a wife and a plucky woman, too—they used to set up nights toilin' over their word book and grammar so's they could talk to the people. The man was a natural born scholar. One of the heathen tongues they speak out there is the worst you ever see. Two hundred and forty-seven letters in the alphabet—or is it vowels, Mr. Ricketts? Well, they conquered the language and they conquered the village and they begun on other villages. For five years it was fight all the time, for the missionary would n't compromise, but lit right out at 'em when he found 'em carvin' up live turtles to sell piecemeal or cuttin' arabesques in livin' bullocks, so he had to take what was comin'! I ain't makin' much of a story of it, but it got quite a grip on me when the Governor told it,' says the unknown, 'especially as I found out I knew the missionary. I'm afraid I've only wearied you,' says he, reel foxy, and stops.

"Go on!" shouts Deacon Whipple. We all thought 't was William he meant, referrin' to him about the language so, and the part about the *natural scholar*.

"The feller went on: 'Well, I travelled a day's journey to find that man. I wanted to tell him what the Governor'd said about him! When I got there he'd gone. There was a native pastor tryin' to keep things together, and I see the school where children from twenty villages was bein' educated to Christian freedom—all of it that one man's work. Ah, here come the slides!'

"I'd been some surprised; I had n't supposed William Henry had it in him.

"If William's pictures had been interestin', this feller's took the cake. There was a devil dance by flashlight, and a coby sunnin'

himself on the steps of a heathen temple. Most of 'em was colored. All the time the feller was fishin' 'em over kind of careful and squintin' at 'em in the dark, and finally he fished out the picture of William's church. It did n't look nigh so big as it had in William's view. There was a colored man standin' in the doorway and that showed how little it was. William had come back to the lantern. He was lookin' round as if he wished the feller'd get through.

"Then, sirs—there was a house on the screen. 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' everybody was sayin'. 'This,' says the man, 'is the little lean-to they put up for Mr. Ricketts with the money left over from the church.' You could of heard the meetin' house gaspin' all the way to Zoar. It was a mansion, if ever! And 'lean-to' tickled the boys so they snickered. The way the feller got it off brought him back to me like lightnin'. He was Cushman, the preceptor over to the Academy. Well, sirs, we jest set and gasped, and there on the front piazza of the house was William Henry in some sort of loose white pants and jacket, smokin', with his feet on the rail and a darky bringin' a tray with drinks all set out nice as you please. It was a handsome picture and William looked handsome too. I was dumfounded. If William had worked the way that Cushman said, how in the name of Aunt Ann Peters—and I'd only got that far wonderin' when the house disappeared and Cushman was drawlin' along again.

"'By the way,' he goes on, 'the man I was tellin' you about, the one the Governor praised to me, used to live round here. He was an old pupil of mine over to Zoar Academy. Here he is—it's his graduatin' photograph. I got it out to show my people when I——' But the rustle this time drowned him out. There on the screen was Josiah!

"I'd forgot all about him, but I felt him give the awfulest jerk, and young Whipple sung right out, 'He's here. Josiah Smith's here. I seen him come in with Mr. Bean.' And then there *was* a scrougin' and twistin' and buzzin'! There wa' n't no escapin' for Josiah, and except for a scared and bashful minute I guess he did n't want to escape. I held on to him by his overco't, and the thing come off, which was just as well. He looked more respectable without it. Cushman he come like a shot to grab Josiah's hand.

"'I never dreamed it. I never dreamed you was here,' he yelled. And some one turned up the lamps and everybody got up and explained to once and everybody wrung Josiah's hand, and Mr. Picklethwaite nigh wrung it off. 'How little we know,' he was sayin' over and over kind of remorseful. He's a good man and his withers was wrung. Ministers they git into ruts and judge by the tongue and the outside once in a while like the rest of us.

"Josiah kep' tryin' to tell us that a missionary does most of his

work right on his own piazzas and has to have a big house, but 't wa'n't the size of William's house, but William's givin' a false notion of it, that disgruntled us.

"Well, sirs, we stayed in that vestry wild as hawks, askin' Josiah questions, and once we got him started he made up for all he had n't said all the days of his life before. And Cushman egged him on till we loved the Cy-lon native like a blood brother, and when the Deacon passed his hat, not waitin' for the box, we crammed in everything we could lay hands on.

"And there stood Josiah in the midst of it all, ca'm (outside), with that same eager look and quiet kind of smile and only different because his jaws was workin' on the subject next his heart! All his stories was about what Sophie done.

"'I should like to hear Sophie tell a few anecdotes,' says the Deacon, chucklin'. 'I guess they'd have a hero as well as a hero-yne! I tell ye this whole business is jest because Cushman heerd William Henry kind of persnifflin' and runnin' down Josiah over to the store after you druv on. I was there and he made awful little of Josiah.'

"'Tain't much of a story. But 't was a great evenin'. Go back? Oh, yes, Josiah went back. The Mission Board was meanin' to send him all the time. That was why they had n't put anybody in his place. And William he never went back. I've some suspected that call to lecture was a lettin' of him down easy. He's still travellin' collectin' money. He dooz consider'ble good that way.

"Jerushy Jane—they're ringin' that bell at me to come with the peas and they ain't done—not a quarter."

"We'll help. Come, Boy." Mrs. West was on the ground before her husband could attain the right angle.

Down on the court the game was ended.

"Ki—yi—yi!" began the yell.

"There's that chap makes me think of Josiah," said Mr. Bean.
"That little one grinnin' all over, but not utterin' a sound."



AFLOAT

BY WILLIAM H. FROST

WHAT a train of weird fancies,
In the haunting monotone
Of the water's hissing tumble
And the wind's foreboding moan.

THE NEMESIS OF THE TICKET OFFICE

By Wilmot Price

MRS. HOWLAND EASTMAN had rung for her breakfast tray to be removed, and, lounging among cushions in her becoming pink wrapper, she composed herself to the pleasing task of opening her morning mail. Her discriminating fingers selected the two most personal-looking envelopes from the surrounding mass of advertisements, invitations, and charitable appeals. The first that she opened was addressed in an evidently masculine handwriting which was by no means unfamiliar to Charlotte Eastman. She ran her eyes hastily over the contents. The brief note had no conventional beginning—a sign of intimacy almost as compromising as the choice of a superlative adjective. It ran as follows:

I have secured two seats for Tannhäuser to-night, on the chance that you will relent and go with me. You know what it means to me, so I will only say that I shall trust you to give me this happiness if you can see your way to do it. Call me up between nine and ten in the morning.

As always, yours,

ARTHUR KIRKLAND.

Mrs. Eastman's face flushed becomingly as she read these few lines, but she bit her lip with a sudden spasm of perplexity.

Her other letter was from an old friend of her mother's, Mrs. John Gresham, a woman of the world who had managed to escape becoming a worldly woman, and who had assumed the rôle of guide and philosopher as well as friend to the impulsive young woman who now tore open her letter with eager curiosity.

DEAREST CHARLOTTE [Mrs. Gresham wrote]:

I have set myself an unpleasant task, and I ask you to believe that it is as distasteful to me to write this note as it will be to you to read it. I wonder if you know, my child, how much and how ill-naturedly people are beginning to talk about you and Mr. Kirkland. It is said that your flirtatiousness has driven your husband to the same foolish course, and that his ostentatious attentions to that vulgar little divorcee, Mrs. Alleyne, are the result of your absorption in your present admirer. You and Mr. Kirkland are together before

the public too much. I do not for a moment suppose that you are playing anything but the most harmless game. Mr. Kirkland likes to be seen with a pretty young married woman, and you are young enough to like to have a man—not your husband—in constant attendance. I know that you love your husband, and that he loves you, but other people do *not* know it, and they are talking in a way that makes me very unhappy, not only for your mother's sake, but for your own. Why don't you and Howland appear in public together a little oftener? Why don't you go to the theatre or the opera with him sometimes instead of with Mr. K.? The sight of you together would have a most quieting effect on the busybodies. Believe me always, dear Charlotte,

Your devoted old friend,

KATHARINE GRESHAM.

Mrs. Eastman sat very quiet, looking from Arthur Kirkland's note to Mrs. Gresham's. Her face was genuinely puzzled and pained, but her small chin had an obstinate curve that contradicted the yielding sweetness of her mouth. Her blue eyes filled with tears.

"It's all Howland's fault," she defended herself. "If he does n't care enough about me to prevent people from talking, I shall keep right on as I'm doing. If Howland wanted me to go anywhere with him I'd go in a minute, but he never asks me, so I'll go with some one who enjoys my society."

A knock at her door was followed by her husband's entrance. He glanced at the letters which her hurried clutch endeavored to conceal, and the smile which had begun to soften his rather austere face died abruptly.

"Good-morning, Charlotte. I came to see if there is anything I can do for you down-town," he began formally.

Her melting heart suddenly hardened. If only he had touched her hand, or looked at her with the indulgent affection of his courtship days, how quickly would her head have been on his shoulder, and they would both have been laughing as an outlet to their emotions, and then she would have cried, and no explanations would have been necessary. Her jaw tightened, and she glanced at him with eyes that were coldly bright. "There is nothing you can do, thank you, Howland. Are you dining at home to-night?"

If her voice had carried the faintest cadence of appeal, he would have eagerly jumped at the chance of a little tête-à-tête dinner with her, followed by one of the "sprees" of their early married days. But the glimpse of Arthur Kirkland's characteristic writing which her hasty gesture had not concealed decided him. He fumbled for a cigarette with a false air of ease. "No, I believe I am dining out to-night," he said lightly. "You undoubtedly have an engagement yourself for this evening, so I cannot flatter myself that I shall be missed."

Charlotte felt herself inwardly congealing.

"Yes, I have an engagement," she acquiesced in clear and even tones. "It is very fortunate, is n't it, that neither of us will be left disconsolate? Now I must write some notes. Good-by."

She nodded lightly without looking at him, and rose as a sign of dismissal.

He turned to the door abruptly.

"Good-morning," he said shortly. "I hope you'll have a pleasant evening."

The door closed in a way that suggested a controlled desire to slam it.

"Now I'm going to telephone to Arthur Kirkland before I have time to think of Mrs. Gresham's note or to repent," Charlotte told herself. "I am not going to sit at home moping while my husband is spending the evening with that yellow cat of a Mrs. Alleyne." Giving herself no time for second thoughts—so much of a child was she—Mrs. Eastman murmured a honeyed acceptance into Mr. Kirkland's distant ear.

When she had hung up the receiver the repentant phase of her spoiled-child nature submerged her. "Oh, why do I do things I ought n't to do!" she sobbed remorsefully. "Dear Mrs. Gresham, I know you're right, but I can't help it, I can't help it; and I'm bored to death and utterly miserable!" Her eyes fell upon the picture of an old school friend which always stood on her desk. It was the photograph of a perfectly happy looking woman, with a child in her lap and another leaning against her knee. A sudden uncontrolled paroxysm of jealousy shook the little rose-colored figure. "I just hate children!" Charlotte Eastman cried miserably.

That evening the World and his wife—or the World and somebody else's wife—were at the opera *en grande toilette*. There was time for many whispered comments and much interchange of gossip before the wonderful Tannhäuser overture was to begin.

"There's Mrs. Marshall with Jack Hurd as usual. My dear, do you know she wears a complete wig. The hairs of her head are numbered and perfectly gray."

"Do look at Mrs. Grant's rhine-stones pretending to be diamonds and not deceiving a soul!"

"Who under the sun has Billy Stafford picked up? Really, I do think there's a decency to be observed."

"Oh, there's Mr. Eastman and Mrs. Alleyne as usual. That affair's getting pretty serious, but they're nothing to Mrs. Eastman and Arthur Kirkland. They say the Eastmans don't speak to each other now, and that they are really going to get a separation."

"Oh, yes, and I heard that Howland Eastman cut Mr. Kirkland on the street the other day. And—why! Why! My dear, do you see that? Mr. Eastman and Mrs. Alleyne and Mrs. Eastman and Mr. Kirkland are all sitting together, and they're all chatting and laughing. What *can* it mean?"

"It means that there's nothing in the gossip after all! Well here is something to talk about!"

Perhaps foolish women—like drunkards—have a special Providence watching over them. This time its chosen human agent was the unconscious ticket-seller, who put his finger into the pie of Destiny and pulled out four fools. When Howland Eastman took his place beside Mrs. Alleyne he was conscious of a familiar figure following him, which proved to be his wife. The humor of the situation appealed to all four, and with rather shamefaced looks they all laughed together at the picture they presented to the eager eyes turned upon them of a most respectable family party, for their four seats were all in a row.

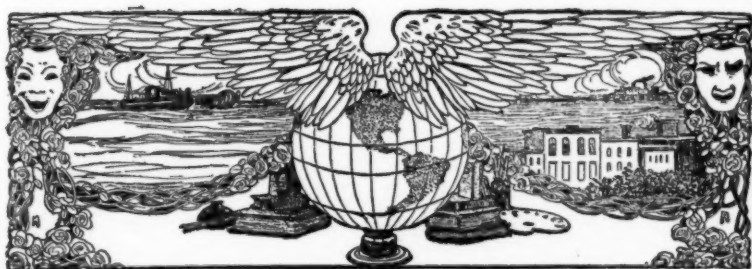
Mrs. Gresham beamed her approbation from across the aisle, and many friends gazed their surprise.

As the inspired strains of the Pilgrim's Chorus drowned the nerve-tickling restlessness of the Venus music Charlotte found something of the same emotional transformation taking place in herself. The half-guilty excitement which always possessed her when she was with Kirkland gave place to a rush of deep and genuine affection towards the man on her other side. Involuntarily she leaned in his direction till her arm touched his in the friendly contact of trust and dependence. Instantly his whole nature responded. Under cover of the lowered lights his hand sought hers, and the quick, mutual pressure told each of the other's forgiveness and love.

At the end of the opera Mr. and Mrs. Eastman's faces were beaming with happiness as they bowed right and left to their bewildered friends.

"Now let's all go and get something to eat—I'm starved," said Eastman cordially to the discomfited Arthur Kirkland. As they all four went down the aisle Mrs. Gresham leaned forward and whispered, "Thank you, my dear. It could n't have been better done." And Charlotte laughed more gaily than she had for weeks, and audaciously replied, "Yes, was n't it clever of me?"





WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

THE WAY WE SAY IT

OPINIONS are a good deal like old shoes: a coat of polish makes considerable difference in them. It matters little what we say, but it matters much how we say it. If the mode of expression is crude and rough, we are apt to reject the sentiment on account of its clothes, even though oftentimes the sentiment is a true one. If, on the other hand, the mode of expression is highly polished, we are in danger of accepting the sentiment on account of its rhetoric, even though it be false. That is to say, in each case we are prone to overlook the substance in the contemplation of the form. It was for this probably that some ancient once said that language was invented to conceal thought.

A remarkable case in point is furnished by two passages in an essay of Emerson's, who was a master of the English language, and whom a large proportion of our people hold dear. They are:

In this national crisis [he was speaking at the time of the Civil War] it is n't argument that we want, but that rare courage which dares commit itself to a principle, believing that Nature is its ally, and will create the instruments it requires, and more than make good any petty and injurious profit it may disturb.

I wish I saw in the people that inspiration which, if Government would not obey the same, would leave the Government behind and create on the moment the means and executors it needed.

These two paragraphs contain a world of meaning. For less radical and incendiary utterances, men have been denounced, shot, and deported as anarchists and enemies to society. They breathe the very spirit of anarchy. What advice could be plainer from the lips of the most rabid and dyspeptic of anarchists? In the first paragraph he advises the sacrifice of certain special interests (vested property in slaves) for the sake of the general welfare. In the second paragraph he advises the people "to create on the moment the means and executors" necessary for such sacrifice. Such advice recognizes neither constitution, convention, nor statute. And he meant it in just that way. He was urging President Lincoln to set the slaves free, although there was no constitution, convention, or statute to support him in such action. Soon after, however, President Lincoln acted on that advice, and a half-century still finds the act generally approved.

Many an agitator would, no doubt, have called Emerson a trimmer for the choiceness of his language. But he was not a trimmer. He had opinions which have stood the test of time, and they were all the better for having been elegantly expressed. Truth is truth, wherever uttered and however distorted, whether it is raved through the bars of a maniac's cell, punctuated by curses in a bar-room, or expressed in faultless diction by a man of letters. Men who prefer the first two to the third do not need argument; they need a club.

ELLIS O. JONES

ANOTHER REVERSION TO TYPE

THE kindergarten is going out. For several years past the decline in attendance on kindergarten classes has been steady.

Can it be that the supply of tissue paper is becoming exhausted, or that the ingenuity of teachers in inventing new picturesque fairy stories is on the wane?

The assertion that the kindergarten idea is a fad which has run its course will of course be received with the usual contempt in highly intellectual circles.

Probably much nearer the truth is that our children are not yet highly developed enough to appreciate it. It is ahead of the age.

Fifty years more or so of nature books, fresh from the printing-press every hour and read aloud from birth, may educate the young mind in time to be enthusiastic over kindergarten games.

But along with this must come (if any real progress is possible) the suppression of a sense of humor among the very young.

To play a game in which slapping the hands on the sides and

jumping up and down from the outside circle to a point in the centre labeled "nest"—thus conveying the idea of flying—is so irresistibly funny to some four-year-olds that they fail to appreciate the dignity of the kindergarten and its true value in the psychology of education.

Thus irreverence creeps in, and an institution that ought to be more or less sacred—coming as it does from the home of the opera—is thrown into undeserved disrepute, and once more we are reverting to primitive conditions.

If the decline of the kindergarten continues, we look forward indeed to the time when very young children will be strolling around once more in the open fields, picking real daisies.

THOMAS L. MASSON

CHANGING THE EARTH

WHEN we were children we were told that the earth was round like an orange, and we were foolish enough to believe it. Moreover, we have been passing this intelligence along to the present generation, in the smug confidence that we were doing the right thing. But now comes Professor E. H. Lowe, of the Royal Society, and makes us ashamed of ourselves. He says that our planet is not round like an orange or like a ball or anything else as homely as that. On the contrary, he declares what in fact everybody ought to have known long ago, that "the litho-sphere is an ellipsoid with three unequal axes, having its surface deformed according to the formula for a certain spherical harmonic of the third degree, and displaced as a whole relatively to the geoid, in the direction toward southeastern Europe."

And so, bang goes another one of our illusions! And shall we be any the more healthy for it? Let us at least hope so, for the sake of accepting the explosion with philosophic politeness. There is no task more difficult of graceful accomplishment than to permit ourselves to be robbed of a cherished illusion. It is far more to our instincts to whack the head of a rising Copernicus or Galileo than to shake his hand. Turning back the leaves of our mortal record, we discover that our happiest years, our happiest moments, have been those in which we basked in the rose-light of illusions. The earth has never again been quite so near to heaven as in the days when we knew that giants and fairies and god-like heroes shared the world with us. And there has been no Christmas—no real Christmas—since the day that some well-meaning Puritan took us kindly by the hand and defined Santa Claus as a slender, black-whiskered gentleman know to the family as "papa."

Nor are we even now any better protected against the robbery of

our maturer beliefs. Scarcely a day passes that some highwayman of science or history or travel does not hold us up and demand some article of faith. Would you rest undisturbed in the possession of your own satisfying wisdom, you must hide in the woods. If you find comfort in the knowledge that the sun is an incandescent body and that you sleep better for taking a glass of milk at bedtime, keep your door tight shut upon these things or somebody will take them from you. If you worship Paul or Pericles or Emerson or Roosevelt, you may not venture forth lest you collide with a Sadducee who will snuff the halo from your saint or kick the pedestal from under your beloved hero.

And what is given us to compensate for our lost illusions? Alas, we do not know! We are told it is Truth; but scarcely do we adjust ourselves to a new truth, when behold! it, too, becomes a myth. Could we have some celestial warranty that the earth will remain for all future time as now defined by Professor Lowe, we might take comfort. But in the history of mankind it has already been square like a checker-board, circular like a pancake, and round like an orange, and now it is ellipsoidal like nobody knows what. So, also, at one time it was hollow and floated on water; again, it was filled with fire, and spun in a vacuum; while at present it is a solid rock suspended in ether; and probably before our grandchildren die it will be something else. A few centuries past it was composed of four elements; by and by it was composed of sixty or seventy, and now it is whispered that it is composed of only one. Once our primal earthly parents were a pair of respectable mortals; later on they were a pair of disreputable apes, and at present there are signs of another shuffle.

If these changes shall proceed to infinity, why is not one illusion as worthy as another? Perhaps it is. At all events, who shall say that we are any better or any happier or any nearer to God because the earth is now an ellipsoid with three unequal axes, instead of a stationary disk, such as Solomon beheld, with the sun moving across the firmament?

CLIFFORD HOWARD



Bargains in love are always shopworn.

Behind the monocles of the mighty are the eyes of mere men.

Elizabeth Burger Conover

Inherited genius may be actually a fact, but there's no doubt about transmitted stupidity.

A man at sixty begins to realize that his grandfather was not so old when he died at eighty.

Warwick James Price



THE WAY IT'S DONE TO-DAY

One bleak winter morning a cold-looking individual walked into a small café.

"Morning," he said cheerily, addressing himself to the white-aproned attendant behind the bar.

"Morning," was the reply.

"How 'd you like a sherry and egg this morning?" continued the stranger.

"Well, that sounds very good to me. Are you going to treat?"

"I'll furnish the eggs if you will contribute the sherry."

"Done," agreed the proprietor.

"All right, I'll be back in a minute," the frosted one called over his shoulder, as he walked toward the door.

Into the street and around the corner he made his way, and halted before a grocery-store, where the clerk was sweeping the steps.

"Morning," he said good-naturedly.

"Morning," came the reply.

"A little raw this morning," he pursued.

"Yep."

"How 'd a sherry and egg go this morning?" he asked, rubbing some heat into his hands.

"Best thing I've heard to-day," announced the clerk, interested.

"Tell you what I'll do," the stranger continued; "I'll furnish the sherry if you'll furnish the eggs."

"Sure."

Walnuts and Wine

"All right, trot out three eggs and follow me."

And the stranger led the way back to the café.

"Here's the eggs," he announced to the proprietor.

"Here's the sherry," replied the proprietor, mixing the drinks.

"Here's how!" the three exclaimed in unison, and they drank the concoctions and replaced the glasses on the bar.

"By the way," said the proprietor to the grocery clerk, "you contributed the eggs, did n't you?"

"Yep," said the clerk, smacking his lips.

"And I furnished the sherry, did n't I?"

"Yep."

"Well, then"—turning to the stranger—"how'd you get in this deal?"

"Why, gentlemen," replied the stranger, as he bowed his way out, "my position is easily explained. I'm the promotor."

W. Dayton Wegefarrh

DE-CANONIZED

By Frederick Moxon

You're a pretty sort o' saint,

Valentine.

Bless my buttons 'if you ain't,

Valentine!

You a chap canonical?

Say, that's too ironical.

Why, your halo's conical,

Valentine.

Saint, indeed! You bungling dunce,

Valentine!

Take the fool-cap stool at once,

Valentine.

You were sure a *heart* would win,

With an arrow skewered therein.

She preferred a *diamond* pin,

Valentine!

BARKER'S NEW LEGS

"Have you seen Barker lately? He's on his last legs."

"No. Are they as bowed as his first ones?"

J. M. Hendrickson

Walnuts and Wine

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

With the twenty-second of February looming up in the middle distance, the young teacher thought she saw a good chance to inculcate patriotism in her young charges.

"Now, what little boy can tell me anything about George Washington?" she asked sweetly. Then selecting the boy attached to the hand which seemed to be waving the most frantically, she said, "You may tell, Willie."

"Please, mum, we git a holiday on his birthday."

R. T. H.

SYD DID

By Charles Houston Goudiss

There was a young fellow named Syd,
Who kissed a girl on the eyelid;
Said the girl to the lad,
"Your aim 's very bad.
You should practise a bit"—so he did.

FROM THE JONESVILLE MONITOR

A "Young Mother" asks us our opinion of "the alleged injurious effects of rocking on babies."

We must frankly say that we consider it a brutal practice. As the father of a great many babies, of all ages, we never rocked on any of them intentionally, and we would probably be arrested if we expressed our full opinion of any woman who would presume to do so.

Karl von Kraft

HIS BUSINESS ABILITY

In the Adirondacks lives a man too lazy to work, but evidently of great business ability. One winter, when he was sitting around smoking, his family came so near starvation that some of his neighbors, who could ill afford to help him, took up a collection and bought for the suffering family a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork, and a load of wood. They were not considerate enough to cut the wood, but the business man knew how to manage. He hired some of the neighbors, who had not contributed to his donation, to cut the wood, and paid them with half the pork and half the flour.

Mrs. Walter L. Hervey

Walnuts and Wine

BITTEN

"I was travelling in Virginia some years ago," said the Lecturer, "and while hurrying across the State from Norfolk to Rocky Mount, a town on the main line, to make connections for Charleston, the brakeman poked his head in at the car door, as the train slowed down, to call out a station.

" 'A—HOSS-KY!!' said he in a loud voice.

" 'A WHAT-SKY?' I asked.

"His reply was instantaneous.

" 'A—WHISKEY,' said he.

"And of course I had to make good."

John Kendrick Bangs

POTENTIAL

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."

Harrold Skinner

BIRTH NOTICE

The dispatches announce a new arrival at the house of Mrs. Buckeye State. It is evident that the mother of Presidents does not believe in race suicide. Said arrival is reported to be very large for his age.

Ellis O. Jones

HEAVY CONTRIBUTORS

Professor: "Name two of America's most prolific writers."

Freshman: "Pro Bono Publico and Constant Reader."

E. F. Moberly

TWO SNOWBALLS

By Lurana W. Sheldon

A chilly little wad of snow
All squeezed up in the hand;
And then the joy to let it go,
And then to see it land!

A chilly little wad of snow
From some one in the rear,
Thrown by some kid we do not know
And landing in our ear!

Walnuts and Wine

PEARS



Safest for the Nursery

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE DIFFICULTY

By John E. Rosser

I'd like to write a bit of verse
About the good Dan Cupid,
If he would rhyme with anything
Besides the one word—"stupid."

THE CRATER'S MOUTH

"Now, Pearl Beem," asked the Wyoming schoolmarm during the geography lesson, "what is it that volcanoes throw up?"

"Wait a minute! I know—don't tell me!" cried Miss Beem excitedly. "It's saliva! Red-hot saliva!"

Caroline Lockhart

HE KNEW

They were country people pure and simple, but they had read the papers and thought they were educated up to all the improvements of a city.

When they went to Washington they went through the Navy Department and saw the models of our ships of war. Pointing to a companion ladder hanging over the side of one of the boats, she asked her better half what it was.

"Oh, that's the fire escape," replied the husband.

Charles A. Sidman

A HOME TRADER

A surgeon in a Western town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anæsthetic.

"Sure," replied the other; "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can."

And he meant it.

W. W. Gail

A REPUBLICAN RELIANCE

Three-year-old Norris is fond of the twenty-third Psalm, sometimes repeating it instead of his regular evening prayer. Last autumn the name of the successful Presidential candidate was often heard at the dinner table, and Norris unconsciously fell into the habit of rendering one passage of the Psalm in this reassuring fashion: "Thy rod and thy Taft they comfort me."

Karl von Kraft

Walnuts and Wine

NABISCO
à la Marquis



NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

express the "Art of the Dessert." They appeal to the sense of the appropriate on any and every occasion, whether served alone or as an accompaniment to an elaborate dessert.

RECIPE

Cut out a piece of plain cake, making each side the width of a Nabisco Sugar Wafer. Along one side of the wafers put a thin coating of Royal Icing—then place lengthwise against the cake. Remove center of cake. Chop fine two ounces of walnuts and add to one cupful of whipped cream with sugar and vanilla extract to taste—then fill up center. Decorate with two NABISCO Sugar Wafers and candied rose leaves. Serve with chopped lemon jelly and macaroons.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

COMPLETE VINDICATION

By R. T. H.

I strolled through peaceful rural scenes
One day at eventide,
When a small boy and a brindle cow
It chanced that I espied.

"That 's quite a cow," I told the boy—
A farmer's little lad.

"And how much milk gives she a day?"
I ventured then to add.

"She gives eight quarts of richest milk"—
Thus spake the boy with pride.

"How much to market do you send?"
"Twelve quarts," the lad replied.

P. S.—After the foregoing conversation, the farmer's boy, who had finished milking the brindle cow, proceeded to milk the other one. For the farmer kept two cows.



NO HURRY

"I could write many volumes on my experiences in the hotels of the 'tank-towns' of the middle West," recently observed a well-known actor, "but of these none would be more amusing than an incident that occurred during my stay some years ago in a Kansas town.

"I, as well as other members of the company, had turned in at the principal hostelry, which, by the way, was dubbed 'The Occidental.' We retired at about midnight, after leaving a call for five o'clock, in order that we might catch a train at 5:30. Exactly on the stroke of five we were awakened by the landlord and his menials, who were yelling at the top of their voices: 'Everybody go to sleep again. Th' train 's an hour an' a half late!'

Accordingly, with much grumbling, we turned over for another snooze. Just ninety minutes later we were aroused again in similar fashion. But this time it was to receive this unique message:

"Everybody can sleep again, if they want to. The train's gone!"

Edwin Tarrissac

ch
N
Ap
thou
Ther
mixe
bronz
sands
No
toric
Ste
Ma
We
tory is
The
new id
razor l
Exp
stitute
ing for
the G
tember
New York
Chicago, S



Flexible Wafer-Like Blade

MAN'S first cutting implement was a piece of flint chipped to a sharp edge.

Ages later he noticed copper and though soft, made his tools of that. Then he found that tin and copper mixed made a harder substance—bronze. The bronze age lasted thousands of years.

Not until what we know as "historic" times did man learn to use iron.

Steel came centuries later.

Man is now perfecting steel.

We are not always aware when history is being made.

The GILLETTE Blade represents a new idea—the first new principle in a razor blade in over four hundred years.

Experts from The Massachusetts Institute of Technology have been working for five years on a finer steel for the GILLETTE Blade. (*Introduced September 1, 1908.*)

New York, Times Bldg.

Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

571 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

This New-Process Blade is the keenest shaving edge ever devised by the skill of man—a new steel, made to special formula. It takes an edge so sharp, a temper so hard and tough that no cutting implement has ever been known to compare with it.

The GILLETTE Blade is wafer-thin, flexible, with a hard, mirror-like finish, and a marvelous durability.

For certain very good reasons it is impossible to make a piece of steel that will take and hold as fine an edge unless it is wafer-thin and flexible.

There is no other blade in the world as thin or as flexible as the GILLETTE—or that will do the work of the GILLETTE.

There is no razor like the GILLETTE: no handle, no blade like it.

It is the one "safety" razor that is safe—cannot cut the face. It is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

Standard set, \$5.00. On sale everywhere.

*Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal*

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STOPPING NO HONING

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE PESSIMIST

A hard-looking citizen who showed every indication of having made a night of it and then some walked along Beacon Street, in Boston, and sat down wearily upon one of the marble steps of a handsome residence.

The owner of the house, at a lower window, watched him for some time as he sat with his bewhiskered chin sunk upon his breast, in an attitude of dejection, an expression of utter disgust upon his face. At last he opened his mouth and said in a husky and cantankerous voice:

"To hell mit the Church! To hell mit the Pope! To hell mit everybody—'cept Rosie!"

There was another long silence. Then suddenly he arose and said defiantly as he walked away:

"To hell mit Rosie!"

Caroline Lockhart

IMPROVING HIS TIME

A teacher in one of the public schools of Washington was affording the principal some information as to the merits and demerits of the various youngsters in her charge when she made this observation touching one of them:

"There is one of my brightest boys sitting on the bench in the corner of the yard, writing, while his companions are wasting their time in idle play. No doubt he is writing his lessons out for tomorrow. Here, Clarence," she added, as she approached the youngster, "let us see what you are writing."

Clarence demurred. "No, ma'am," said he; "I would rather not."

"Modest," said the teacher to the principal. "Come, Clarence, let us read it."

Much against his will, Clarence surrendered the paper he was composing. This is what he had written:

Please excuse my son Clarence from school to-day, as he is needed at ho—

Edwin Tarrisse

COMPACT ENERGY

Crank: "What is the power of Speeder's new runabout?"

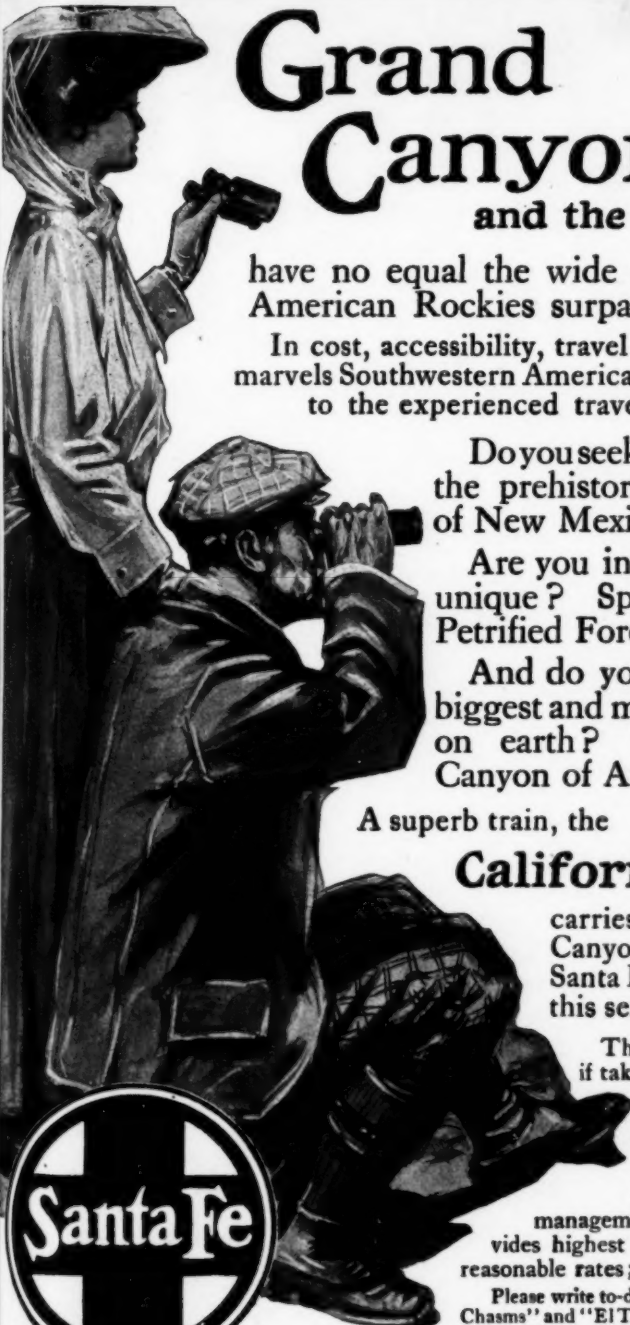
Frank: "Sixty."

Crank: "What! That little machine sixty horse-power?"

Frank: "No; sixty skunk-power."

E. F. Moberly

Walnuts and Wine



Grand Canyon^{of} Arizona and the Yosemite

have no equal the wide world over. The American Rockies surpass the Alps.

In cost, accessibility, travel facilities and scenic marvels Southwestern America is especially inviting to the experienced traveler.

Do you seek antiquities? Visit the prehistoric cliff dwellings of New Mexico and Arizona.

Are you interested in things unique? Spend a day at the Petrified Forest, in Arizona.

And do you wish to see the biggest and most beautiful sight on earth? Visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

A superb train, the

California Limited

carries you to the Grand Canyon in comfort on the Santa Fe. New equipment this season.

The Grand Canyon side tour, if taken en route to sunny California, means only \$6.50 extra for railroad fare, and from two to five days added to your itinerary.

El Tovar Hotel, under management of Fred Harvey, provides highest class accommodations at reasonable rates; it's like a country club.

Please write to-day for our booklets—"Titan of Chasms" and "El Tovar"; also "Yosemite" folder. They tell the story in detail and will interest you.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr., A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
1118—M Railway Exchange, Chicago.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE POET AND THE ORACLE

By W. J. Lampton

By Helicon he sat and fished—
Or was it by Parnassus?
However that may be, he fished
And hoped to catch Pegasus.

P.S.

A poet with less sense of shame
Than rhyme calls Peg by any name.

And when he did n't get a bite,
He took his fishing tackle
To Delphi, where he interviewed
The wonderful Oracle.

P.S.

A poet, for his rhyme's sake, must
Perfect his consonance or bust.

He handed in a tale of woe
About his rhyme and meter
With other thorns along his path,
And blamed it on Jupiter.

P.S.

A poet should be pardoned if
He hits orthoepy a biff.

The Pythia told him good and hard
To go to Helicon or
To Parnassus,—which it was,
Upon my sacred honor
I do not know. I only know
That somewhere in his tackle
The Pythia found his bait and soused
The whole goldarned Oracle.

L'ENVOI

A poet's sometimes such a *rus*
He sees no virtue in Bacchus.



MORE THAN FIGURATIVE

"Alas," sighed Weary Wiggles, gazing dejectedly upon his
torn and tattered trousers, "I'm afraid these here pants is on
their last legs!"

W. W. Gail

and M
your pr
on top.
by mail

Mennen
Sent free

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"BABY'S BEST FRIEND"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets—Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental odor. No samples.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper), specially prepared for the nursery. No samples.

} Sold
only at
Stores.

Sent free, for a cent stamp to pay postage, one set of Mennen's Bridge Whist Tallies, enough for six tables.

· In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE BABY SPEAKS

All newly born babies who desire to have a copy of the following on a card, to hang around their necks, can obtain one free by applying to this office:

Don't handle me more than is necessary.

Don't put into my mouth, to stop me from crying, an old piece of rubber to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Don't let any relatives see me.

Don't take me up, strain me to your breast, walk the floor with me, dance before me like a wild Indian shaking a horrible rattle, or talk gibberish to me, when I have a crying spell. There may be something serious the matter with me, but this isn't going to help.

When I push away my bottle, don't force me to feed. I know when it is necessary for me to eat anything.

Don't take me to the circus, prayer-meeting, or to spend the day at the seashore. I'm not so old or so fool-proof as you are.

Don't kiss me. Take some one of your own size.

Don't show your anxiety about me when in my presence. I have n't any too much confidence in myself.

Don't be too proud of my unnatural brightness. It may be a form of degeneracy.

Don't tell anybody that I am only a little animal. Let them guess it for themselves.

Don't take my temperature, or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation.

Don't let the light strike into my eyes.

Don't rock me to sleep. Remember that the hand that rocks the cradle is ruled by the baby.

Thomas L. Masson

HER EXTREME GOODNESS

The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust.

"Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter it if necessary."

The widower looked at it carefully with the most tender interest. "It is her very self," he said. "Her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then, bursting into tears, he added: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

Harold Brown Freeman

A WOMAN'S AIM

By L. C. Davis

The Queen of Hearts she stole some darts
Right out of Cupid's quiver.

She aimed a dart at Willie's heart—
But shot him through the liver.

There are some men who seem to feel superior to creating a good impression.

They do not want to stoop so low as to go to the best hotel. They will not buy a hat or an umbrella that can get business. Their general idea is to bang their way into the market, succeed in their shirt-sleeves, as it were, and on the strength of the goods.

Now, of course, if a man—say in New York, for instance,—has time to succeed in his shirt-sleeves, there is no objection to it. The idea of having as one's address the best hotel, or in writing one's business on the best paper, is not that a man could not succeed in his shirt-sleeves, if he set out to, but that he hasn't time. He gets little things out of the way and proceeds to business.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

is used by people who know.

You should have the Book of Specimens, which shows OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, made up into letterheads and other business forms as actually used by prominent houses. Write us on your letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



Walnuts and Wine

SHE KNEW HIS FEELINGS

A housewife who was having considerable trouble in securing a satisfactory maid, in the spirit of desperation fell to and cleaned her neglected house from top to bottom. Her husband, upon returning home in the evening, found his wife exhausted and weary.

"Why, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"I've cleaned every room in this house. I've done everything but get down and scrub the floors, and I won't do that." Then she added, "But maybe if I get tipsy, the floors will come up to me."

Georgia C. Ward

A LOGICAL RESULT

By W. J. Lampton

"Where are you going, my pretty maide?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she saide.

"Then I want to marry you, my pretty maide,
For I own the water-works here," he saide.

So they were married, egad, and they
Have lived ever since on the milky whey.

BRIGHT LITTLE WALTER

Six-year-old Walter just doted on "Alice in Wonderland" and seemed to live with the characters constantly. One day at the table he said, "Auntie, will you please give me some bread?"

"Yes," said his auntie; "but don't stuff your mouth so full. You look like a chipmunk."

Walter leaned across the table, looking steadily at his auntie, and said very soberly, "The hatter's only reply was, 'Butter me another slice.'"

Mrs. Walter L. Hervey

THE SERVANT'S CHARACTER

A lady once gave the following, when questioned as to the character of her former servant: "Mary has been in my house two years—minus one year and eleven months; she has been very frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—to men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when everything has vanished!"

Harold Brown Freeman

Walnuts and Wine

FREE A Book of Valuable Ideas for Beautifying the Home



WE will send you *free of charge* our book, "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture," two sample bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye, and a sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

This text-book of 50 pages is very attractive — 80 illustrations — 44 of them in color.

The results of our extensive experiments are given therein.

There is absolutely no similarity between

Johnson's Wood Dye

and the ordinary "stain." Water "stains" and spirit "stains" raise the grain of the wood. Oil "stains" do not sink below the surface of the wood or bring out the beauty of the grain. Varnish "stains" are not stains at all. They are merely surface coatings which produce a cheap, shiny, painty finish. Johnson's Wood Dye is a dye. It penetrates the wood, does not raise the grain, retains the high lights, and brings out the beauty of the wood.

*For artistic coloring
of all woods in the
following shades:*

No. 126 Light Oak
No. 127 Dark Oak
No. 128 Mission Oak
No. 129 Manila Oak
No. 110 Be Green
No. 120 Light Mahogany
No. 129 Dark Mahogany
No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. 132 Green Weathered Oak
No. 121 Moss Green
No. 122 Forest Green
No. 172 Flemish Oak
No. 178 Brown Flemish Oak
No. 180 Silver Gray

Johnson's Prepared Wax

will not scratch or mar. It should be applied with a cloth; dries instantly — rubbing with a dry cloth gives a velvety protecting finish of great beauty. It can be used successfully over all finishes.

We want you to try Johnson's Wood Dye and Prepared Wax at our expense. Fill out the attached coupon, being careful to specify the shades of dye wanted. We will mail you promptly the booklet and samples. Do not pass this page until you have mailed the coupon.

S. C. Johnson & Son

Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please Use this FREE COUPON
I accept your offer of Free Booklet, Edition LC-2 and two sample bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye.
...and one sample can of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Name
Address
I usually buy my paint at store of
Name Address

Walnuts and Wine

BOTH DOING THEIR PARTS

A passer-by at Broad and Lombard Streets in Philadelphia once heard the following dialogue between a laborer who was digging in a sewer and a stout, beaming lady with a capacious market basket on her arm.

"Ah, good marnin' to you, Pat," said she, leaning over and looking into the pit. "And what are you doin'?"

"Good marnin', Bridget," he replied, looking up. "I'm a-earnin' alimony for yees. And what are you doin'?"

"Sure, I'm a-spendin' it," replied Bridget airily, as she trotted off.

Caroline Lockhart

STRICTLY UNPROFESSIONAL

Last year, just after his graduation at a Northern university, a handsome Bostonian, who had procured the undying adoration of the institution by reason of his athletic achievements, astonished every one by announcing his engagement to a young woman of no perceptible charms.

"Look here, Bill," said his nearest friend, with painful frankness, "I want you to tell me the truth. Are you marrying this person for her coin?"

"I am an amateur athlete," was the response.

"What the deuce has that to do with it?" demanded the astonished friend.

"As such," explained the amateur, "I am of course debarred from any event for money."

Edwin Tarrisse

THEIR RULING PASSION

By Charles H. Hitch

If John D.'s generosity should make him feel inclined
To give the Plebs a gallery for paintings, we would find
By way of stipulation he'd be very apt to say
"All paintings there must be of oil from 26 Broadway."

And Andrew C. should give some dough with similar intent,
Which, for a home for modern art, must carefully be spent,
No doubt with thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne," he naturally
would feel

That all the steel engravings should be made from "U. S.
Steel."

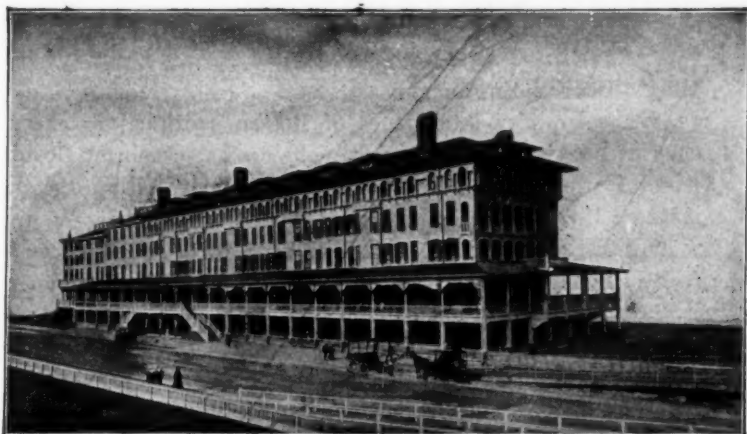
Walnuts and Wine

HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

CENTRALLY LOCATED

OPEN ENTIRE YEAR



Golfing

Automobiling

Driving

Horseback Riding

Roller Chair Riding on the Boardwalk

Booklet and Rates on Application

Leeds & Lippincott

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

WHEN HE SKIPPED

A reviewer for a metropolitan magazine was one day speaking to a friend of the fundamental principles of the useful art of skipping when reading the "best sellers"; whereupon the friend asked for particulars.

"Well," said the reviewer, "when I meet with a paragraph which begins, 'It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain,' or, 'The blood-red sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange, purple tints fading and dissolving into——' or, 'But the contents of this room, his *sanctum sanctorum*, deserve more detailed description'; or, 'O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race'—when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel that begins thus, then, old man, I skip like the deuce."

Howard Morse

WHEN BOSTON SHUDDERED

"The superior intelligence of Boston continues to excite the envy of her sister cities," recently observed a prominent Bostonian, "and I propose to add fuel to the flame by citing the newest instance thereof.

"A little boy in the Back Bay district, at whose house occur many meetings of a certain literary club, was asked not long ago by a returned Bostonian what had become of a family named Deering.

"'The Deerings?' said the boy. 'Oh, they're not asked here any more. They're no longer on mother's list.'

"'No longer on the list? What's the matter?'

"'Why, have n't you heard? Drusilla Deering sent a sonnet to *The Atlantic* that contained twenty lines!'"

T.

A PROPHECY

George Ade says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history."

Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"'Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!'"

Elgin Burroughs

ORANGEINE

Formula Since 1892
 ACETANILID . . . 2.4 Gr.
 Soda Bi-Carb . . . 1
 Caffeine6 "
 Homoeopathic Tincture of Madder, Blue Flag and Nux Vomica 1 "
 Total only . . . 5 Grs.
 Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906.
 Serial Number 959.

ORANGEINE

Acts quickly, thoroughly, normally on

Colds, Grip, Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Brain Fag, Common Ills; Offsets Chili and Exposure.

SALES

As a result of public appreciation, from the past ten years' experience, the Orangeine sales for the second week in December were \$16,000.00—over one million powders.

Prevents Sickness! Secures Good Health!

A Great Physician says: "You don't have to talk **ORANGEINE**. Your Perfect Formula talks to everybody who has any medical skill or medical sense."

MR. T. J. PEDDICOORD, OAKLAND, MD., writes: "I have used Orangeine for six years and regard it as the most valuable preventive remedy of which I have any knowledge."

MR. J. W. TILLINGHAST, CLEVELAND, O., writes: "My long experience convinces me that Orangeine Powder is of incalculable value as a household remedy and preventive."

MR. A. C. SMITH, PRES'T. SUFFOLK HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, BOSTON, MASS.: "We have used Orangeine for years, and certainly regard it as a very meritorious preparation."

REV. W. C. GOODWIN, MOLINE, ILL.: "It is an excellent remedy for many ills."

REV. T. S. CHILDS, D.D., CHAPLAIN, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA SOCIETY, CHEVY CHASE, MD.: "We value Orangeine as much as ever, and are constantly giving it to others, with excellent results."

COL. J. W. ALLISON, ENNIS, TEXAS, writes: "After seven years' use of Orangeine, I am so nearly free from all ills as scarcely ever to need it, but it still is a never failing source of relief when called into requisition."

MR. EDMUND MURRAY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.: "I have been using Orangeine for the past six years, and my experience has led me to believe that it is infallible. My mother, in her 88th year, finds its use very beneficial."

DR. HENRY TYLDESLEY, CENTRAL CITY, KY., writes: "Orangeine is the only perfect remedy for Colds and Grip. Its composition ideally recommends it to every physician."

25-Cent Package FREE!

We want you to enjoy Orangeine as others enjoy it. And while it is sold by druggists everywhere in 10-cent, 25-cent, 50-cent and \$1.00 packages, we will be glad, on receipt of your postal request, to mail you 25-cent package free, with full information. **THE ORANGEINE CHEMICAL CO., 15 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO.**

"WORRY IS THE MOST POPULAR FORM OF SUICIDE"

NOW IN ITS SIXTH EDITION

WHY WORRY?

By **GEORGE LINCOLN WALTON, M.D.**

THIS splendid little book is in line with the present trend in favor of applying mental methods to mental disorders. It is a series of sensible talks by an experienced physician, dealing with neurasthenia, hypochondria, sleeplessness, the doubting folly, and worries of other kinds. There are valuable suggestions for home treatment, which should go far to obviate much of these troubles.

"This is a book to read, to recommend to your neighbor, to give to your hypochondriac friend. It is no cure-all, but it has a sane hopefulness that should make it one of the most helpful works ever written upon the topics it discusses."—*Vogue, New York.*

Frontispiece. 275 pages. Cloth, \$1.00 net. Post-paid, \$1.10.

Publishers **J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY** Philadelphia

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

A DELICIOUS DISH

Little Mabel had been informed by her mother that "cream puffs" would form a feature of the evening meal. Mabel had never before heard of the delicacy and was delighted at the prospect. Highly elated, she waited on the front veranda for her brother to return from work, in order that she might inform him of the event. When he came she ran to him and cried:

"Oh, brother, just think, we're going to have 'green pups' for dinner!"

Frank H. Williams

TRIOLET

By Viola I. Paradise

"For all the magazines I write,"

I may reply when friends inquire,
And thereby much applause excite.

"For all the magazines I write!"

Though nothing, published, comes to light,

Though of the printed slip I tire,

"For all the magazines I write,"

I may reply, when friends inquire.

NOT WELL NAMED

"Now where did I lay my rat, I wonder?" fretted Mrs. Trousseau.

"Your—er—rat?" said her husband. "Do you mean that fluffy thing you put on your head?"

"Of course!"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear; but why call it a rat? Rabbit would be better—it would sound more like real hare."

Karl von Kraft

IMPROVING

"How is your son James getting on at college, Mr. Boggs?" asked the Parson.

"Fine," said Boggs. "He's getting more businesslike every day."

"I am glad to hear that," said the Clergyman. "How does the lad show it?"

"Well," said Boggs, "when he first went up and wanted money, he used to write asking for it. Now he draws on me at sight."

J. K. B.

Walnuts and Wine

A Set of Poe's Works and Lippincott's Magazine One Year



We have set aside the first limited edition for distribution among our customers at a special introductory price. This means that if you order now, you can save about half the regular price.

With each set one year's subscription to Lippincott's Magazine (regular price \$2.50) is included.

This Coupon Entitles You to a Set at the Special Low Price

Cut out and mail the coupon to us with one dollar—in currency, or money-order, or check—and the full set of eight volumes will be forwarded to you prepaid. The balance of the introductory price of \$12.00 may be paid at the rate of one dollar a month.

Order Now!

Remember that the edition is limited—and only the first edition goes at the low introductory price. Twelve dollars (\$12.00) pays for the books and the magazine—but to be sure of a set at these prices, you should act at once. Mail the coupon today, while you are thinking about it.

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT
COMPANY**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please furnish me one set of "THE CENTENARY EDITION OF POE'S MASTERPIECES," half leather binding, including one year's subscription to Lippincott's Magazine for which I enclose \$1.00. I agree to pay \$1.00 per month hereafter for eleven months.

The books above mentioned remain the property of the J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY until entirely paid for.

Name, _____
Residence, _____
Business Address, _____
Town or City, _____

Date, _____

Walnuts and Wine

A QUESTION OF DRAWING MATERIAL

An illustrator who has achieved a national reputation for his clever society pictures enjoys telling the following as a good joke on himself—as he was the individual whose work was called into question. It is hardly necessary to add that this was before he sprang into fame.

“Soandso tells me that he has just sold two of his drawings to the Blank Magazine for five hundred dollars,” said one artist to another.

The other grunted. “Say,” he said, “if Soandso could draw on other materials as well as he can on his imagination, he could have got a thousand.”

R. T. H.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE

By W. J. Lampton

Oh, Janet, Janet, maiden fair,
With soft blue eyes and golden hair,
When I observe you walking there
I would that I had wealth galore,
That I could give you of my store
And place you in a coach and four—
How grandly would you ride! Ah me,
That you must walk in poverty.
“Nay, nay,” she cried, “I do not care”—
My heart went dancing light as air,
How beautiful her eyes and hair!—
“To have a coach and four, dear Hugh;
A large, red touring-car would do.”

THE ELEMENTAL FEMINE

Arthur, aged four, and Louise, aged two and a half, were disputing over a string which Louise claimed. All threats and force on Arthur's part were useless; she would not give up. After a moment he used guile.

“Wees,” he said, “will you be my little wife?”

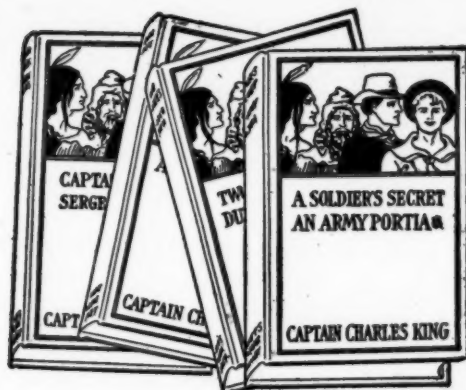
“Ess,” she coyly answered.

“Then give me the string,” he commanded.

And she gave it without a murmur.

Katharine Hathaway

Walnuts and Wine



Free with Lippincott's Magazine

"Captain" King's captivating novels of army life have charmed countless thousands. He is the prince of army romancers. To-day his books are read and re-read by multitudes. Zest and plot, action and character drawing, love and intrigue, heroism and patriotism—all lead his readers with intense fascination through every page. These books are worth reading and worth owning.

KING'S BEST NOVELS

"A Soldier's Secret" "An Army Portia" "Captain Close"
"Sergeant Croesus" "Two Soldiers" "An Initial Experience," etc.
"Dunraven Ranch"

Bound in four handsome cloth volumes, printed from clear type, on fine paper.

For the next twelvemonth Lippincott's has arranged a brilliant program. Strong novelettes—one complete in each issue—have been written by the latest popular writers. Our novelettes are world-famous—just long enough not to tire. Sparkle, humor, and action will pervade our short fiction, by the cleverest story-tellers. Pungent articles; bright poems; inimitable humor. Subscription price \$2.50 a year.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send us \$2.50 for a year's subscription to Lippincott's Magazine, add 50 cents for shipping and packing—\$3.00 in all—and we will ship you these four volumes of King's stories, boxed and prepaid, anywhere in the United States. Each book is 5x8 inches, handsomely bound in durable cloth, and never sold for less than \$1.00 per volume.

Please Use This Order Form

Date _____

Lippincott's Magazine
East Washington Square, Philadelphia.

I enclose \$3.00 for one year's subscription to LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE and the set of KING'S NOVELS in four volumes, shipped prepaid.

The Magazine may be
sent to one address
and the books to
another.

_____ Name

_____ Street No.

_____ City and State

Walnuts and Wine

TOO MANY WASH-DAYS

The plain speech of the Friends, which still is in use among the older generation in Philadelphia and vicinity, sometimes leads to rather unexpected misunderstandings.

An elderly Quaker lady of Media had suffered that somewhat commonplace domestic calamity—her servant girl had “left.”

An advertisement soon brought to the house a new and promising “girl,” lately arrived.

“An whin do ye hav’ the washin’ done?” she inquired the morning of her advent.

“We would wish thee to wash every Second Day,” replied the gentle Quakeress.

“Ivery second day, is it?” cried the girl in dismay. “The saints bliss us, but sure it’s not I who’d be washin’ for ye ivery other day.”

And she indignantly started to take her leave, till she was enlightened as to what she called the strange “lingo.”

W. R. Murphy

PLACING THE BLAME

Uncle Phelan Johnson was an old colored man who combined the vocation of preaching with sundry avocations, chief among which was wood-chopping. His familiarity with the white folks’ wood-piles served him well when it was necessary to borrow fuel surreptitiously on cold nights. Moreover, he believed firmly in the efficacy of prayer, and sent up fervent petitions at all times for success in his undertakings, whether honest or otherwise. So it was a cruel surprise to the old man when he was detected in the act of “toting” off an armful of wood one night, and he cried out in reproachful accents: “O Lawd! Has’ Thou let me be cot at las’!”

M. M. Lee

HE WOULD PROTECT RABBIT DOGS

During a meeting of the State Legislature in the far South, one of the members was trying to introduce a bill for the extermination of rabid dogs.

After listening to much discussion, an indignant countryman who had scarce been beyond the confines of his farm until his election, arose and denounced the bill in scathing language. He completed his remarks dramatically—“And, gentleman, I’ll never vote on nair sech law, me what has as fine a pack of rabbit dogs as ever made tracks in sand!”

P. P. P.

M
has been
with PER
WIND C
are and

Walnuts and Wine



**The, Most Magnificent Hotel
in the South**

EUROPEAN PLAN EXCLUSIVELY

Rooms single and en suite, with
and without bath.

Rates, \$1.50 per day and upwards.

The historical points of interest
in and around Richmond make the
city a desirable stop-over place for
tourists.

For booklets and reservations, address
P. M. FRY, Manager.



Ask
dealer
for it.

Trade Mark
Free Sample. Write Dept. 41
Lamson, Corlies & Co. Agts. 76 Hudson St. N.Y.

CANNOT EXPLODE



**FRENCH—GERMAN
SPANISH—ITALIAN**

Spoken, Taught, and Mastered by the

**Language - Phone
Method**

Combined with THE ROSENTHAL
COMMON-SENSE METHOD of
Practical Linguistics.

Send for testimonials and booklet.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

889 Metropolis Bldg., Broadway and 16th Street, New York

**New York to Philadelphia
in 2 hours**

**VIA NEW JERSEY CENTRAL
TRAIN EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR**

(7 a. m. to 6 p. m.)

Stations in New York:—West 23d Street and Liberty Street. (Leave West 23d Street ten minutes
before the hour.)

Vestibuled Coaches, Parlor Buffet and Dining Cars



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING
with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES
WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be
sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

"THE NEWPORT OF THE SOUTH"

Hotel

PARK-IN-THE-PINES

AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

A Charming Winter Home Under Sunny Southern Skies



This handsomely appointed hotel at Aiken, S. C., is in a region famed as a health center. The pine-laden atmosphere is the driest east of the Rockies, with a mean temperature of 52 degrees. The water supply is from the purest of artesian springs.

HOTEL PARK-IN-THE-PINES

stands on elevated ground in the midst of two hundred acres of long leaf pine. It is one of the newest and most complete tourist hostelries in the south. It has 400 feet southern frontage, is provided with broad verandas and a solarium, and contains 300 spacious rooms. Its interiors are luxuriously furnished and provided with every modern convenience. *Consumptives excluded.*

Aiken is easily reached by the Southern Railway from New York in 22 hours, in through Pullman Sleepers.

**GOLF
TENNIS
POLO**

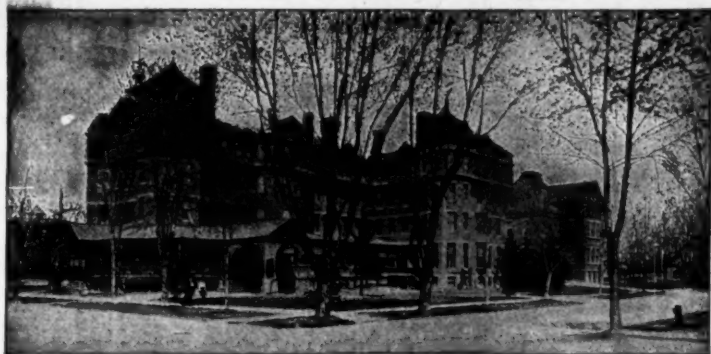
Hotel now open for the reception of guests. Formal opening, January 11th, 1909. Harry W. Priest Co., proprietors. Management of J. A. Sherrard.

FOR TERMS AND PARTICULARS ADDRESS

J. A. SHERRARD

**HUNTING
RIDING
DRIVING**

HOTEL PARK-IN-THE-PINES, :: AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA



Copyright, 1905, by the Rotograph Co.

PALMER HOUSE LAKEWOOD, N. J.

Famous winter resort open from October 1st to June 1st. Terms Reasonable.

First-class Brick Hotel, centrally located;
newly renovated and decorated; perfect
service. Cuisine unsurpassed. :: ::

For full particulars and
descriptive Booklet,
address

C. PALMER CLEAVER

CLYDE LINE to FLORIDA

ONLY DIRECT ALL-WATER ROUTE BETWEEN

**New York, Charleston, S. C.
and Jacksonville, Fla.**

St. Johns River Service between Jacksonville, Palatka, De
Land, Sanford, Enterprise, Fla., and intermediate landings.

The "Clyde Line" is the favorite
route between New York,
Charleston, S. C., and Jackson-
ville, Fla., making direct con-
nection for all points South and
Southwest.

*Fast Modern Steamships
and Superior Service*

General Offices

Pier 36, North River, New York

H. H. RAYMOND A. C. HAGERTY
V. F. & G. M. G. F. A.



From Snow to Summer— from January to June

within three days, is the delightful experience of the winter tourist who embarks on one of the splendid modern steamships of The New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co. for the Special Cruise,

Around PORTO RICO

Three weeks of ideal yachting in the American Tropics. Three thousand miles of delightful voyaging on summer seas. Passengers housed on the steamer during the entire cruise, with every facility afforded for sight-seeing trips ashore. Steamers specially built for tropical service—outside staterooms only, perfect ventilation, all modern improvements and conveniences; each steamer has "wireless" equipment. Special tourist rate of \$140 covers all expenses on board for the entire trip.

THE NEW YORK AND PORTO RICO STEAMSHIP COMPANY

12 Broadway, New York
or Raymond & Whitcomb Company, all principal cities

Write for illustrated booklet, containing splendid description of Porto Rico, attractive pictures of the Island, and details of the Special Cruises. Prospective travelers will find this book most interesting.

Important Notice To Magazine Readers

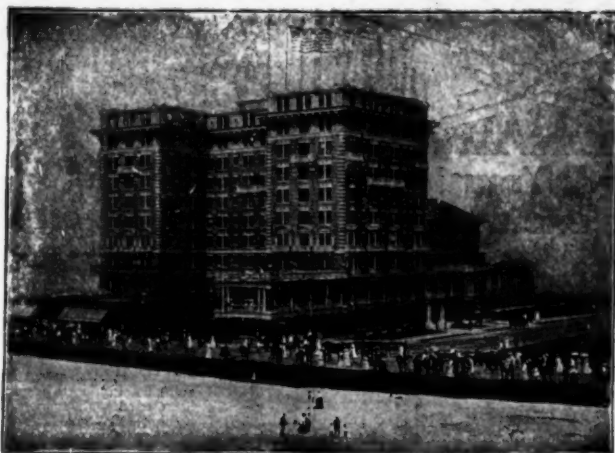
We have a remarkable plan to suggest whereby an individual or a family may read twelve popular and literary magazines for just about the price of one

OUR PLAN NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION

Ladies and gentlemen active in college, school, social, church, or club circles will be especially interested

Positively no Canvassing

Address **Lippincott's Magazine** East Washington Square, Phila.



CHALFONTE

The boardwalk, the beach,
the piers, and other at-
tractions, when combined
with the comfort and ele-
gance of Chalfonte, make
a visit to Atlantic City at
this time most delightful.
Write for reservations to
THE LEEDS COMPANY



ALWAYS OPEN

ON THE BEACH

MUSIC ROLLS

EQUITABLE PURCHASE V-X-L PRACTICAL EXCHANGE
ECONOMICAL LIBRARY UNIVERSAL

PAY \$1. for ANY music ROLL
10¢ to exchange ROLL

**ONE-THIRD OFF list prices on
STRAIGHT PURCHASES**

ANYBODY from ANYWHERE can JOIN

The payment of ten cents and the return, in good condition, within 30 days after receipt of a library or exchangeable roll, entitles you to any other roll you may select from our catalogs.

ELECTRA MUSIC ROLLS

Are musically superior, in that they are the only standard rolls which reproduce the actual playing of Paderewski, Hofmann, Kupfernagel, Busoni, and other great pianists.

**On straight purchases
you save one-third**

Our new P-X-L plan allows you, at a nominal charge, to try all rolls before buying.

*Our latest catalog and music
roll literature sent free
Address Dept. M.*

Standard Music Roll Co.

FACTORY, ORANGE, N. J.
Salesroom, 341-47, 5th Avenue, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

**HOW TO COOK
FOR THE SICK**

SIMPLE TASTY RECIPES
TO TEMPT
INDIFFERENT APPETITES



Dainty dishes for the sick and those who are not sick but desire their food prepared in an appetizing, wholesome manner.

Particular attention is given to the instructions for serving and garnishing.

"This is an excellent and much needed volume not only for hospitals, where it has been used with success, but also in the home."—*Tribune, Chicago.*

"Every house-keeper should use such a cook-book, so as to preserve the health and digestion of those in her care."—*The Key-stone, Charleston, S. C.*

By Helena V. Sachse Cloth, \$1.25

At all bookellers, or will be sent, postpaid, by
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PUBLISHERS :: PHILADELPHIA

Good News for the Deaf.

A celebrated New York aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness can be helped in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial of this new method absolutely free. All people who have trouble with their ears should immediately address Edward Gardner, Suite 438, No. 40 West Thirty-third Street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a trial.

Write for

A LITTLE BOOK OF BIG BARGAINS

Wherein is told how to buy two
magazines for the price of one

ADDRESS

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
227 South Sixth St.
PHILADELPHIA

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

HAMBURG**IDEAL****Cruises and Tours**

THE delightful climate—the beautiful scenery and the many opportunities and facilities for all outdoor sports, make

JAMAICA and The CARIBBEAN

an ideal *American Winter Resort*. Reached in 4½ days from New York by the magnificent 6000-ton "PRINZ" steamers of the

ATLAS SERVICE, equipped and furnished according to the highest standards.

SPECIAL CRUISES of from 13 to 25 days. Cost, from \$105 upwards.

30-DAY CRUISE to the WEST INDIES, VENEZUELA and PANAMA CANAL, by steamer "Oceana," leaving Feb. 27. Cost, \$150 up.

SPECIAL TOURS of varied length and itinerary, with inclusive rates for hotels and sight-seeing.

Our comprehensive booklets, containing illustrations and giving full particulars, sent upon request.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, - - New York

Boston Chicago Philadelphia
St. Louis San Francisco

AMERICAN**LINE****CRUISES to JAMAICA and the WEST INDIES****Chambers's NEW Encyclopædia**

is a treasure-house of the World's History, Biography, Science, Art, Discovery, Philosophy, and Religion, and a complete World's Atlas with Star-Maps and Charts. Over 200,000 Articles, 4,000 Illustrations, Colored Plates and Maps.

MODERN, CONCISE, PRACTICAL, AND TRUSTWORTHY.

Let us send you our complete pamphlet of Colored Plates, Maps, Specimen Pages, and Bindings, all FREE, together with our Special Offer. Address

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

Encyclopædia Dept.

6 WASHINGTON SQUARE

Philadelphia, Pa.

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

"JOHN THOUGHT HE HAD OUTWITTED SUE FOR ONCE, BUT—"



JOHN. — "Now, boys, not a word of this before your mother. You know how it would be if she got onto it. She'd raise a rumpus about me taking you skating. Is anybody looking?"

BOYS. — "Nope! The coast is clear."

JOHN. — "Well, then, I guess these skates'll be safe in this hollow tree till to-morrow."

SCHO
Ga
prepares
money-m
very bes
"Year E

A p
Morph
on app

M

SO

treas
known
ly cure
includi
tion of
De

AS

Cres
throat,
THE V

years
Cre
It i
both
Cr
the s
ing h
It
Who
exist
"Us
Va



Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1859

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, and Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale by All Druggists
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel's system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease.

FREE TEST TREATMENT

Including medicines, prepared for anyone giving full description of the case and sending name of two asthmatic sufferers.

Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.**
Dept. C, American Express Building, Chicago.

SOLE EYES BY ISAAC H. COHEN'S EYE WATER

Morphine

A painless home medicine for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY,
Suite 308, 1181 Broadway, New York.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, T 10
Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Michigan, prepares students to make art both a means or money-making and an accomplishment. The very best correspondence school of art. 1909 "Year Book" free.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

WINTER Emollients



For the Skin

Millions use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for chapped faces and hands, frost-bites, winter eczemas, rashes, itchings, and irritations, for dandruff, dry, thin, and falling hair, baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, and for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and may be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq., Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co., Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc., U.S.A., Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Post Free, Cuticura Book on Care of the Skin.

"JOHN THOUGHT HE HAD OUTWITTED SUE FOR ONCE, BUT—" — *Continued.*



SUE. — "John, are you going to take the boys walking, as you promised? A nice Washington's birthday they're having!"
 JOHN. — "Sure I am! I was only waiting for the word from you. Get 'em ready."
 THE CAT. — "Huh! there's something in the wind. I never saw his nibs so affable, but the Misses is on all right. She'll spring something on 'em."

\$3.00

SORE

WINO
 FUL. I
 resonanc
 paid—fir
 in our w
 Very eas
 way, 3 G
 improve
 bargain
 plete Inf
 says: "A
 have."
 of Wing

W
 Gen

Business Ambassadors

ought to make the best appearance possible. A man's letters show his characteristics. If his letters are neat, beautifully written, and strongly worded, the impression made is strong and striking. Letters are written to bring every result possible. The

WILLIAMS VISIBLE STANDARD TYPEWRITER

virtually prints your letters. It is a machine that
saves 90% in cost of maintenance,
saves 20% of the operator's time,
saves in cost of repairs,
does the most beautiful work,
does everything demanded of a machine,
does its work in sight,
tabulates without any shifting,
tabulates without any extra device,
writes "Apr. 10, 1906," by shifting once,
writes cursive letters to the line,
takes paper 10½ inches wide,
has the new and better paper feed,
has a ball-bearing carriage,
has regularly four margin stops,
uses an ink you cannot blur.

It has established a new standard of perfection. Sent on trial to let your judgment settle it. You like beauty in your correspondence as well as in anything else. Write for the facts—the reasons.

WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO.

DEPT. H

Factory and Gen'l Office Derby, Conn., U.S.A. London Office 57 Holborn Viaduct



THE Smith Premier Typewriter

owes its original success to the fact that it was built upon the soundest principle of successful typewriter construction.

It owes its continued success to the fact that with all its improvements this principle has never been changed.



The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.

WING PIANOS BEST TONED & MOST SUCCESSFUL. Est'd 40 yrs. Recent improvements give greatest resonance. Sold direct. No agents. Sent on trial—freight paid—first, last, and all the time by us—to show our faith in our work. If you want a good piano you save \$75-\$200. Very easy terms. Slightly used "high-grades"—1 Steinway, 3 Chickering, etc., \$75 up—taken in exchange for improved Wing Pianos—thoroughly refinished. Send for bargain list. You should have, anyway, "Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 152 pages. N. Y. World says: "A book of educational interest, every one should have." Absolutely free for the asking, from the old house of Wing & Son, 363-399 W. 13th Street, New York.

\$3,000 TO \$10,000 YEAR IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS



We teach you by mail every branch of the Real Estate, General Brokerage, and Insurance Business, and appoint you a

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can begin making money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Course FREE to Each Representative. Write for 68-page book, free.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 2291 Resper Block, Chicago

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



SECTIONAL BOOK-CASES

If interested in Sectional Book-cases, kindly write us for catalog of our CASE WITH THE RAISED PANELED ENDS, and MISSION-STYLE CASES.

Book-case catalog - No. 307

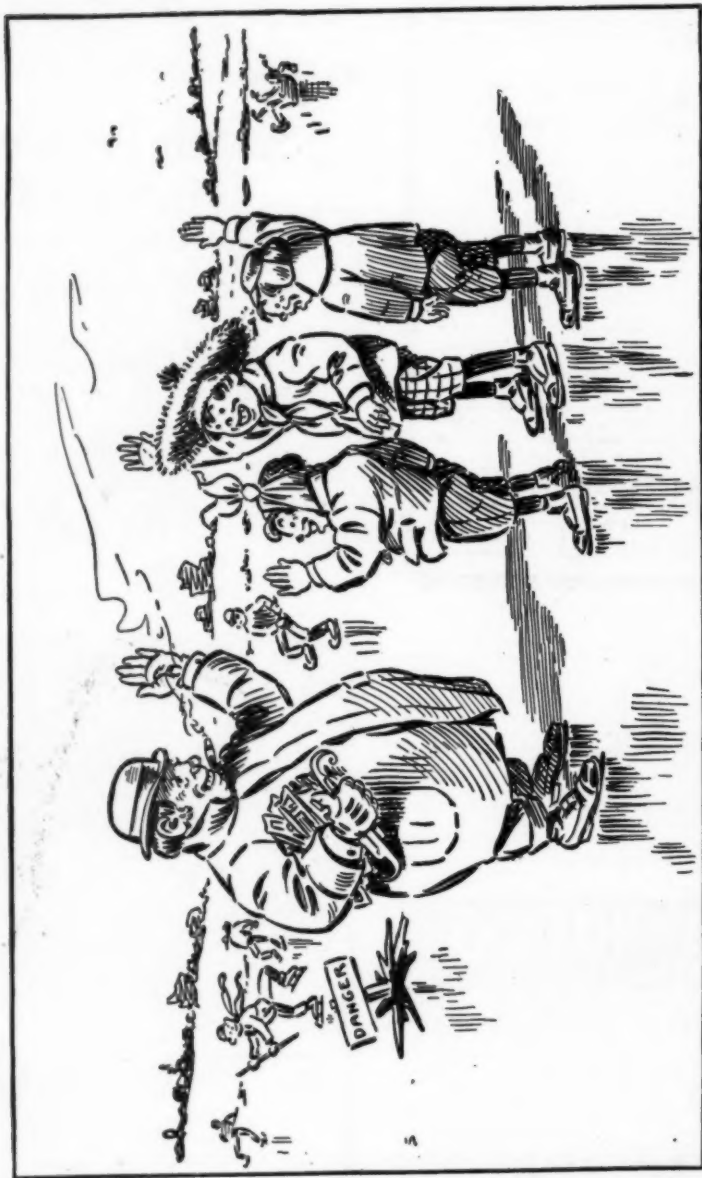
Filing-cabinet catalog, No. 107

DIVEN MANUFACTURING CO.

SUCCESSORS TO VILAS DIVEN CO.

977 LACKAWANNA AVE. ELMIRA, N. Y.

"JOHN THOUGHT HE HAD OUTWITTED SUE FOR ONCE, BUT—" — *Continued.*



JOHN. — "Now, before you put these skates on, boys, solemnly promise me mum's the word before your mother. Do you promise?"

BOYS. — "Sure! We promise."

JOHN. — "This is the first time I've been able to work one of my innovations without a hitch. If your mother got wind of it she'd raise Cain."

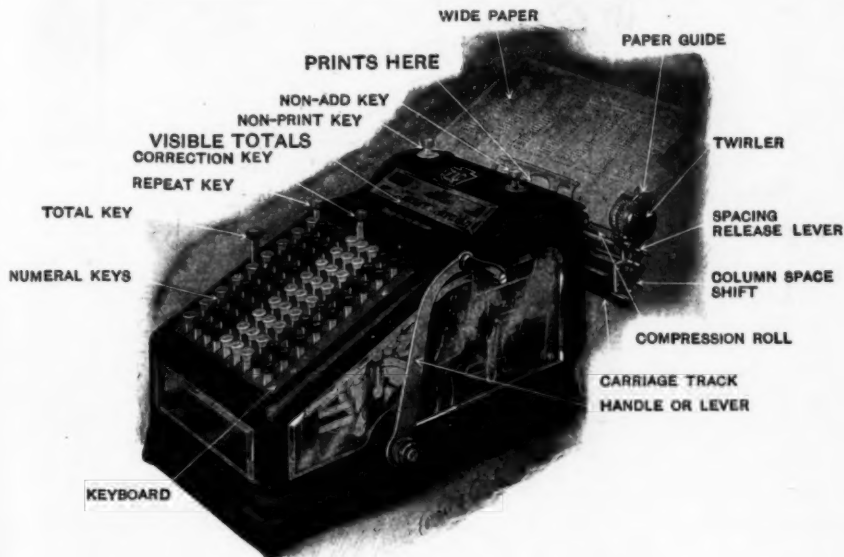
Hor
Wi

Vis
Aut
Can
No

V

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

WALES



The Wales Visible Adding and Listing Machine

Will save you time, money, and worry

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE

Visible Printing	Visible Totals
Automatic Key Correction	Automatic Clear Signal
Carriage Moves Laterally	Automatic Ribbon Reverse
Novel Eliminating Keys	Ease of Operation
Neatness of Design	

ASK FOR INFORMATION

The Adder Machine Company

Home Office and Factory
Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Philadelphia Office
278 Drexel Building

"JOHN THOUGHT HE HAD OUTWITTED SUE FOR ONCE, BUT—" — *Continued.*



JOHN. — "Good Heavens! Boys! Look who's here! We're discovered!"
 SUE. — "Hypocrite! You thought you could deceive me! You will all be drowned."
 SMALL BOY. — "Hey dere, you gazabos! Dat ice ain't safe! You better git out or you'll git in."

FOR
 Chili,
 Nicara-
 vador,
 5 cts.
 all sen-
 H. J.

P
 W
 C

Make Your Own Cigarettes

50 Perfectly Formed Pure Smokes for 5 Cents



Agents and Dealers Write for Terms

Why smoke impure cigarettes when you can make them yourself and know their contents? Enjoy a smoke that will not injure your health. A fresh, pure cigarette made perfectly in a few seconds with any kind of tobacco. Fits vest pocket. Thousands in use, all giving satisfaction.

Nickel or Gun-metal, 50 cents, Prepaid

ESRICH MFG. CO., 28 E. 23d Street, Dept. 31, New York
 ESRICH MFG. CO., New York. DENVER, COLO., Dec. 29, 1928.
Gentlemen:—The sample dozen machines received and sold in about 15 minutes.
 Please send me 500 machines at once and oblige,
 Very truly yours,
 A. A. KING.

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

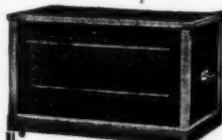
By S. S. Arabic, 16,000 Tons, Oct. 16

30 TOURS TO EUROPE \$250 UP

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

Build Your Own Incubators and Brooders and save half the purchase price. Any one can do it. I furnish mechanical parts, Tank, Lamp, Regulator, etc., at low prices. Over 25,000 in use. Not one failure. LAMPLESS BROODER will cost you only \$4.00. Complete plans only 25 cents to cover cost. Worth Dollars to you.

H. M. SHEER, 482 Hampshire St., QUINCY, ILL.



EXTRA LARGE

GENUINE

Moth-Proof Red Cedar Chest

PREPAID ON APPROVAL From our Factory, High Point, N. C. **\$14.50**

Make your furs and valuable fabrics.

Size: 43½ x 26½ x 25½ inches

Genuine, solid, fragrant, Southern Red Cedar. Handsomely finished. Bound in beautiful Oak and Brass trimmings.

Write for Folder "A" and Guarantee

Cedarsafe Co. 17 Irving Bldg, N. Y.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE

Send a cts. for postage for 25 mixed foreign from Japan, Chili, Australia, etc. 100 mixed from Venezuela, Tasmania, Paraguay, Nicaragua, Mozambique, etc., only 10 cts. 500 mixed from India, Salvador, Mexico, Turkey, Egypt, Persia, etc., 25 cts. 100 old U. S. stamps 5 cts. Price-list of packets, etc., free. Stamps sent on approval sheets to all sending reference. 50 per cent. commission allowed.

H. J. KLEINMAN, 3643 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It differs from all other
SORE EYES DR. ISAAC T. HATHISON'S EYE WATER

Is Your Razor SHARP?

You cannot imagine how sharp a razor can be until you use

CLOVER RAZOR COMPOUND

Put it on ANY Strop

10c. does away with honing. Absolutely sharpens quickly. Positively cannot injure the blade.

SAVE YOUR GILLETTE BLADES

"Clover" sharpens them better than new. See special circular. Perfect results guaranteed. Money back if you want it. Write today to your dealer, or

Clover Mfg. Co., 1876 Broadway, N. Y.

The Passing of the Incas (Buck), the only book ever written on the Incas, except Prescott. Historical, but

EXCITING AS A HORSE - RACE

Set amidst the staggering wealth and dying throes of the Inca dynasty, in the days of Pizarro and the Spanish conquest. "A decade will find its popularity gaining."—*Young*. Balance of edition at \$2.50 per volume. Send orders to Sheltman & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Nature's Laws Neglected

A permanent cure is the unfailing result of following natural laws of speech control. No beating time, drawing, or trick substituted. Satisfaction or no charge. THE VAN DOREN SCHOOL, Richmond, Va.

STAMMER

Write for free trial offer. It speaks for itself.

PHONE
WRITE
CALL ON

US for

DESIGNING
ILLUSTRATING
ENGRAVING

to print
on a type
press in
ONE or
MORE
COLORS

GATCHEL & MANNING
 N. E. COR. SIXTH & CHESTNUT STREETS
 PHILADELPHIA.

"JOHN THOUGHT HE HAD OUTWITTED SUE FOR ONCE, BUT—" — Continued.



JOHN, SUE, and the KIDS. — "Help!!!"
SMALL BOY. — "Dere! I knowed it! I told you dat ice wasn't safe! It's a good thing she ain't deep!"

going
crate
durin
parti
tions
taken

Pul

ILLUMINATING BOOKS ON THE VOLCANO

MONT PELÉE

AND THE TRAGEDY OF MARTINIQUE

By the late ANGELO HEILPRIN, F.R.G.S.

Former President of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

Profusely illustrated. Large 8vo. 335 pages. Cloth, \$3.00 net.

Deals with the phenomena of Martinique, and with the general relations of the entire American Mediterranean region. Vividly portrays the daily scenes and life in the doomed city, nearly to its last hour.



Reduced from illustration in book.

"The book is indeed one of the best descriptions that we possess of an active episode of a long life of a volcano."
The Nation, New York.

"The book is written in a style so graphic and vigorous that the reader is carried along in breathless interest, and no one who can enjoy a thrilling tale of adventure . . . could possibly put it down until he had reached the concluding page."
Nature, London.

The TOWER of PELÉE

NEW STUDIES OF THE GREAT VOLCANO

By the late ANGELO HEILPRIN, F.R.G.S.

Fully illustrated. Folio. Cloth, \$3.00 net.

A Sequel to "The Tragedy of Martinique"

ABOUT a year after the terrible destruction of Saint Pierre, Prof. Angelo Heilprin again visited the region so devastated by volcanic fury. He was the first after the "Great Tragedy" to make the ascent of Mont Pelée, to explore the ruins of Saint Pierre, and give a complete and scientific account of the fearful visitation. The main reason of his going was to make a study of the wonderful tower which has formed near the mouth of the crater—one of the strangest and most mystifying objects ever produced by natural phenomena.

The book gives a detailed and graphic account of Prof. Heilprin's extended explorations during his last visit, which cover not only all aspects of the remarkable tower, but many later particulars and comparisons on the treacherous volcano of Mont Pelée, and the several eruptions which have resulted in such unparalleled loss of life and property.

It is liberally illustrated with a series of especially fine, large, and exclusive photographs, taken by Prof. Heilprin himself.

Publishers J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY Philadelphia

"JOHN THOUGHT HE HAD OUTWITTED SUE FOR ONCE, BUT —" — *Concluded.*



SUE. — "Now, idiot! Are you satisfied? Do you see what you've done?"

JOHN. — "See nothing! If you hadn't followed us and butted in, the thing wouldn't have happened! Instead of standing there grouncing you ought to be thankful the farmer loaned us these dry clothes to come home in."

THE CAT. — "The old man always gets it in the neck! He! he! he!"